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The Wellesley Magazine.

Vol. II

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. II. WELLESLEY, OCTOBER 14, 1893. No. 1.

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REFLECTIONS.

LET it be confessed at the outset that this title is intended to be non-committal. When our editor requested me to write a brief article on the outdoor beauties of Wellesley as reflected in the after life of a Wellesley student, my only clear impressions were that the editor must be obeyed and that October was not yet. But now that my pencil is actually sharpened and the blank paper rebuking me with its expectant stare, I am dismayed at my own rashness in undertaking a task for which I am obviously unfit. The alumnæ from whom we should value reports on a subject like this are assuredly those alumnæ who, after four youthful years under the Wellesley oaks and pines, have gone out from this sylvan paradise into the darker, sterner life of the city and the town, cherishing in heart the image of a loveliness passed by. It would be of deepest interest to hear their true relation

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of what has been the distillment into character from the violets of their four Wellesley springtides. But how shall a mere home-body, who has never ventured, save under the runaway impulse of vacations and the European furlough, above a few miles, at the most, from Alma Mater's knee, confide even to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE remote memories of the gentle mother to whose apron-string she has so persistently clung? And thus, feeling the need of cover, I raise this word *Reflections* as a shield between the editor and my recreant self, hoping that she will regard it from the silver side of obedient speech, while from the inner view I see the opportunity for golden silence on the essentials of the theme she has imposed.

The outdoor Wellesley of my student years was a wilder, freer Wellesley than these lawns and parks of to-day. I remember clambering, as a village schoolgirl, over the scaffolding of "the college in the woods." I remember puzzling out my Livy with a classic comrade one chilly morning on the summit of what is now Stone Hall hill, when for warmth we lay buried to our chins in pine-needles, securely screened by the boscage all about. I remember seeking an absolutely lonely spot in which to listen till some voice in the air should sing me the song demanded by a relentless Programme Committee for Tree Day, and finding my perfect wilderness amid the tangled boughs and bushes of the eminence topped at present by a School of Art and three vociferous cottages. Our patient hills, scarred and seamed by the active heels of Young Columbia, were unwounded then, with the conspicuous exception of Pellmell, on whose now most ragged and unsightly slope the very first month of the boating fever left prophetic indentations. And the winding, grassy paths that led to Music Hall and Tupelo have broadened and hardened into highways, over which, ugly as they are, one cannot be regretful. They echo with the tread of beloved feet, they testify to the march of progress — let them broaden and harden still. And still let tree after tree rustle down to make room for the new buildings sealed up for us, we trust, in unsuspected wills, or, if not, clinking bravely in the slender purses of the alumnæ, — that brown stone chapel we have waited so long to see, that spacious gymnasium, that hall of science, and chapter-houses and cottages innumerous

> "As the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the Milky Way."

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Our faith is with the Future. She will destroy the good only to make way for the better. She is pledged to beauty no less than to Truth.

With all these changes, there is much that is unchanged. The alder tassels kiss the lake in April just as they were wont to do before "Sophomores on the half shell" were ever dreamed of, — when we pulled out the full-blown Mayflower and the portly Maud Muller and the other vessels of that ponderous fleet to the middle of Waban every evening after our decorous New England tea and sang our songs there in the sunset flush until the chapel bell warned us to make what speed to shore our majestic crafts would permit, though even so our reception was too often that lamented in the once familiar Wellesley song —

> "But with all their rowin' they don't get in,
> So just to punish 'em for their sin,
> Whin the bell it rings for a quarther o' eight,
> They lock thim out o' the beautiful gate.
> Begorra!
>
> "They sit thimselves down on the cold stone steps,
> As if they were nothin' but common Preps,
> For nobody coomes to let 'em in,
> But they lave 'em there to repint o' their sin.
> Begorra!"

In summer the Field of the Cloth of Gold spreads its splendors in the sunshine as brightly as ever it did, and the fire-flash of the scarlet tanager delights the girlish gazer from some upper window no less than in the good old times. Still the little gray nuthatch runs circling down the hickory trunk, and the floating pond-lilies exchange fragrant greetings with the dancing clover-blooms. The great maple of Simpson meadow wears its autumnal glory as proudly as when there were fewer eyes to do it homage, and, despite Wallace and his canine peers, the gray squirrels frisk about among the chestnut burs hardly less fearlessly than in the days when a city-bred Frenchman took them for the parents of the chipmunks. Winter yet brings the clear green tints of old to the after-sunset sky and casts the swift shadows of the crows upon the snow. And as for Waban — why does not our editor ask Waban for his reflections? If Waban would give back to human vision only once the faces that have been mirrored in his waters — the tawny Indian faces that looked gravely down from birch canoes, and

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the host of Wellesley faces, girlish, hopeful, dreamy faces, that have leaned from boat or bank above him — but this is what Waban will never do. His heart is full of secrets, but his smile reveals nothing save dimples. We forget how old and wise our wee lake is and how replete with friendships, so winsomely does he pay childish court to each and all of us.

> Ten thousand dances for ten thousand days;
> A million murmurs for a million friends;
> Blest little lake, whose every wavelet plays
> Beneath a loving look that overbends!

Was there ever such a tiny sheet of water that gave such large delight! For three years it was the experience of my morning walk to see what mood Waban would be in — what phase of beauty he would flash upon me, as I turned the green house corner.

I, for one, do not subscribe to the adage that familiarity breeds contempt. It has been my invariable experience that, in proportion as I know a human life, I recognize its individual preciousness as well as its individual pathos. And the scenery that is most beautiful to me is the scenery to which my eyes are most wonted. In the wonderful canons of Colorado, with all their richness of color and grandeur of outline, on the far-reaching prairies of the West, the miles upon miles of world-nourishing grain billowing and glistening like the sea, even in the presence of that glory and that pæan men call Niagara, I missed the shyer and more elusive beauties of the rugged face of New England. And I hailed my first returning view of the Berkshires with a rush of unmathematical conviction that in their own way and for my own purposes they were quite as high as the Rockies. Lying deep in Scottish heather, I have felt a wayward longing for the fragrance of sweet-fern. Among the rich-foliaged, drooping beeches of an English park, under the soft-blue, misted arch of the close-bending sky, I have had whimsical visions of one of my accustomed Yankee trees dropping in among them as an American tourist, thin by comparison-every leaf on edge, perky, inquisitive, wide-awake, aware of limitless sun, shine and free air.

But how does dearness reveal fairness? How is it that this Wellesley landscape, for instance, beautiful to all, is so much more beautiful to us alumnæ who love it? Not merely, I think, because it is charged with

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association and memory,—because the soft splash of Waban at Point Tupelo has been the undersong to voices that made the music of our student-lives, because the giant oak in whose swaying shadow we dreamed the dreams that our work-day thoughts have long denied holds them close and safe for our returning, because the hills throw on us answering looks and the conscious meadows bid us remember. Doubtless it often happens with some especial glade or glen, one leaf or another of the book of Nature, that personal experience just there has been so vivid as to write itself, palimpsest fashion, over the primeval text, so that the spot thrills us only with recollected emotion and the original message of the scene is blurred away. But it is, in the main, with the nature that cradles the waking mind as with the humanity that environs our childhood and our youth. As in the living faces we first watched we came to know and love not persons only, but life, and knew that life more deeply for that love, so this scroll of nature early unfolded before us becomes not palimpsest, but an illumination. I have often thought that the devout monk, working day in day out over his parchment with pigments and with goldleaf, must understand whatever gospel his blissful hand had thus embellished as he could never understand another. The sacred text about which he had wrought his emblazonries with such cunning art that

> "The wind,
> Blown through the mullioned window, took
> Scent from the lilies in the book,"

must yield up to him its secret meaning as no other text could do. In like manner the ardor of youthful life beside Lake Waban illuminates there Nature's holy writ. Joy, faith, hope, courage have laid on the fair colors and Wellesley woods andwaters, however dear to us for obvious charms and, for association, are dearest for revelation, — most beautiful for the divinity that shines through them brighter than otherwhere.

> "Ever the words of the gods resound;
> But the porches of man's ear
> Seldom in this low life's round
> Are unsealed, that he may hear.
>
> "Wandering voices in the air
> And murmurs in the wold
> Speak what I cannot declare,
> Yet cannot all withhold.

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"When the shadow fell on the lake,
The whirlwind in ripples wrote
Air-bells of fortune that shine and break,
And omens above thought.

"But the meanings cleave to the lake,
Cannot be carried in book or urn;
Go thy ways now, come later back,
On waves and hedges still they burn."

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

AT WELLESLEY.

A step from the Laboratory brings to yon roomy hill,
Where in the beauty and silence both heart and pulses thrill!
The sparkling lake below me reflects with a sunset glint
The myriad leaves of the forest, a rich autumnal tint.
Soft grasses beneath my footsteps murmur a welcome sweet,
And the very birds in the branches my wonted coming greet.
Anxiety loosens its clutches, and weariness fades way —
I have left their realm for another, they cannot one deed gainsay.
So freely I roam thro' the forest, I bound o'er the meadows wide,
O the peace, the glory, the joy, that I see upon every side!
Away from the cramped and the narrow, and out to the free and the broad,
A step from Art and the text-book, straightway to the hand of God!

ALICE W. KELLOGG.

A WORD FROM AN ALUMNA.

I AM not among the few who knew Mr. Durant personally. We who poured through the main entrance and along the dear old driveway for the first time in 1882 came to know him only through the "college beautiful." Perhaps we have the truest knowledge of him. The spirit of the great man is our familiar friend. We of '86 felt his hand-clasp in the welcome given us by those who had placed their hands in his; we looked into his eyes through theirs.

As we entered the great north door, the graceful palms, the winding stairways, the spaciousness and beauty of it all seemed to many of us to form the fairest scene we had ever looked upon. From that moment we entered into our inheritance. When I first looked at my baby girl the great blue

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eyes were wide open, and almost from the first they seemed to realize the great mysteries of light and color. Who can say how soon the ideas dawn in the baby mind? True educators learn of the little child; they believe that what we see and feel we know. Reasoning from his works — for through them only do I know him — Mr. Durant must have believed that along this line lay true development. The fragile snowdrop, born of the melting snow and March winds, which he placed in unexpected corners; the wisteria; the spicy quince along the wall; these and many more tell us of his belief in the influence of beauty in a student's life. The harmonious proportions of the main hall, the pictures and statuary along its corridors, where they can but form a part of the daily life of the students, tell the same story. Surely, the four years of life at Wellesley must quicken the power of seeing a hundred — nay, a thousand — fold, and with the larger vision comes a deeper sympathy with nature and with man, and a new desire to know of both.

Right here lies the secret of the Wellesley spirit — the spirit of our noble founder. In those first days, when our Alma Mater existed only in his great mind and heart, he gathered about him a body of teachers, clear-seeing, aspiring women, many of whom have helped us toward his ideals of beauty and truth by personal contact. Through their efforts, working in harmony with him, there has come to be spread abroad at Wellesley a spirit of earnestness, of unselfishness, of helpfulness, known to all of us who have come within the influence of the college life. Others have helped to produce it, but in him we find its source.

One element there is in the college life of to-day which he would strike out forever, were the power his, and that is the lack of quiet strength, of reserve force. The student's life is too often restless, hurried, over-anxious, over-conscientious. These faults spring from the very virtues of the college, from the power to see and the will to desire much, but, none the less, they are faults. Could we only have learned as students to do one thing at a time, and to put only a fair proportion of our strength into the doing, instead of burdening each hour with the anxieties of the twenty-four, we should now as teachers and as mothers be stronger, more intelligent, more helpful women.

Guests at the Commencement exercises of last June remarked on the

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physical condition of the graduates, and the remarks were not what we would desire to hear. This is not because the gymnasium fails to do good work — rather because it does too good. The tense mental condition must find its relief in physical culture and development and the gymnasium should furnish this relief, but there, too, the girls work with the same intensity, forgetting that it is the place for reaction from the constant action of college life. Stop hurrying! draw a deep, full breath; forget all but the one hour's work and be happy.

As Mr. Durant walked through the wide, rolling meadows within our grounds and the quiet bits of woodland where the gray squirrel stops in one's path and looks about with quiet, fearless eyes; as he looked out on Waban water, so quietly beautiful, he must have felt that his great gift to his beloved was restfulness. How are we using this part of our inheritance?

LOUELLA SMITH BRAILEY, '86.

EARTH'S DAY.

The joy of earth's morning exultant
  In song poured its heart into mine;
" There's nothing in life like the loving,
  And loving makes living divine!"

The night of earth's sorrow is hymning
  The song of the Christ-heart in mine;
" There's nothing in life but the loving,
  And loving makes living divine!"

FRANCES LANCE, '92.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT AND USE OF THE ELEMENTS IN NATURE.

WE are so accustomed to consider Shakespeare as the great delineator of human nature, in all its variety and complexity, that we are in danger of overlooking, to some extent, his treatment of the external world. That he did have intimate acquaintance with the secrets of Mother Nature, and that he loved her, is clearly evident when we turn to a special study of that side of his work. He loved the country sights and sounds, the green forests and silver streams, the songs of birds and the murmur of winds and waters. The flowers received his minute attention, even to the noting of

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the "crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip," or the delicate veining in violet petals, like "the lids of Juno's eyes"; he knew their seasons and habits, and dressed them out in quaint old legends and many a dainty fancy of his own. Perhaps most of all he observed and loved the elements themselves, the winds and the sea, the sun and the moon, with their many phases and their mighty influence over the realm of nature. Of the numerous references to nature in Shakespeare's dramas more than half are given to the elements, while many scenes are placed directly under their influence, as, for example, the storm scenes of "The Tempest," or the moonlight scenes of the "Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." The explanation for this predominating choice of the elements in nature may be found by studying the treatment and use of nature in Shakespeare's hands.

We find his treatment of nature to be almost wholly subjective, the allusions always colored by the character or mood of the speaker from whose lips they come. Thus, to Juliet night is always gentle and favorable; she is "loving, black-browed night," who brings the lovers to each other's arms and shelters them from detection. To Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, night is the accomplice of crime, concealing and smothering evil in her thick pall of darkness. In consequence of this subjective standpoint, nature is almost invariably personified, sometimes according with old mythological tales, but more often endowed with human characteristics and passions by Shakespeare's own masterly imagination.

Nature in this guise becomes the source of both artistic and dramatic effect when joined with the human story of the drama. Shakespeare creates with it the environment and atmosphere of the human nature which he portrays, making the one reflect and intensify the other, and blending the two into perfect harmony. Such is the impression produced by the love scenes between Jessica and Lorenzo, the beauty and peacefulness of the human relations surrounded and filled with the beauty and peacefulness of the moonlight night.

Thus, we expect to find a difference both in the treatment and in the use of nature with the change of subject, as we turn from one drama to another, and, on a large scale, as we pass from one period of Shakespeare's writing to another. The earlier plays have an out-of-door atmosphere, and are full of poetical references to nature. An example here is "Love's Labor's Lost,"

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where the scene is laid wholly in the park of the royal palace. As we enter the second period, we find ourselves shut in among city walls, or surrounded by the smoke and din of battle, excepting, of course, the two or three "sunny comedies" of this time, which we shall consider later. The intense absorption of the mind in the human struggles and problems of the third period dramas leaves little room for thoughts of what is outside of man himself; all interest is centered in the soul-life. Here the function of external nature, when it appears at all, is to reflect the atmosphere of the human passion, and of this we have most striking illustration in Macbeth and King Lear, as we shall see in another part of this paper. It is with a sigh of relief that we pass out from the stifling air of these periods into the out-of-doors freshness of the last group of plays. Here we breathe the invigorating sea-breeze, we roam among the mountains, or gather flowers in summer lanes. With the sweetening and reconciling of human relations, we return to the wholesome, comforting influence of Mother Nature.

From this brief suggestion as to Shakespeare's attitude towards nature we may derive an explanation of his common use of the elements in nature, with which division of the subject this paper is concerned. We have seen that nature is treated subjectively and in a way to furnish an harmonious surrounding for the human nature of the dramas. In the elements Shakespeare found a close correspondence to the passions and struggles of the human soul, and recognized their influence on the human temperament: soothing, exciting, inspiring, grating harshly upon moods opposed to their own in feeling, harmonizing with and intensifying those that resemble themselves. It is to this phase of nature, therefore, that we turn, in order to gain the clearest conception of the characteristics of Shakespeare's treatment of nature. Let us first consider, apart from their immediate connection with the dramas, the characters of the elements as created by Shakespeare, and afterwards study their function as a vital part of artistic and dramatic effects.

Looking first at the winds, we find them almost invariably personified, all showing a distinct family trait—impetuosity and indulgence of passion. The Summer Wind appears chiefly in the lighter plays, as best agrees with his own nature, for he is a lover. He makes love to the trees and flowers, creeping unseen among their leaves and bestowing upon them his sweet

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caresses. But he is an inconstant fellow and veers from one mistress to another with every varying gust of passion. Now he plays the wanton, embracing the fair ships that sail so proudly out of port, relying on his favor, but returning, alas! "Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind." In fairyland we find him in the role of piper at the fairy revels; but when the little people will not dance to his whistling, he puffs away in spite and sucks up fogs from the sea to quench the merry sport. His brother, the servant of Winter, is as bitter and churlish as he is hot-headed and lover-like. With his rude breath and icy fang he chills and nips the unprotected traveler and "feelingly persuades us what we are." The Storm Winds, however, are the ones that we know best in Shakespeare's dramas, as representing the conflict and tumult of human life. Now they are mutinous and contentious among themselves, now spend their united fury upon the "proud trees," or turn their rage against the defenceless head of man. When the tempest is approaching, the wind announces his coming with a trumpet blast. Day frowns and the heavens grow wrathful and grim. The ominous whistling of the wind now becomes a howl of fury, as the storm fiends spring forth to their mad work, joining with the nimble lightnings, "vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts," to create the wild confusion of earth and sky. At sea the winds show even more their mighty strength, taking

> "The ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them,
> With deafening clamour, in the slippery clouds."

Contrast this most poetical and subjective description with another, one of the few *objective* ones, in the words of the clown in "The Winter's Tale." "I am not now to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point." The picture is the same in both cases, yet the difference in the character of the two speakers, King Henry the Fourth and the shepherd's son, is well marked by their different interpretations.

We have just had a glimpse of the sea in its angry mood, in conflict with wind and storm. What is its own nature, as Shakespeare shows it to us? Scarcely ever is it beautiful or friendly. Once it is mentioned as the silver setting to the precious jewel of England, once as the mirror in whose trans-

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parent bosom the moon sees her reflection; but these are single instances and both objective. To Richard, the sensitive poet-king, the sea seems rough and rude, as also to Oberon, the dainty monarch of fairyland. Usually, however, the sea has its own distinct character, and is shown in its cruel aspect. It is a monster, fierce, inexorable; its billows, monstrous heads with tossed and curling manes, ever roaring after their prey with "enrag'd and foamy mouth." It is never surfeited, always greedy, impatient, cruel. Surely, Shakespeare must have known the sea in all its moods and phases. How else could he tell of the sea sounds, the chafing of the murmuring waters on the "unnumbered pebbles," the roar of the breakers, the deafening clamor of the storm? Or how describe the turbulent surge, flecked with "embossed foam"; the curled crests of the waves, tossed in spray by the wind, like the mane of a wild horse; or, the "impetuous haste" with which the incoming tide creeps up and "eats the flats"?

In his treatment of the sun and moon, Shakespeare has held quite closely to the mythological imagery and personification. The sun is the monarch of day, the "fiery Titan," who drives his chariot in triumphant progress through the heavens, scattering usurping clouds in anger from his path. He brings warmth and cheer and honesty into the world, and banishes the foul spirits and fouler human wretches that work their ugly deeds in the darkness of night. The breaking of day is most wonderfully described. First,

> "Gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
> Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,"

and the lark soars up to Heaven, heralding day's approach. As the rosy glow streams up brighter and clearer, evil shapes of darkness slink away to their coverts, in fear of the all-searching eye of day's monarch, who "darts his light through every guilty hole." There is a moment of quivering expectation, as the east turns from rose to gold, while "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops." Then the sun rides forth in his blazing chariot, darkness is vanquished, and "proud day" holds the world in joy and mirth. At evening, the sovereign of light draws near the western gate, and, as loath to leave his realm, lingers a moment and "makes the welkin blush" ere he says good night.

Now earth is beneath the sway of the moon, "thrice-crowned queen of night." She is a maiden, cold, chaste, beautiful, Diana's self. In nature,

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she is the "governess of the floods"; in the human heart, the "sovereign mistress of true melancholy." Night is gentle and kind when the moon is present, full of beauty and romance, peopled with fairies and sheltering true lovers. But other nights are there, full of terror; now tyrannous in storm, now wrapping the earth in a blackness beneath which she conceals her creatures, ghosts, witches and evil spirits and the vilest of human kind.

Such are the elements in themselves as Shakespeare has given them to us, endowed with almost human personality. But this is only the material with which the master-builder constructs his wonderful scenery, the setting for the drama of human life. As we turn to study his use of nature, in its relation to different scenes and to whole plays, we are drawn by the fascination or the grandeur first of one scene, then of another, until we scarcely know where to choose our illustrations. However, while many dramas have single scenes that well show the power of Shakespeare to make external nature reflect and intensify the mood of the human soul, yet a few stand out pre-eminent for their atmosphere and coloring. If I were asked to paint a picture symbolizing each of the dramas that I have chosen for illustration I could easily choose my colors. King Lear should be painted in storm colors, confused masses of black and gray, with vivid flashes of the lightning's red. Macbeth should be black; Romeo and Juliet is dark, but with a soft, rich darkness like a summer night's sky, touched with the melancholy radiance of moonlight; the Midsummer Night's Dream is all in moonlight colors, white and shining; and As You Like It is green, the green of forest trees, with deep, cool shadows, and here and there a gleam of sunlight gold. I have omitted one picture from my gallery, The Tempest, for that cannot be painted with mortal colors. Its scenes are painted from a magic palette, and its varying colors half concealed by the sea-mist. I should rather, if I could, put it into music, that would sing out the song of the winds and the sea with a minor strain of the earth-born passion, growing faint and fainter as it neared the end, and the magic music of Ariel woven in and out through the whole. In The Tempest we never lose the ocean-sound. At first, we are on a ship, tossing and shivering on angry waters, baffled by conflicting winds, stunned by crashing thunder-peals. While we sit in the magician's cave, listening to Miranda's appeal and her father's story of their own stormy voyage, we hear the waves

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dashing upon the rocks, and the ominous wail of the wind. Even when the storm is over and the ship safely harbored, we are reminded now and then of the mighty elements, so recently roused in anger, by a low mutter of thunder, a thought of lost friends devoured by the hungry sea. Wherever we go, we find ourselves bound in by the waters, which we cannot traverse until the magic power of Prospero sets us free from the enchanted island. Is not this just the setting that we need for the human nature of the play? There has been wreck of fortune and character through the unbridled avarice of envious men. The muttering of a second storm is heard in the base plots of Antonio and Sebastion, who would fain prolong and promote the confusion. All is shut in and darkened by the power of evil desires, from which there is no escape until love and truth shall come with redeeming might. Then the magician appears with power over the elements, both within and without. So much in sympathy have the two been hitherto, that, when Miranda and Ferdinand learn love's content in each other's hearts, we cannot but feel that the sun is shining again, and the sea laying aside its wrathful ways and washing gently upon the shore. At last, when all the human conflict has been soothed and righted, we know that under Ariel's charge, with "calm seas" and "auspicious gales" we shall make a happy homeward voyage.

It is interesting to note that among the most markedly "atmospheric plays," Shakespeare has given us four nights, all different in character, and each strongly individual. King Lear is typified in the night of storm and confusion. Human affections have been distorted by ingratitude and selfish ambition, and the wickedness of his unnatural daughters has driven the poor old king out upon the open heath, defenceless in the face of the approaching storm. Then, as "servile ministers," joined with his heartless children the furies of the storm pour forth their rage upon the white head of Lear. Wind and rain strive with one another in mad conflict, vivid lightnings pierce the darkness, and the thunder crashes and reverberates, drowning all sound, and numbing every sense.

> "Things that love night,
> Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
> Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
> And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,

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> Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
> Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
> Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
> The affliction nor the fear."

Thus speaks Kent, searching in distress for his feeble old master. But to Lear the storm without is but slight compared with the tempest of grief in his own soul, that

> "Doth from my sense take all feeling else,
> Save what beats there."

The rumbling thunder, the beating rain and roaring gusts of wind make a fitting accompaniment to the wild outcries of "poor Tom," the sad jests of the Fool, and Lear's fierce outbreaks, the expression of the raging sorrow within. The remainder of the play is, for the most part, enacted on the heath and at camp. With the outcasts, Gloster and Edgar, we wander over the desolate waste towards Dover cliff, and there we meet the grief-maddened king, decked with wild flowers, pitiful in his incoherent raving. The scene closes on the battle-field, where amid the desolations of war, its sullen mutterings still sounding in our ears, rest comes at last to the lives that have been so filled with storm and tumult. The tempest was ominous in its gathering, it burst with all the fury of its rage upon the helpless wanderers, it died away in bleakness, leaving pitiful destruction in its path; yet, may not a ray of sunshine have broken through the clouds, to fall on the bier of Lear and Cordelia, united at last in perfect peace and love?

I have said that I should paint Macbeth black, a black background for a soul even more densely black. The darkness of the setting seems almost to emanate from that soul, for from that soul's deeds the night gathers all its horrors. To Macbeth himself, night takes its character from his own mind; it is the time when beasts of prey are lurking for their victims, when witches pursue their evil craft, when the foul designs of man may be worked out and their dread results concealed. Night in King Lear, though terrible, was yet full of magnificent freedom, the freedom of wind and storm unrestrained in their mightiest conflict. We felt the great out-of-doors, and though awed were not afraid. Night in Macbeth is different. Darkness draws close around us like a pall, dread, stifling; inspiring us with

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a gasping fear, not of the dark of nature, but of the black, murderous deeds of human hearts. The only sounds are the drowsy hum of insects, the whir of a bat's wings, the owl's shriek, and the hungry howl of the wolf. With Macbeth we seem to see fearful visions in the thick air, we shudder at the owl's cry, and start up in terror at the knock, knock, knock on the gate. Two words give the clue to the cause of this impression: "*with Macbeth.*" From his own words, his own horror-stricken acts, comes the all-pervading sense of blackness, for his personality completely masters the mind of the reader.

We gladly turn from the night of inner and outer blackness to the night of romance, dark, yet softened by silvery moonlight, as we find it in Romeo and Juliet. The scenes of Romeo and Juliet are almost all out-of-doors, in the city streets and in the orchards, yet with what a difference in atmosphere between them! The city is filled with the hot glare of the noontide sun, there is the sound of angry words and clashing steel, and the sight of bloodshed. Here we have to face the bitter hostility of the rival Capulets and Montagues. But the lover's passion does not belong to the "garish day"; only once, the time of their secret marriage, do we see them together by daylight. They meet first at night, at the Capulet ball, and later at Juliet's window. They meet after their marriage, and spend the night in sad farewell. Only once more do they meet, again at night, again to say farewell, but each as dead in the other's eyes in the tomb of the Capulets. Night is their "kindly time," the "sober-suited matron" who makes possible for them their most perfect happiness. And their night is beautiful, filled with the fragrance of southern blossoms, sweet with nightingales' melodies, softly radiant with moonlight, and withal intensely, sweetly sad. Its beauty is that of their love, so great, so deep, so perfect, that it fills the heart too full for words and makes it overflow in tears. I do not think the moon shone on that last night, or that the nightingales sang. The radiance and the song had gone out of the love, the sadness had become too deep. But the sky must have been the dark blue of that summer land, measureless in its depths, perfect in its calm and rest.

One more night of romance and moonlight has Shakespeare given us, perfect in its own way and that way different from every other. That is the night of dreams and fairies. In the Midsummer Night's Dream we

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ourselves are dreamers, wandering hither and thither, led, now by the lovers' voices, now by fairy spells, bewildered and charmed by the witchery of the night. We pass by magic circles of vivid green, the fairy ball-rooms; now by beds of flowers, roses, violets, pale primroses, that breathe out fragrance upon the balmy air and reflect the moonbeams from dew-drops glistening in their cups. Here we see the distracted lovers, searching, fruitlessly, for one another, there a fairy's wing sparkles among the flowers, as she hastens to fulfil Titania's dainty bidding. Now comes the sound of Bottom's noisy song echoed by Puck's mocking laughter, then the lovers' wrangling and weeping, while strains of fairy music float around us in a fanciful web of melody. Over all and through all is the magic moonlight, flooding heaven and earth with shimmering, silvery brightness. The whole night is one of fragrance, music, light, and in it the fairies reign supreme.

I have tried to suggest briefly the important part played by external nature in Shakespeare's dramas, especially by the elements themselves. In The Tempest we have seen the ocean framing a story of the wreck and final salvation of human fortunes and human hearts. In King Lear the loneliness of the wild heath, the conflict of winds and storm, typified the desolate, storm-riven heart of the old father. Macbeth's black soul found sympathy and concealment for its evil deeds in the blackness of night. To Romeo and Juliet, on the other hand, night's darkness was friendly and gracious, made propitious by their pure and perfect love, yet tinged with the deep melancholy of their own passion. The brightest moonlight, the sweetest breath of flower-scented air filled the "Midsummer Night," where fairy hands untangled human knots, and fairy sweet-heartedness resolved all discord into harmony. Sea and storm, night in its blackness, and night filled with silver moonlight; all these we have seen. But where is the sunlight? Can we leave this study with no hint of the brightness of life? Can we believe that Shakespeare found in nature the reflection of the *passions* of human life only?

Come with me into the Forest of Arden and let us look for sunlight. When we enter here we drop every burden of discontent, every care, for a magic spell pervades the forest, and constrains everything within its borders to partake of its gladness and peace. We are in the great, happy out-of-doors. There is a sound of brooks murmuring over smooth sands, or dancing

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over pebbles; of bird-songs and the hum of insects; and away in the distance the note of the huntsman's horn. A cool, green shade surrounds us and gentle breezes stir the branches overhead. But, you say, there is not one mention of sunlight! True, but what need is there? Is not Rosalind in the forest, and is not she the very spirit of sunshine? The sun could not fail to shine where she is, a fact so patent that to state it in words is unnecessary. From our earlier study we have learned that we shall find nature reproducing the mood of the human souls whose story we are reading. The spirit of "As You Like It" is wholly sweet and sunny, therefore the air is sweet with the scent of flowers and melodious with forest sounds, and the leaves, as we look up, are golden-green, while the branches, stirred by the summer breeze, part now and again and let long beams of golden sunlight fall on the head of Rosalind.

MARY BRIGHAM HILL, '93.

ATTIC GLIMPSES.

Over the city the mist looms gray,
  Smoke from the chimneys is shifting and streaming,
  The gilded Cross on the spire is gleaming —
A single rift in the cloudswept day;
And over the city the mist looms gray.

The red brick rows stand gaunt and grim —
  Sentinel posts of trade's contriving,
  While faces seamed with its craft and striving
Peer from the dark to the daylight dim,
Where the red brick rows stand gaunt and grim.

An April swallow is floating slow
  High o'er the roofs and the yellow river —
  Careless is he of the hearts that quiver
Where hurrying feet past the bridges go —
The April swallow is floating slow.

Onward presses the pilgrim throng,
  None shall know of the goal that awaits them —
  None but the Dreamer whose dream creates them,
Pouring His thought through the world along
As onward presses the pilgrim throng.

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Above them Justice the balance holds,
  Her tall white form from the prison lifting—
  Little she recks of the shadows drifting—
She whom the bandage of blindness folds,
Above them Justice her balance holds.

All we would know the fog shuts out—
  What of the heart of the day's dull history—
  Glory or gloom at the core of the mystery?
Madness or vision the truth of the doubt?
But all we would know the fog shuts out.

Over the city the mist looms gray,
  Smoke from the chimneys is shifting and streaming,
  The gilded Cross on the spire is gleaming—
A single rift in the cloudswept day;
And over the city the mist looms gray.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

EARLY CONNECTICUT MEANS AND MANNERS.

IT is all very well for descendants of the old Connecticut colonists to look back with pride on the achievements of their ancestors. It was a fine thing, no doubt, to establish the first genuinely democratic government with which the New World had ever been graced; it was a bright idea to write one's colonial constitution down on paper when no one else had ever thought of such a thing, and to write it so well that nearly two centuries passed away before any one saw reason to write it over again. It was something worth while to have been responsible for the most important clause in the federal constitution. Finally, we can pardon some superfluous pride in the great-grandchildren of men who get their living out of anything so utterly uncompromising as Connecticut soil. All these points in Connecticut's favor we acknowledge readily. But there are some other things over which her people secretly chuckle that are not nearly so much to their credit. For instance, a certain trade in nutmegs, which I could describe if I cared to give industrial history.

It is always suspicious when a colony or an individual passes through all manner of trying circumstances and opposing regimes without so much as a scar. We have our own name for the man who manages to sit invariably on the crest of the wave while his government goes through all the undulations

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in the category. If I say that the inhabitants of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor evidently never believed the maxim that honesty is the best policy, I make no stronger an assertion than I mean presently to back up with illustrations, although I shall undoubtedly be met with the answer that they "reached their goal just the same," to translate a current idiom.

Away back in the dark ages of New England settlements the Bay Colony, which had already declared its position as Hub, encountered its first resistance. A handful of men, stragglers from over the water, had settled themselves around in the various Bay towns in the hope of gaining liberty of thought and action. Now, whoever knows anything about early Massachusetts knows that the Bay Colony was the very last place in which to gain liberty of any kind, and this the new settlers soon discovered. They fidgeted uneasily for a time, saying all the unpleasant things that they considered prudent, but making no remarks in a very loud voice, until at last, thinking the opportune moment to have arrived, they fashioned a most respectful address to the Massachusetts General Court, asking if they might go and take up a claim on the River Connecticut, because they were really very crowded at home and were, besides, morally certain that the Dutch would get ahead of them if they didn't go at once. The General Court responded that they might do nothing of the kind and thought no more about it. They received their answer most reverentially, no doubt looking volumes of gratitude for the denial of their wishes, and at once proceeded to go as calmly as though no such thing as a Massachusetts General Court were in existence. When the Bay Colony awoke to the situation, the birds were flown and the three towns on the Great River were happily established.

Now the Bay Fathers, before they fled from England, had drawn some very sensible conclusions from the careers of Tudor and Stuart monarchs. Among other things they adopted Elizabeth's principles that what can't be cured had better be endured as gracefully as circumstances will permit. So seeing a Connecticut colony already established, they determined to get as much good out of it as possible, and sent down a commissioner to manage the government and pretend that the home court was deeply gratified by this show of independence on the part of its subjects. When the Connecticut settlers saw the commissioner stalking across their horizon line, they probably swore some puritanical oaths, but they received him with the most loyal

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of smiles. How it afterward came about no one seems entirely certain, but the fact remains that two years from that time, without a quarrel, without any perceptible friction, the last vestige of Massachusetts authority had been removed from the new plantations, and the plucky colonists were drafting their wonderful declaration of independence of 1639.

If ever a document could be drawn up disregarding completely the authority not only of every power in the New World but even of King Charles himself, that document was the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut—perhaps the settlers already scented the Puritan Revolution from afar. I mention this point in passing because in the light of subsequent events it may prove interesting.

For some years things went very smoothly with the little colony. Indeed, for obvious reasons there was not likely to be much jarring. Occasionally disagreement seemed imminent with some neighboring settlement, whereupon Connecticut at once assumed her best company manners and sent over to ask that the settlement in question would favor her with a deputy at the next General Court. After which the dispute generally died out for lack of fuel and Connecticut gained her point. One thorn in her side, however, she had, and that was the rival colony of New Haven. New Haven was rich and possessed a magnificent harbor. Her green hills were very enticing. Of course we hope that Connecticut was never unmindful of the decalogue, but it was too much for human endurance to sit by and watch the haughty straightforwardness of the rival and not feel the shadow of a hope that some day she would be come up with. The chance came with the Restoration. New Haven had been pretty outspoken in favor of the Commonwealth. So, too, had Connecticut, for that matter, but here came a difference. Whereas New Haven was too proud and too honest to bow her head, Connecticut proceeded to the most remarkable act in her whole history. She voted some money, wrote a petition, and despatched her governor forthwith to the Court of St. James. This petition was the most remarkable paper ever prepared on American soil. The Fundamental Orders do not compare with it, the Federal Constitution is eclipsed. Had it been written in York, it would have merited comment, but proceeding from the most democratic of puritan colonies, it makes us realize as perhaps nothing else would the genius for romantic fiction inherent in the early New

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England farmer. Briefly stated, its contents ran somewhat as follows: Far removed as the Connecticut colonists were from the gracious splendor of His Majesty's presence, unable to bask in the glow of his royal smiles, poor also as they were in material wealth, they could neither present themselves nor yet a worthy offering at the shrine of their heart's devotion. But the one gift they had it in their power to bestow they humbly begged His Majesty to receive — the united adoration of their hearts. During the troublous times just past — so the document proceeds — they, as sheep without a shepherd, helpless and in despair, had preferred to cower behind the shelter of their own bleak New England hillsides, refusing to be ruled by any one, rather than bow to the spurious governments that had usurped the royal power. Now that the glory of England was restored etc., etc. With all of this Charles seems to have been duly impressed. No doubt his knowledge of colonial history had been somewhat blurred by the confusion of the last few years. At any rate, tradition affirms that he smiled on Governor Winthrop enthusiastically — Governor Winthrop had by this time disposed of the money furnished him by the colony — and that the two became quite boon companions during the latter's visit. Rather a peculiar combination, one might suppose.

When Governor Winthrop re-arrived at Hartford, he held in his hand a charter making Connecticut independent, mistress not only of all her own territory but of that of New Haven besides. That New Haven was surprised and not much pleased when the news reached her goes without saying. Connecticut sent over amiably and hoped New Haven would settle up her accounts and prepare for annexation as promptly as was convenient. New Haven fought, tooth and nail, but her day had come. The constant dissension within her borders and the wiliness of Connecticut without must in any case have been too much for her. She was extremely brave, however, and fought to the death. Connecticut made no direct and sustained attack. Whenever she perceived the attitude of her rival to be especially determined, she withdrew her claims for a time, ceased to send requisitions to the New Haven Assembly and fell back upon older and more congenial tactics. Agents were commissioned to visit individual New Haveners, and these journeyed from town to town. What the agents did, it does not behoove us to inquire, but New Haven's cause weakened daily. At length,

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with a pathetic declaration that the colony acted under compulsion and not of its own free will, the New Haven General Court yielded and fell.

While this struggle had been going on, a little by-play, very well calculated to throw light on the character of the two colonies, was in process. Some of the regicidal judges had, after the Restoration, thought it better to come over to the colonies, and in due time had arrived in Massachusetts. Finding the reception here not quite what they could have wished, they went very sensibly on to Connecticut and New Haven. They oscillated for several months between the two colonies. Both received them with open arms, and for a time they found life comparatively pleasant. Shortly, however, a royal commissioner appeared on the scene in the inconvenient way that belonged to royal commissioners of that time. He called upon the colonies in the name of their allegiance to the King — New Haven had by this time been obliged to tender hers and had done so in as few words as possible — to deliver up the captives. New Haven drew herself up to her full height, looked the commissioner straight in the face and refused. Connecticut hustled the regicides across on to the New Haven side of the boundary, and then, assuming an air of innocent devotion, issued proclamations, warrants, threats, searched her territory from end to end, scourged herself into a furore of excitement, and only paused for breath at times when the regicides had again appeared within her borders. She deceived the Commissioner successfully, and New Haven lost what little reputation had remained to her.

But finally Connecticut found her own tables turned upon her. As she had tyrannized over New Haven by means of a royal charter, so Governor Andros attempted to tyrannize over her. Her first mild efforts after freedom, her drum corps remonstrances, having proved futile, she submitted, gracefully, as usual. The one thing which Governor Andros particularly wanted, however, the colonial charter, he did not get. Not because Connecticut fought for it. Oh, no! Simply because it was nowhere to be found. When he had gone away and the storm was over, she remembered where she had put it and brought it out and used it again.

There are a great many other stories, equally interesting, to be found in early Connecticut history, but I promised no more than the illustration of a point and I have given enough for that. Connecticut does not seem to

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have learned lessons as other young things do. She knew all from the start. She knew when she left Massachusetts just as well as she knew under Governor Andros, and she never forgot, nor slipped, nor was absent-minded. She never struck till she had to strike, she never spoke till she had to speak, she never failed to see all the opportunities in her way and to take advantage of every one. And so, when I stand on a Connecticut hill-side, resting, gently green and soft and sweet in the warm haze of a summer morning, when I smile down upon the shimmering grass blades and the little delicate flowers, and know that a foot beneath the soil lies flinty rock, stern and uncompromising as ever rock was made, I remember that I am in the land of steady habits, the birthplace of American democracy, the country that never yielded the sceptre from its people's hands,— and that made the wooden nutmeg.

ANNIE B. TOMLINSON, '93.

THE CALIPH'S QUEST.

THERE was joy in the streets of Bagdad, for after long years the good sultan, Haroun Alraschid, sat once more on the throne of the prophet, and once more peace and prosperity smiled on the land of the faithful. Under his wise rule industry revived and commerce flourished; the husbandman reaped rich harvests, and the merchants made long and prosperous voyages; fruits and grains, silks and velvets poured into the fortunate city from all directions; in every street were seen the evidences of prosperity, and from every house came the sounds of music and feasting.

Haroun Alraschid alone seemed to derive no satisfaction from the prosperity he had created. Perhaps his courtiers had lost the art of interesting their royal master; perhaps the smiles of the fair Sultana were less dazzling than of old, or, perhaps, the spirit of these latter days had reached him even through the tranquil magnificence of an Oriental court, making him dissatisfied with that which he had formerly found all-sufficient. Certain it is that the cloud on his brow grew darker, and he listened but coldly to the plans his nobles daily proposed for his amusement. Mesrour alone seemed able to please him, and he was constantly called to the royal presence.

"How is it, Mesrour," said the Sultan one day, "that all my possessions are powerless to make me happy? All that man can desire is mine, yet I am not content."

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"Commander of the Faithful," replied Mesrour, "contentment is an herb that does not grow for monarchs. We say of a sovereign 'he was wise,' 'he was wealthy,' he was powerful,' but never 'he was content.'"

"If contentment must remain forever unknown to me," said the Sultan, "yet would I fain see it in some one else. None of those about me are satisfied, I think; they enjoy their present possessions, but they are ever striving to gain more. Mesrour! once more will we disguise ourselves and go forth as when we sought adventures of old, but now we will seek for a contented man."

"So be it," replied Mesrour; and on the morrow the twain began their search. They had journeyed far to the west, when one evening they drew near to a stately mansion. It stood in the midst of a park, and as the tired wanderers made their way up the avenue each step revealed new scenes of beauty. They were hospitably received. Their host assembled his friends to do them honor, and far into the night they sat feasting and talking. And ever, as the hours passed on, Haroun's wonder grew, for, as he learned from those about him, his host had begun life as a friendless, penniless boy, and all that he possessed he had won for himself. Now, far and wide, the land around belonged to him; for him hundreds of men tilled the ground or toiled beneath its surface; his agents were busy through all the land, and fleets sailing to the remotest parts of the world brought their treasures to swell his coffers. He lived in more than princely luxury, and spent money as freely as he made it. Small wonder that he was flattered and envied, that women bestowed their brightest smiles upon him and men bowed down before him.

The next morning Haroun prepared to depart. "Thou hast already placed me under a heavy obligation," said he to his host, "yet I must beg thee to increase the debt. Answer me one question, I pray. Thou hast all that man can desire — wealth and honor and friends and power. Tell me, art thou content?"

The rich man sighed. "No," he said, "I am not. Much that I long for money cannot buy, and even my riches, to gather which I have given up my whole life, are not secure. Every year I meet with heavy losses through the carelessness or dishonesty of others, and I am never certain that some stroke of misfortune may not sweep away all that I have accumulated by years of toil. No, I am not content."

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"Commander of the Faithful," said Mesrour, as they passed down the avenue, "we have made a mistake. Why should we think to find a man satisfied because he is rich? Thy own experience has shown that neither wealth nor rank can give happiness, for who has greater riches or higher position than thou? Let us rather seek contentment among men of genius. A man who is conscious that he possesses a gift straight from the hand of God, who can clothe in glowing words what others can only feel, on whose writings a people hang entranced, and who sustains the weary, consoles the sad and inspires the flagging by his words — should not he be happy? Such a one dwells in yonder city; let us seek him and see whether he is content."

"Thou hast spoken well," answered the Sultan, and they took their way toward the city.

That evening they stood before the poet, and the Sultan bowed low in involuntary homage to the lofty spirit which shone through his face. For as any poet stands far above ordinary men, so this man stood far above ordinary poets. It was not only that his genius was greater than theirs, but he had guarded it as a sacred gift, a weapon to do valiant service in the strife of good and evil. Never had he used his talent to render vice less repulsive or to condone evil because it was picturesque. His own character — lofty, enthusiastic, unfaltering — breathed through every line of his writings, and no one ever rose from their reading without feeling the thrill of higher resolves and nobler impulses. He had won the admiration and love of thousands, but at the Sultan's question his face darkened and he answered, sadly enough, "No, I am not content. There is so much to be done and life is so short, and my power is so slight against the follies, the meannesses and the hard, grinding necessities which make the lives of men so barren and unsatisfactory. There is so much that is helpful which I cannot express, so much that is noble to which I cannot attain. If I could make my own life what I would have it, if I could show mankind the worthlessness of the trifles they value so highly, if I could teach them the grand truths which might govern each life and make it an unbroken harmony, I would be content, but as it is ——"

"Mesrour," said the Caliph, as they resumed their quest, "there is an old saying, 'Happiness is a bird which nests in low bushes.' Let us see if we cannot find among the lowly that content which we seek in vain among the

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great," and soon they found themselves in the cosy little room which served as kitchen and parlor combined for a prosperous young mechanic. A bright and pleasant little room it was, with its clean-swept floor, its clear fire burning in the polished stove, its neat muslin curtains and flowers in pots at the window. On one side of the fire a brisk, cheerful little woman sat knitting busily while her husband opposite was laughing at the pranks of a baby who had just discovered that his feet were meant for walking. Surely this was a scene of peace and contentment, yet when the Caliph put his question to the young father he, too, replied in the negative.

"No," he said, "I am not content. I must make a name and a place for myself in the world. I must make money enough to bring up my family, to give them advantages I have never had, and to support my wife and myself when I can work no more. There is much that I must do before I can be content."

The Caliph sighed a little wearily as they again set forth. Far and wide they traveled and many and various were the people they questioned, but the answer was always the same. The wise, the good, the great, as well as the poor, the foolish and the wicked were unsatisfied. Wealth could not purchase content, nor could poverty secure it. The man who devoted his life to others and the man who never gave a thought to any but himself, the millionaire and the men who served him, the man of science who spent weary years in trying to penetrate a little farther into nature's mysteries, and the man whose only thought was how to gain his daily bread, all gave the same answer to the Sultan's question. None were satisfied. Each was striving to reach some goal, and when that was gained each found that contentment was still far distant, until the Sultan, weary and discouraged, was almost ready to give up the quest.

One evening the pair were traveling in a wild, mountainous region. They had missed their way and a thunderstorm was impending. More and more threatening grew the clouds, wilder and more rugged grew the way, and anxiously they sought some shelter. At last they saw a dwelling in the distance and hastened to it. As they drew near they could not but notice the air of poverty and neglect which hung about the place. The house was a miserable cabin built of unhewn logs; the fence about the place was falling to pieces; the gate, one hinge broken, sagged forlornly against

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its post; near by were several fields where corn and tobacco struggled with the invading weeds for a scanty sustenance. Everywhere were the traces of indolent neglect.

As the travelers approached, a swarm of half-starved dogs rushed out, barking, howling and yelping. Their noise brought the owner of the cabin, a tall, grizzled mountaineer, to the door. He received them hospitably enough, bade his wife set before them what cheer the house afforded, and soon they were seated by a blazing fire, listening to the storm that raged without.

"Friend," said the Caliph, "thou hast done me good service in sheltering me from that tempest, and I would fain reward thee. Tell me, what can I do for thee?"

"Thank you for the offer," said their host, "but I do not ask a reward for giving a traveler a night's lodging; besides, there is nothing that I need."

"But thou art poor," said the Caliph, "and I have money and power enough to do for thee whatsoever thou wilt. Shall I not remove thee to a place where thou canst do something more than to gain a bare living?"

"Why should I wish to remove?" asked the man. "My farm gives me enough to support me, and I live as well as my fathers did."

"But this is a lonesome place," said the Caliph, "and thy children are growing up without education, without companions, without advantages of any sort."

"No," replied their host, "the place is not so lonely as it looks. We have neighbors in the mountains about us; and as for my children, they have as many advantages as I had. What would be the good of educating them up above their parents. I thank you kindly for your offer, but I want nothing."

The Caliph glanced in amazement around the wretched room with its earthen floor, its shabby furniture, its broken windows stuffed with rags. He looked at the group of children, almost as wild, as untrained and as ignorant as the savage creatures of the mountains outside; he looked at the slatternly, dejected woman who was their mother; and as his eyes rested on their host himself, ragged, unkempt, uncouth, he caught Mesrour's whisper:

"Commander of the Faithful, our quest is ended, we have found a contented man!"

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RANDOM BITS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

"What makes me mad," remarked the chief, energetically, "is the way people will insist on considering everything that is far off beautiful and romantic, while they can't see anything but the commonplace and the absurd in what lies right about them. People are fools, anyhow!"

"For instance?" asked the subordinate, cautiously.

"For instance," returned the chief. "You know Dr. B. of course, and how much philanthropic work he does. He's a good man, too, only, like all the philanthropists, he thinks that people who live like brutes ought to reason like sages and act like saints. He told me, the other day, of a poor old woman he had helped out of the slums on to a farm, where she was sure of light work and a comfortable living. Well, in about a month he found her back in the city, half starved and wholly miserable, and when he reproached her for leaving the home he had got for her, all she could say was: 'I couldn't help it, sir, indeed. I just couldn't live in the country; there wasn't anything there, not even a hand-organ.' Oh, yes, you may laugh: of course it sounds absurd. But suppose she had been a Swiss peasant pining for the rush of the mountain streams and the echo of the horns among the cliffs, wouldn't you have thought it very beautiful and pathetic? and how does this differ from that, except in name? And then think of the tragedy of it. Think how she had been cheated out of her birthright, how all her natural love of beauty and order and cleanliness had been dwarfed and starved, until the glory of the sunrise and sunset was meaningless to her, and the sweep of the wind through the forest and the song of the birds and the beauty of the springtime and the grandeur of the eternal hills were less to her than the noises of the street and the tawdry fineries of a cheap theatre. That's the way we treat the poor; first rob them of all that makes life worth having, and then blame them or laugh at them because they are what we made them."

The subordinate thought there was a good deal to be said against this wholesale tirade but the chief was growing excited, so he wisely held his peace.

* * * * * * *

I was pacing up and down the floor, thinking hard. There before me lay

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what I wanted to do, and like an impassible wall between it and me rose what I must do. What I wanted to do was so good and desirable in every way, and I had planned for it and looked forward to it for so long, and now, slowly, inevitably, I was being constrained into another path. Could I not oppose the force of circumstance, evade it, escape it in some way? What should I do? What could I do?

A fluttering sound caught my attention. A moth was beating itself against the window glass, seeking to reach the outer air again. Putting my hand above it I tried to drive it down to the lower half of the window, which was open. No, it would not go; again and again it dashed under, over, around my hand. "What a fool it is!" I thought, impatiently, "It wants to get out and I want to help it out, and here it is acting as if I were its worst enemy," and seizing a sheet of paper I succeeded in forcing the moth, much against its will, down to the opening. I watched it fly away through the fresh air and sunshine, and then I fell to pacing up and down the room again, wondering what I could do.

* * * * * * *

"Make room for me," said the cap and gown to the pretty fall hats and Eton jackets, as the former swept down the aisle, "I've come to stay!" Fickle Fashion saw the dignity and trembled. Nay, more — it doffed its hat to Learning and sat no more on the front seats.

Then the Chapel gave a black look and the organ stopped too soon.

Not long, however, for bad weather threatened. The cap hurriedly threw its tassel over the wrong side and the gown gathered itself together from the ends of the four winds and silently disappeared, while the fifteen dollar mackintosh and the new umbrella reigned in their stead.

Now in their wrath the fall hats increased in size and the Eton jackets swelled in their sleeves. Sunday came and the crinoline flounced down the aisle, and the artificial roses bloomed again among the startling bows of ribbon.

Then did jaunty Fashion rule on the front seats.

A RECIPE.

A tablet of paper, a bottle of ink,
  And a pen upon which you rely,
A pencil that boasts a fine, sharp point,
  And a scratch-blank conveniently nigh.

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A subject of course. You may choose from the world,
  The universe lies at your call,
Things in the Heavens above, in the earth beneath,
  In the waters under them all.

Th' ingredients now lie close to your hand,
  But you'll gain no reward for your pains
Till you mix them as Turner his colors combined;
  You must, indeed, mix them with brains.

And then, if the proper proportion's applied,
  You will see the desire of your dream;
And may feel all the bliss of a justified pride,
  As you gaze on one more Daily Theme!

ISABELLA CAMPBELL, '94.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the morning of June 26th there came to the friends of Helen Bruce this message: "One of the rarest, sweetest lives has passed from us; passed as trustfully and peacefully as it was lived." Three weeks before, Helen had left Worcester for Salem, intending to stay only a few days. She went full of bright hopes that the doctors in Salem Hospital might be able to stay the strange weariness that daily increased. Loving friends were around her. But neither love nor skill availed, and consumption did its fatal work with unprecedented rapidity. She had, in truth, never recovered from the severe illness of last February, which interrupted her work in the Woman's Medical College of New York. The following convalescent months were spent in awaiting the arrival of a younger brother from India, and in May we welcomed them both in Worcester.

To those who knew her, and at whose request I write these necessarily imperfect words, it seems needless to say that the same clearness of purpose and consecration of her energies to a high ideal, that marked her life here, characterized her after life. This may be learned from her own words: "It may be narrowing to keep in mind the one object so intently. But I believe it is the only way I can become a successful physician and be the most to my India people. . . . I am glad of that long illness. I never knew before what weakness meant, and fancy a physician with no personal

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experience of sickness! . . . One of the reasons I am glad to go to the hospital is, that I shall see the life there from an invalid's standpoint, and it will be helpful to me in future." A summer vacation was spint in a city hospital to test her fitness for her chosen profession. Last winter, when the struggle for life seemed futile and the end inevitable, she said, calmly, "I am ready; I thought I was to work here, but Jesus knows best. Some one else is to do it better than I." When, contrary to all expectations, she recovered, her joy and zest in living and renewing hopes was as intense as her resignation had been perfect. This hopefulness and eagerness increased with increasing weakness. All thought was centered on getting well and being able to re-enter the Medical College in October. The possibility of not recovering did not occur to her. "I am sure I shall get well," she said, brightly. "God would not have raised me to life last winter — given me strength to go to Worcester and now come to Salem, did he not mean me to get well, to go on with my work."

To her loved work in the India of her childhood, the India of all most dear to her, almost her last thoughts were given. "Who will take my work? Can my death do more than my life? But Thy will be done. Will not some of my friends take my place?"

The self-lessness, the strength, withal the gentle sweetness and harmony of her character were a revelation of what a life may be. Yet this life was so quietly complete that only those who knew her best could see the wonder of its symmetry. The memory of the glow on the fair spirit touched countenance, as she spoke of the wonderful peace of the time when she stood in the Valley of the Shadow — "The sense of Christ's nearness was worth a life-time of pain" — is most precious to her friends. It remains an earnest of the unknown future, to which she turned so trustfully when she said: "A loving good-by to all my friends."

MIRIAM WICKWIRE NEWCOMBE.

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Editorial.

I.

ONCE again we stand on the threshold of a new college year. Our hands are on the opening door, and we peer with wistful eyes into the treasures lying all along the shadowy depths. There rush swift memories of those who trod these ways most nobly just a little while ago, and then went bravely forth to other duties and to unknown battles. With loving hearts we think of two who passed us all by a swifter journey, and have entered upon a larger service and a greater good. To each of us the misty outlook bears a different aspect. For some this college year will be the last and, laden with experience both glad and sad, we earnestly resolve that it shall be our best. To many it must be the first, and within enfolded lie great possibilities and a world of hope. To all may the new year prove the brightest in fair Wellesley's lengthening calendar!

II.

THE editorial "we," like the cloak of invisibility, confers special privileges on its user, and one of the greatest of these is that of setting forth the duties of other people and of complaining if the audience addressed fails to live up to the editor's conception of its responsibilities. To be sure, the audience seldom does rise to the level of the editorial standards and is prone to be discouragingly indifferent to both expositions and reproaches; nevertheless, as such appeals seem to be recognized as forming a conventional part of an editor's duty we shall follow in the beaten path, hoping that this first issue of the year will find our readers in a susceptible frame of mind.

And first, a word to the alumnæ. It befell this summer that a certain Wellesley editor, sitting in the Wellesley headquarters at the World's Fair, overheard two alumnæ of some years' standing severely criticising the MAGAZINE, there on file; and the burden of their complaint was that it did not contain a sufficient number of alumnæ notes. "What we want," they agreed, "is something which would keep us in touch not only with the college as it is now, but with the college which we knew, which would tell

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us of the whereabouts and well-being of the classmates who passed out with us and the friends whom we left behind. Such news we want, and if the MAGAZINE would only print that, it would meet the desires of the alumnæ far better than now, when it insists on being literary." The editor sighed as she listened, for she had heard the same objection raised against the MAGAZINE before and she recognized its justice. Of course the alumnæ want most to hear of their friends, and such news ought to form a prominent feature of the MAGAZINE, but — how are the editors to get it? The alumnæ editor transforms herself into a walking interrogation point, personal friends among the alumnæ are driven to the verge of distraction by appeals for items, secretaries of Wellesley Associations are written to; but still the supply of information obtained falls all too short. The editors would gladly invent a dozen pages of such notes monthly, if that would meet the exigences of the case, but as that arrangement does not seem likely to be satisfactory, it will have to rest with the alumnæ themselves to decide how much of this news the MAGAZINE shall have. It is in the matter of sending in information concerning themselves and their friends that the alumnæ as a whole fall below the editorial standard of perfection. There are exceptions of course; there are alumnæ to whom the editors will be forever grateful for their liberal communications, but alas! they only emphasize the neglect of the others. Surely, alumnæ friends, it would not be much trouble to drop a card or even to write a letter to the editor in charge of the department, setting forth any facts which may have come to your knowledge concerning the location or welfare of a former Wellesley student. If you will only do this we, on our part, will promise to print all such news we can get, even though we should have to enlarge the MAGAZINE for the purpose. More than this we cannot do, for alumnæ news does not grow on college soil; it can be obtained only from without — and we are within.

And now, enlarging our circle to include those still within the college, we have another appeal to make. A college magazine, to fairly represent the institution, should be supported by the contributions of all classes, from the freshman to the faculty. To leave it to depend on the efforts of the few, who are supposed to possess a special gift for writing, manifestly interferes at once with its representative character, and throws an unfair amount of work on those who are willing to sustain it. In many ways the students of

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Wellesley College aid the MAGAZINE warmly and generously, but in the matter of writing for it they fail to display that enthusiasm we would gladly see. It is discouraging, certainly, to work hard over an article and then have it rejected, but it is by no means necessary to conclude beforehand that the article is sure to be refused and that therefore it is useless to write it. Modesty is an excellent virtue, but it may be carried too far. It would be natural to suppose that in a woman's college it would be particularly easy to obtain graceful, delicate verse, or clearly written, forcible articles on any subject desired, and yet experience shows that here the reverse is true; the students, as a body, seem willing to do anything rather than write. It is a notable fact that in "Cap and Gown," the book of college verse reviewed elsewhere in this issue, there are only three poems from the Wellesley Prelude, while the Vassar Miscellany furnishes eight and most of the men's colleges, even when smaller than Wellesley, have contributed far more to its contents than our Alma Mater. Now we do not believe that the Wellesley students are inferior in literary ability to those of any other college, only, for some reason, the same interest is not taken in literary efforts here as elsewhere. Cannot we make at least an attempt to alter this during the present year? Why should not the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE become as well known in the college world for its verse as the Brunonian, for its short stories as the Southern Collegian, or better still, why should it not become as favorably known for the general excellence of its contents as any one of the established magazines is for its specialty? This can be done if the students care to do it, but do they? That is a question which only time can solve; for its answer we are anxiously waiting.

III.

WERE the fabled Senior Dignity much more unsupportable than it really is, the presence of the cap and gown would give it firm foundation. The wearer of such insignia feels resting upon her sable shoulders the weight of Senior Responsibility, and to rush through the corridors, to be late to Chapel, or to flunk in recitations takes on a heinousness quite unknown before. Then, too, the fact of Senior Importance is borne in upon her consciousness in many little ways. The cap and gown pass first into the elevator, after the faculty. No longer can the freshmen commit the

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grievous error of mistaking a senior for one of their own organization. No! she is marked and set apart, with all the delight and burdens of the new position.

IV.

WE have noticed, during the last few months, that the attraction of the purely literary and social parts of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE has been so great as to prevent our readers from noticing a more useful, if dryer, portion. Though deeply appreciating the delicate compliment implied, we feel obliged, for the good of our readers themselves, to protest, and to beg that, in this issue, the advertisement department, that hand-book of useful information, may receive special attention.

This department should have a special interest for every Wellesley girl. In the first place, it affects her pleasure in the MAGAZINE itself, for it is only by means of these ads. that the MAGAZINE can be offered at the present terms. In the second place, these ads., if rightly used, give information by which the best articles may be obtained at the cheapest rates and with the least waste of time, on those precious Mondays given up to shopping.

The MAGAZINE aims to advertise only the best and most reliable firms; its success must depend upon the co-operation of the individual Wellesley girls. Several firms have refused to renew their advertisements this year, because they say, "we cannot afford an investment which brings us in no return." It is useless to argue that Wellesley girls, in great numbers, do trade with them. The atmosphere of Wellesley College may be heavily charged with intellectuality; but alas! Wellesley is not a suburb of Chicago, and its members are not intuitively distinguishable from the shopping Bostonians. We ask our readers, therefore; firstly, to examine the ads. in this number of the MAGAZINE; secondly, to note the firms whose names appear there and to trade with those firms, whenever it is possible; thirdly, to follow every purchase with a mention of the MAGAZINE of their Alma Mater.

V.

THE fiercest conflicts have not been waged on bloody battle-fields, where foe met foe in deadly grapple. Oh, no, but in the domain of the Schedule Committee. All honor to the vigilant insight and mathematical

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genius which won for us many a hard fought victory, while simultaneously we drop one bitter tear over the corses of sundry cherished electives, left stark and stiff upon the hot contested ground. No ode will immortalize their memory. No one will ever know what great heights we might have attained in their service. Yet here and there, in loyal hearts, their name will not be entirely forgotten.

The Free Press.

I.

In the short time during which college has been in session, the students have already received several lectures on the necessity of forming business-like habits, more especially in regard to such matters as being on time for chapel, attending, regularly and promptly, all appointments, and the like. All that has been said on the subject is very true, and no one can deny that college life would be rendered much pleasanter, would the students, individually and collectively, follow these injunctions; but we should like, if we only could, to deliver these lectures over again with special emphasis, for the benefit of the faculty. We do not now wish to emphasize the custom some of our respected instructors have of serenely continuing their lecture or recitation for five or six minutes after the bell has rung for the close of the period; that is an annoyance, but it affects the instructors for the next period perhaps even more than ourselves. No, what we would complain of is the slight regard shown by some of our faculty for their posted office hours. There is hardly a student in college but could tell, if she would, sad tales of the time wasted in waiting for this or that teacher, who, according to the statement posted by herself, should be in a given spot at a given hour, but who either fails to keep her appointment altogether, or else does not appear until her "office hour" is too nearly passed for any subject to be seriously discussed. This is certainly unbusiness-like; is it not also inconsiderate and selfish? Might it not almost be called a breach of faith? A teacher's time may be of more value than a student's, but it does not therefore follow that a student's time is worth nothing; yet to one who has much business with the teachers, the loss of time involved in waiting for them through their office hours becomes a really serious matter. Of course many, perhaps most, of the faculty are as careful to keep an appointment as they are to keep any promise they may make, but the exceptions, few though they may be, render life very trying at times to the student. Have we not a right to request that more business-like matters may prevail in this matter? The time of

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their office hours is entirely optional with the teachers; is it asking too much to expect that they will choose hours when they may at least occasionally be able to appear? And if they cannot do this would it not be well for these teachers to give up the fiction of an office-hour, and give us the right to consult them whenever and wherever we may find them? A. D.

II.

In a matter where reform has already begun, a slight additional impetus is often all which is needed to bring the good work to perfection.

Successful efforts have been made in many of the departments to do away entirely with the use of papyrograph papers and in their place have come the printed bound outlines. The leaders in this humane enterprise have been the history and literature departments. But, unfortunately, the objectionable papyrograph papers are still in use in several departments, and the fact that they have been superseded by better things, in many cases, makes us the more impatient to be wholly rid of them. The unnecessary expenditure of time and strength which they necessitate seems sufficient reason for dispensing with their use.

Whenever a new series of papyrograph papers is given out, the instructor is obliged to go over them with the class supplying effaced or blurred words and correcting mistakes in general. The recitation period is none too long when devoted to strictly class-room work, so that to spend any share of it in mechanica details of this sort seems a lamentable waste of time. Quite as vexatious is it to be forced to go through the preliminary work of deciphering manuscript in preparation for recitation. The difficulty is especially great in the case of a foreign language. It is propably no exaggeration to say that a third of the time spent on a German lesson from papyrograph papers is taken up with puzzling out the letters and words.

The slight expense of printed outlines would be more than compensated by the relief to one's time and patience.

What a pity that the papyrograph was not invented before printing! Then it might have been duly appreciated. As it is, what use have we for it at a time when printing is comparatively inexpensive? Why not take advantage of the age in which we are living, and be legible when it is possible?

Book Reviews.

THE LITERATURE OF PHILANTHROPY. Distaff Series. Edited by Frances A. Goodale. New York: Harper Brothers.

This little volume is one of the "Series of collections of representative work of

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women in the State of New York in periodical literature." . . . "A woman of eminent success in each department has been asked to make a collection of representative work in that department, to include in it an example of her own work, and to place her name upon the volume as its editor." This number of the series contains articles on seven philanthropic enterprises in which women have had an interest and in which they have been leaders.

The first is an article on "Criminal Reform," by Mrs. R. C. Lowell (Josephine Shaw Lowell), who discusses the relation of the State to its criminal class and its duty towards it. The method advocated by her is preventive rather than punitive.

The next three papers are on the "Tenement Neighborhood Idea" and are written by those who have had practical experience in this line of philanthropic work. The first by Jean Fine Spahr and Fannie W. McLean is naturally of especial interest to readers of the MAGAZINE since it gives in brief an excellent account of the College Settlement work at 95 Rivington street, New York; the second, by Helen Moore, tells us the work of Dr. Stanton Coit and the Neighborhood Guild among the foreign population in the so-called "Suicide Ward" of New York; and the third, by Dr. Mary B. Damon, shows need of medical women in tenement-house work. These three sketches give in compact form a very vivid picture of the life and character of people in these tenements and the noble work which has been begun there. Following these and closely allied is a paper on "The Trained Nurse" by Agnes S. Brennan, superintendent of Bellevue Training School for Nurses, who gives the course of training, the qualities necessary for successful nursing and the influence of this systematic and thorough training on the medical profession and various classes of nurses, missionary, district, private, etc.

An article on the "Society of the Red Cross" follows, by Laura M. Doolittle, who writes of the need of efficient hospital service in time of war, and gives an acccount of the organization and code of the Red Cross Society under the leadership of the Swiss Confederation. The history of the spread of the order brings us to the foundation of the American society, through the tireless efforts of Miss Clara Barton, and finally to the work of the society in war and peace.

"So the poor Indian" is not passed over in this enumeration of philanthropic enterprises. Mrs. Amelia Stone Quinton, president of the Women's National Indian Association, writes of the origin and development of this peculiarly women's movement and gives an account of the Missionary Home Building, Educational and Hospital Work among the Indians, as well as the intentions of

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the society in regard to their future amelioration. A second paper on the same subject by Miss Elaine Goodale Eastman is entitled "A Woman Among the Indians," and presents the Indian question from "the standpoint of a woman whose knowledge is immediate and personal," and is an exceedingly interesting resumé of her life among them.

"The anti-slavery struggle" is briefly sketched in short extracts from various authors, and an article, "Educate Your Masters," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, reprinted from the Popular Science Monthly. It contains a concise statement of General Sam. C. Armstrong's work among the negroes at Hampton and other industrial and educational institutions for the negro. Another article on the same subject by Mrs. Julia Margaret Fuller Floyd follows, especially considering the relation between the two races in the South.

The last paper of the series is on "The Education of the Blind," by Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, and tells of the heroic efforts of Valentine Haüy and other philanthropists in behalf of the education of the blind. The paper includes an enumeration of the various systems for printing books for the and the special work of our American institutions.

So in this little volume we find a remarkably complete and reliable collection of philanthropic movements in concise and available form. But it does more than merely record these movements, for, as Mrs. Frances A. Goodale, the editor, says in her own article, "The Literature of Philanthropy": "The written record of philanthropic movements, individual or collective, crude or systematic, is its unit of value in guiding or in warning fresh philanthropic impulses and new undertakings. He who would choose, if circumstances have not chosen for him, that which, among the different lines of good work, he can and ought to do, may find in printed record a glorious list of man's humanities to man, all crying: 'Come over and help us!'"

* "Cap and Gown" is a dainty little volume of college verse, collected by J. L. Harrison. It's aim, according to the compiler's statement, is to represent the lighter undergraduate verse of recent years, and the selections are wisely and carefully chosen.

> "In College Verse both Love and Fun
> Now strive for foremost place,"

and both are represented in "Cap and Gown." The chief recommendation of the book lies not in the poetic merit of the selections, though in many cases this is considerable, but in the fidelity with which it presents the college atmosphere

* Cap and Gown: Some College Verse. Joseph Knight Company, Boston.

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as conceived by outsiders and generally by graduates — the happy, care-free, occasionally sentimental life which is supposed to be the peculiar experience of students. For this alone, if for no other reason, the book should win a place on the shelves of every college man and woman.

Books Received.

A Laboratory Manual, by W. R. Orndoff. D. C. Heath & Co.

Apperception: A Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy, by Dr. Carl Lang. D. C. Heath & Co.

Walter Camp's Book of College Sports. 8vo., illustrated, 329 pages, cloth, $1.75. The Century Co.

An Embassy to Provence, by Thomas A. Janvier. 12mo, 132 pages, cloth, $1.25. The Century Co.

The White Islander, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of The Romance of Dollard. 12mo, illustrated, 164 pages, cloth, $1.25. The Century Co.

To Gypsy Land, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 12mo, illustrated, 240 pages, cloth, $1.50. The Century Co.

Topsy and Turvys: A book of colored pictures, by P. S. Newell, author of "Inanimate Things Animated" in *St. Nicholas*. 62 pp., $1.00. The Century Co.

The Mass. Institute of Technology. A brief account of its foundation, character and equipment, prepared in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition.

La Prise de le Bastille, by J. Michelet, edited and annotated by Jules Lugniens, Professor of Modern Languages in Yale University. Ginn & Co.

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College Notes.

The usual memorial service in memory of Mr. Durant was held on Monday, Oct. 2. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the services and the address was delivered by Professor Katharine Lee Bates, '80. Miss Foss, '94, and Miss Richards, Sp., sang.

Miss Shafer gave a reception in the faculty parlor on Saturday evening, Sept. 30, in honor of the new members of the faculty.

Professor Ely, the head of the department of mathematics at Vassar, spent Sunday, Oct. 1, at the college as a guest of Dr. Webster.

On Monday, Oct. 2, Miss Millicent Pierce, '94, saved a man from drowning. Coming up from dinner early, she heard cries for help, and discovered a capsized canoe out in the lake in front of Stone Hall. She immediately rushed down to the shore, sprang into a boat, and rowed out to where the exhausted man was clinging to his canoe. With some difficulty she succeeded in bringing both the man and the boat to shore before any one came to her assistance.

Among the visitors at the college this fall have been: Emma McAlarney, '92; Sue M. Taylor, '91; Belle Morgan, '92; Grace Mix, '90-'92; Marion Perrin, '91; Mrs. Marion Parker Perrin, '91; Estelle Ward, '94; Esther Parmenter, 94; Genevieve Stuart, '92; Mrs. Edith Winslow Willett, '94; Clara Hovey, Sp.; Dora Scribner, 89; Marion Wilcox, '93; Elizabeth Hoyt, '91; Edith Bancroft, '92; Elizabeth Briggs, '92.

Miss Constance Emerson, '95, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health.

The services on Flower Sunday were conducted by Dr. R. H. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94; Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95; and Miss Alice Norcross, '95, have all been away from college for a time in order to visit the World's Fair.

The first concert of the year, Monday, Oct. 9, was a lecture recital by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, pianist. The selections were from Beethoven, Rubinstein, Chopin, Liszt, and from Mr. Perry's own compositions.

On the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 12, the Seniors appeared at chapel in the cap and gown. They have decided to wear the scholastic dress throughout the whole of the Senior year.

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The Christian Association of the college tendered the usual reception to the new students on the evening of Monday, Sept. 11. The first floor centre and the surrounding corridors were crowded. Conversation and the singing of some of our Wellesley songs made the short hour of the reception pass quickly.

96's greeting to her new little sister, '97, was a tiny white stick of peppermint candy, tied to a card with red ribbon. It doubtless sweetened much the bitter days of the first week at college.

Professor Lord, Miss Chase and Miss Jewett are back at college this year.

There are quite a number of new members of the faculty of the college: In the department of chemistry, Miss May Banta, '89; in the French department, Mademoiselle F. Clavel; in the botanical department, Miss Margaret Ferguson, '89-'91; in the literature department, Miss Isabel Graves, Wesleyan; in the history department, Miss Caroline Miles; in history of art, Miss Ethel Paton, '89; in the Latin department, Miss Esther Van Deman, Bryn Mawr; Mrs. Kellogg takes Miss Scudder's class in Junior Bible; and Mrs. Butler is superintendent of the general office.

College opened on Wednesday, Sept. 6, with 746 students; of these, 290 are freshmen. In this connection we clip the following interesting item from the Boston Sunday "Herald": "The new class of 100 at Wellesley College has a very appropriate membership for the centennial year of that institution. It looks almost as if it had been gotten together for the occasion."

Waban is this year a freshman house. Miss Nina L. Marshall is the superintendent, and there are twelve freshmen living there.

Hymen has been busy this vacation. During the summer, Martha, the cook at Freeman, became Mrs. Arthur of Wood; she is now presiding over the Wood kitchen.

On Monday, Aug. 8, Mr. Thomas Griffin was married to Miss Mary Morris of South Natick.

In spite of the unpropitious weather, Wellesley enjoyed three receptions on the evening of Monday, Sept. 14.

The sophomore reception was held in the first and second floor centres. Miss Shafer, Miss Baldwin, Miss Huntington, and Miss Wilt received in the reception room. The decorations were unique, and, very appropriately, an echo of the World's Fair; the Woman's Building, the Children's Building, the Horticultural Building, the Transportation Building and the Palace of Fine Arts all appeared in the first floor centre. The Horticultural Building was what is known as the

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palms, and was presided over by Miss Clara Sizer. The art galleries were to be found by the west staircase, where Miss Clara Willis exhibited some pretty etchings and other works of art. The Transportation exhibit was superintended by Miss Margaret Dudley; among the conveyances were drays, wheels loaned by Mr. Duckett and other members of the Bicycle Club, trunk-trucks, a Waban boat, and dust-pan toboggans. The department which appealed particularly to '97 was the Children's Building, arranged around the statue of Niobe; that stately matron held a cat in her arms and was surrounded by a string of doll babies. Miss Rothchild took care of the children left in her charge. An array of luxurious rugs and pillows on the east staircase represented the Woman's Exhibit in charge of Miss Virginia Schoonover. The refreshments were, as far as possible, in the class colors, red and white.

The officers of the Special Organization received the first year specials in the third floor centre. Each member of the organization wore a bow of blue and white ribbon. Refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served, and music and dancing enlivened the evening.

And in order that the seniors and juniors might not be left out of the good times, the Wabanites of '94 gave them a most delightful dance in the gymnasium. Every one danced her whole programme and extras besides, and went home at last as happy as she was tired.

The Zoölogical Department has been vastly improved by the new and spacious laboratories on the fifth floor. The south centre has been partitioned off and fitted up as a laboratory and lecture room. The old laboratories are now used for Physiology.

The old village school building has been purchased by Mrs. Durant and moved over to the college grounds. It is to be fitted up and used as a cottage on the plan of the Eliot.

In June, while at the house of Professor Baehrmann in Newton, Professor A. E. F. Morgan had a severe stroke of paralysis. Her recovery has, however, been remarkably rapid, and she now expects to make her intended European trip with a trained nurse.

Many former students have returned to college to complete their course. The former members of '94 are: Miss Abell, Miss Arter, Miss Belfield, Miss Emma C. Brooks, Miss F. C. Brooks, Miss Cecilia Dickie, Miss Bessie Smith and Miss Delia Smith. Miss May Newcomb, '91, Miss Lemer and Miss Henderson, '93, and Miss Adah Hasbrook,'95, have also returned.

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Norumbega celebrated Dr. Shafer's birthday anniversary on Saturday, September 23, by a Dicken's party. In the evening the senior class serenaded Dr. Shafer, and afterwards went over to Simpson to give Professor Hayes also a birthday greeting.

Professor Scudder is at present in residence at the College Settlement in Boston. She expects to remain there until December 1, when she sails for Italy to engage in literary study.

Miss Sophronisba Breckenbridge, '88, has been visiting President Shafer.

The class of '94 had their first social of the year on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 7. Tne history of the junior year was given in a comedy in five acts, entitled "The Taming of the Shrew, after Shakespeare (a long way after)."

Section books appeared on the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 11. They are of a new and more substantial kind, and bid fair to last many years to come.

Society Notes.

The initiation meeting of the Alpha chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity took place on the evening of Saturday, September 23. The following new members were received into the fraternity: Isabel Graves of the literature department; Sara Burroughs, '94; L. May Pitkin, '95; Harriet Baldwin, Julia H. Lyman, Alice Schouler, May Woodin, Anna Witherle, Margaret Dudley, '96, and Mary W. Miller, '97. The alumnæ members of the fraternity who were present at this meeting were: Mabel Curtis, '90; Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91; Francis C. Lance, '92; Mary B. Hill and Helen G. Eager, '93.

At a social meeting of the Art Society, held in the Art Gallery September 16, the following new members were formally received into the society: Harriet Friday, '94; Alice Norcross, '95; Caroline King, '96, and Miss Bullock, special.

On Saturday evening, September 16, the Zeta Alpha Society held its first meeting of the year, at which the following new members were initiated: Mary J. Salter, '94; Helen N. Blakeslee, '95; Emily H. Brown, '96; Agnes L. Caldwell, '96; Adelaide V. Schoonover, '96; Lucy Jane Freeman, '96; Mary W. Montgomery, '96; Pearl E. Underwood, Sp., and Martha H. Shackford, '96. Fourteen alumnæ members of the society were present, and after the initiation the evening was spent in an exchange of welcomes. The visitors were Lena Brown, '90; Frances Pinkham, '93; Martha Conant, ; Bessie Cook, ; Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Mary Dennis, '93; Isabelle Sims, '93; Flora Luther, Sp., '90-'91; Cora Stuart, ; Grace Grenell, '93; Emily Meader, '91; Elizabeth Hoyt, '91; Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91.

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At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, Sept. 23, the following programme was presented:

Distinctive features of Grecian architecture	Miss Chute.
The Parthenon	Miss Chapin.
The other buildings on the Acropolis	Miss Davis.
History and characteristics of Grecian sculpture up to the age of Pericles	Miss Peck.
Phidias and his sculpture	Miss Moulton.
The work of Praxiteles	Miss Stepanek.

The first regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Building on Saturday evening, September 30, at 7 o'clock. The following new members were formally received: Elizabeth Adams, '96; Dorothy Allen, '96; Emma Christie Brooks, '95; Juliet Duxbury, '96; Virginia Sherwood, '96, and Mabel Wellman, '95. The following was the program:

Shakespeare: His Life and Times.

I. Shakespeare News	Grace C. Waymouth.
II. Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway	Caroline F. Randolph.
III. Shakespeare — the Representative Poet of the Elizabethan Era	Marion W. Anderson.
IV. Talk. The Stage in Shakespeare's Time	Alice W. Hunt.
V. Dramatic Representation. Campaspe (Lyly). Act IV. Scene II. Act V. Scene IV.	
VI. The Shakespeare–Bacon Controversy	Helen R. Stahr.

The following former members were present: Miss Bigelow, '84; Miss Hall, '84; Miss Kendrick, '85; Miss Stimson, Miss Hardon and Miss Wilkinson of '92; Miss Lincoln, '93, and Mrs. Prince.

The Agora held its first meeting of the year in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, Sept. 16. The following new members were initiated: Louise B. Richardson, Sp.; Belinda M. Bogardus, '96; Alberta F. Baker, '96; Joanna S. Parker, '96; Annie H. Peaks, '96; Elva H. Young, '96, and Anne E. Zeigler, '96.

Programme.

What Money Is	Mary W. Calkins.
Bimetallism	May Young, '95.

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Alumnae Notes.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Western Wellesley Association was held Monday, Sept. 5th, at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago. About eighty in all were present, including representatives from nearly every class, past and present. The business meeting at 12.30 was followed by a lunch. It had a most delightful introduction in a speech by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, one of the honorary members of the class of '90. The lunch was accompanied by "Thoughts," which were as follows: —

'79. The First Settlers. Letter from Miss Annie S. Montague.
'80. Pondere, non numero. Mrs. Nora Starke Lehmon.
'90. Pondere et numero.
'88. οὐχ ἡμῖν. Miss Gertrude Willcox.
'91. "After us."
'92. The Deluge (d). Miss Florence Wilkinson.
'87. "On Top."
'86. The Message of the Daisies. Miss Florence Homer.
The Faculty. Telegram from Pres. Shafer.
1S. Special Attractions. Miss Hannah Case.
'85. The Decimal Class. Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Rockwood.
'83. ἐνεῦδε βραδέως. Mrs. Florence Runnels Bryant.
'81. The Faithful. Miss Helen Kitchell.
'81. The Good.
'84. Precedents. Letter from Miss Edith Tufts.
'89. Continued Precedents. Miss Alice Libby.
'93. New Precedents. Miss Clara Helmer.

The toast cards were most artistically decorated with pansies in honor of '93 by Miss Harriet Coman and Miss Belle Emerson. Through the illness of the president, the business meeting and lunch were presided over by the first vice-president, Miss Dora Emerson, '92. The following officers were elected for next year: Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, president; Miss Willcox, '88, Miss White, '93, vice-presidents; Miss Wrenn, '91, recording secretary; Miss Helmer, '93, corresponding secretary; Miss Crapo, '94, annalist. Among the guests present from a distance were: Miss Sallie Reed, Miss Louise Saxton, Miss Juliette Wall, '91; Miss Grace Gruber, Miss Edna Spaulding, Miss Gertrude Cushing, Miss Katharine Elliott of '92; Miss Mendenhall and Miss Hopkins, '84; Miss Augsbury, '95: Miss Crapo and Miss Polly Chapin, '94.

An extra reunion of the class of '89 was held at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, July 26. The following were present: Miss Mary S. Case, associate member;

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Mary Bean Jones, May Banta, Edith James, Eleanor Gamble, Isabelle Stone, Katharine Lane, Mary Stinson, Mollie Stevens, Mary Zimmerman Fiske, Edith Sturges, Susie Wilcox, Gertrude Jones, Hattie Weaver Krohn, Julia Ferris, M. Lucy Child, Caroline Williamson, Dora Scribner, Florence Hoffman, Alice Hinchliffe Lay, Jessie Morgan Eakin, Kate Penfield, Helen Holmes. Miss Eleanor Gamble acted as toast-mistress. Miss Isabelle Howe gave the class a welcome to Chicago. Miss Katharine Lane spoke for the teachers, Mrs. Eakin for the mothers, Miss Stinson responded to a toast to Our Committee of One, and Miss Case closed with an account of what had been taking place at the college since '89, and in what ways '89 might serve her Alma Mater. A number of messages were also read from absent members.

The classes of '85, '86, '88 and '91 have also held reunions in Chicago this summer.

The engagement of Miss Lorraine Meeker, Sp. '87-89, has been announced.

Miss Jeanette Welch, '89, is the Fellow of the Chicago Braneh of the A. C. A. at Hull House, Chicago.

Miss Julia Ferris, '89, retains her position at Riverside, Ill.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, has been enjoying a trip to California this summer and fall.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, is still in Trenton, New Jersey.

Miss Sarah Groff, '89, has been in England for two months with Miss Evelyn Barrows.

Miss Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the high school in Los Angeles, California.

Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '85, has accepted a position in Southern California.

Miss Isabelle Stone, '89, is pursuing a course of physics at the University of Chicago.

Miss Maud Wilkinson, '89, has been re-appointed Honorary Fellow in Literature in the University of Chicago.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, is to spend the winter at the Boston College Settlement.

Miss Annie Woodman, '89, is to pursue graduate studies at Yale this year.

Miss Maud Crane, '89, is to have a year's rest, while her classmate, Miss Frances Palen, takes her place in St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, New York.

Miss Clare Wade, '89, has been studying at the college for her Master's Degree during September and October.

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Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91, holds a College Settlement Fellowship. Her time is to be divided between New York and Boston.

Miss Mary Mederwell, '90, is teaching in a grammar school of one of the suburbs of Chicago.

Miss Mary Hoyt, '89, continues her studies at the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicage, this winter.

Miss Edith Sturges, '99, is in her last year of a medical course at the University of Michigan.

Miss Kittie McCauley is principal of a Wellesley preparatory school in Rochester, New York.

Miss Alice Dransfield has returned to Belmont, California, for this year.

Miss Juliette Wall, Genevieve Stuart, '91, and Belle Morgan, '92, have returned from a year's trip abroad.

Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, has returned from abroad and will spend the winter in Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, '84, spent the summer in Minneapolis.

Miss Helen Hill, '92, is teaching Latin and mathematics in Milwaukee College.

Miss Dora Scribner, '89, is teaching in Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss May Banta, '89, who has just come from a special study of Chemistry and Physics, at the Mass. Institute of Technology, is instructor in these departments at Wellesley.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Miss Mary J. Orton, '90, is teaching in the High School at West Winsted, Conn.

Miss Eleanor Sherwin, '89, is studying at Yale this year.

Miss Emily J. Clark, '82, formerly instructor in the Latin department of Wellesley College, is teaching this year in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Girls' High School.

Miss Sarah G. Robinson, '82, is teaching this year in the Misses Grinnell's School, New York City.

Miss Harriet R. Pierce, '88, is teaching in Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

Miss Mary L. Sawyer, '88, is teaching in the Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis.

Miss Ella W. Bray, '90, is teaching this year in the High School, Weymouth, Mass.

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Miss Lillian W. Crawford is teaching in the Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Kate M. Ward, '92, is teaching in Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Mary L. Barker '93, is teaching in the High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss S. Antoinette Bigelow, '93, is teaching this year in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Marion Bradbury, 93, is teaching in the High School, Lancaster, Mass.

Miss F. Gertrude Coolidge, '93, is teaching in the Middleboro, Mass., High School.

Miss Emily H. Ham, '93, is teaching in the High School, Dover, N. H.

Miss Lucy Hartwell, '93, is teaching in the Seminary at Springfield, O.

Miss Maria Kneen, '93, is teaching in the Abington, Mass., High School.

Miss Mabel McDuffee, '93, is teaching in the Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt.

Miss Florence Monroe, '93, is teacher in the High School, Hudson, Mass.

Miss Alice Reed and Miss Alice Williams, of '93, are teaching in Granville College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Laura Whipple, '93, is teaching in the Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Clara Northrop, formerly of '94, is teaching in the Branford, Conn., High School.

Miss Elizabeth S. Magay, Sp. '90-92, is teaching in the High School, Laconia, N. H.

Miss Elizabeth White, '93, is teaching Latin in a private school, Evanston, Ill.

An unusually large number of the class of '93 will be at their homes this winter. Among them are: Miss Francis Lucas, Wooster, O.; Miss Elizabeth Trebein, Trebein, O.; Miss Laura Jones, Miss Isabelle Sims and Miss Mary Dennis, Newark, N. J.; Miss Julia Reid, Belmont, Cal.; Miss Josephine Simrall, Covington, Ky.; Miss Alice Maud Barbour, Ansonia, Conn.; Miss Sue Huntington, Norwich, Conn.

Miss Martha Goddard, '92, and Miss Geraldine Longley, '92, are teaching in the English High School, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Louise Saxton, '91, is teaching in the High School, Washington, D. C.

Miss Helen Burr, '93, is teaching at Portsmouth, N. H.

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Miss Sarah McNary, '90, is teaching at the Newark High School, N. J.

Miss Flora Luther, a special of '90–'92, is at her home in Boston.

Miss Edith White, '93, is traveling abroad and expects to spend the winter in Greece. She is now in Switzerland.

Miss Martha McCaulley, '92, is teaching in a private school in Lowell, Mass.

Miss Bettie Keith, '93, expects to spend the winter in Boston studying music.

Miss Ford ('92-'93) is helping Miss Lydia McCayne (Sp. '89-'90) in her private school in Omaha, Neb.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, expects to spend the winter in Boston studying art.

Miss Rose J. Sears, '90, is teaching in the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Miss Maria McG. Montgomery, Sp. '91-92, is studying music in Boston. Her address is Derey Depot, N. H.

Miss Nellie Mower, '93, is to teach in a private family in Paterson, N. J.

Miss Kate F. Andrews, '93, is teaching in a young ladies' seminary in Oxford, O.

Miss Helen R. Mason, '93, is teaching Latin in Lyndon Hall, a private college preparatory in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Mrs. Kittie Gill Annis, formerly of '93, now living in Evanston, Ill., as Prof. Annis, is teaching in the college there. Mrs. Annis has a little son two or three months old.

Grace Edith Gruber, 92, has resumed her position in Buffalo, N. Y., as tutor to Miss Rich.

The address of Miss Emily Canfield, Sp. '87-'88, is 160 W. 129th St., N. Y.

Miss Matilda Goulding, Sp. '91-'93, is teaching in Vergennes, Vt.

Miss Grace M. Ward, formerly of '94, is teaching in the Ashland, Mass., High School.

Miss Anna Winegar, '92, is planning to spend part of this winter studying art in Italy.

Miss Harriet Harwood has given up her trip to California for this winter and is continuing her interesting work in her club among the factory girls in Bennington.

Miss Charlotte Hand, '92, who has been spending the past few months at "Greypoints," her summer home at Martha's Vineyard, will be in Scranton by the first of October, and will spend the winter there.

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Miss Martha P. Conant's ('90) address for the college year '93-'94 will be Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass. Miss Conant is taking courses in English Literature and German at the college.

Miss Charlotte H. Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow, of the class of '84, opened their college preparatory school for girls at Walnut Hill, Natick, on the 7th of September under favorable conditions.

Miss Antoinette Bigelow is teaching sciences in a private school, Buffalo, N.Y.

Miss Florence Monroe, '93, is teaching in Hudson, Mass.

Miss Maude Severance, '93, expects to teach in Groton, N. Y.

Miss Frances Libby, '93, is teaching at her home, Richmond, Maine.

Miss Anna Peckham, '93, is teaching at home, Kingston, R. I.

Miss Emma Grace Dewey, '93, is teaching in Menominee, Mich.

Miss Clara Hovey, Sp. '92-'93, is at her home, Bridgeport, Conn.

Copies of Dr. Hall's baccalaureate sermon, preached at the college last June, may be had at ten cents each by applying to Martha C. Wilcox, 25 Stone Hall, or by mail to Marion N. Wilcox, 8 Highland Ave., Medford, Mass.

The memorial of Professor Hosford, published last spring, brings back to the former student of Wellesley some of the choicest associations of her college life. A fine likeness of Professer Hosford, with his autograph, and the address of Dr. McKenzie at the memorial service in the college chapel are among the many attractions of this beautiful volume. The letter addressed by the faculty to the bereaved family readily suggests the graceful pen of Professor Bates. The book may be obtained at the college book store. Price, $1.10.

Miss Marietta Eaton Newcombe, Wellesley, '89-'91, and Women's N. Y. Medical College, '95, has been seriously ill, but hopes to be able to resume her medical work.

Miss Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, is in the Harvard University library.

Miss Alice Emerson, '92, is teaching in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Miss Helen Eager, '93, is in the Fiske Teachers' Agency, 4 Ashburton Place, Boston.

Miss Florence Converse, '92, is at home in New Orleans.

Miss Grace Grenell, '93, is teaching in the High School, Milton, N. H.

Miss Mary Young, '93, is teaching at Northfield, Mass.

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Miss Clara L. Bacon, '90, is principal of the Abingdon, Ill., High School. Miss Bacon is the first woman principal of this school.

Miss Emily I. D. Meader, '91, and Miss Elizabeth J. Hoyt retain their positions in the Providence, R. I., High School.

Miss Roberta Allen, formerly of '93, is visiting in Chicago and St. Louis.

Miss Etta Penniman, Mus., '93, is with Mrs. Sherman-Raymond at the Hoffman House, Boston, where she is studying violin with Mrs. Raymond and Prof. C. N. Allen.

Miss Ella Penniman, '93, is doing graduate work in Greek and music at the college.

Miss Louise Brown, '93, is teaching in Miss Plympton's School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Carrie Hardwick, '93, is teaching Latin and English in the High School, Cohasset, Mass.

Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, is teaching in the High School at her home, Boone, Ia.

Miss Susie Wilcox, '89, is teaching in the High School, Springfield, Ill.

Miss Anna M. Olsson, '90, is teaching in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Girls' High School.

Miss Mary J. Fitch, '90, is teaching in Scranton, Penn.

Miss Emily Brown, '90, who has been ill, will spend the winter at home.

College Bulletin.

President Shafer will be at home to students and other friends on Wednesday and Saturday evenings at Norumbega.

Sunday,	Oct. 15.	Rev. J. H. Ecob.
Monday,	Oct. 16.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Saturday,	Oct. 21.	Lecture by Miss Stebbins in the gymnasium.
Sunday,	Oct. 22.	Prof. W. N. Rice.
Monday,	Oct. 23.	Concert.
Wed'day,	Oct. 25.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Monday,	Oct. 30.	Lecture by Mr. Clark.
Sunday,	Nov. 5.	Rev. P. S. Moxom.
Monday,	Nov. 6.	Concert.
Sunday,	Nov. 12.	Rev. J. W. Bixler of New London, Conn.
Wed'day,	Nov. 15.	Lecture by Mr. Horace Scudder.

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Marriages.

TWITCHELL — EDWARDS. At Lisle, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1893, Herbert Kenaston Twitchell and Mary A. Edwards, '89.

THWING — WHITE. At Cazenovia, N. Y., August 3, 1893, Charles Burton Thwing and Lucy B. White, '91.

LEWIS — BRACKETT. At Newton Centre, Mass., Thursday, Aug. 24, 1893, Robert Ellsworth Lewis of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Grace Mason Brackett, Wellesley, '90.

CARLETON — WHITLOCK. Oct. 3, 1893, Frank Tyler Carleton and M. Blanch Whitlock. Address, 50 Central St., Andover, Mass.

HILLS — AYER. At Dana Hall, June, 1893, Harry Neville Hills and Ada Ayer, '81.

MARPLES — MCCAGUE. Sept. 12, 1893, George Marples of Omaha, Neb., and Anna McCague, Sp. '88-'90.

Births.

July 30, 1893, a son, to Mrs. Henrietta Middlekauff Gates.

Deaths.

Alice Florence Brewster of the class of '94, Wellesley College.

At a meeting of the Class of Ninety-four held September 15, 1893, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas — It has pleased Our Heavenly Father, in His all-wise Providence, to remove from her earthly life our classmate, Alice Florence Brewster, be it

Resolved — That we, the Class of Ninety-four of Wellesley College, do hereby express our sorrow for the great loss which we have sustained, and do offer our deepest sympathy to her family in their affliction, and

Resolved — That we also express our appreciation of the privilege of having known a life so earnest in its endeavor, so noble in its attainments, and

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and be published in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Committee { HELEN RUSSEL STAHR.
SUSAN SHELDON HAWLEY.
LILLIAN BAKER QUINBY. }

At Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass., June 26, '93, Helen Elizabeth Bruce, of tuberculosus.

Mary Abbie Downes, '93, in Francistown, N. H., Aug. 23, 1893.

Whereas — It has seemed best to our Heavenly Father, in His Providence, to take from us our beloved friend and classmate, Mary A. Downes, we, in behalf of the Class of Ninety-three, of which she was a devoted member and officer, desire to express our deep sorrow for the loss of one whose friendship and example have been so much to us. Therefore be it

Resolved — That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family and friends in their sorrow, feeling that there is consolation for them as for us in the abiding memory of her beautiful life and character.

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

For the Class of '93 { HELEN G. EAGER.
MARION N. WILCOX.
MARY B. HILL. }

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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PROGRESS OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AMERICA.

AN attempt to find the starting point of university extension would carry the student back a thousand years to the time when the world commenced to realize that education belonged not to the church alone but to the people as a whole. The slow progress of this movement was marked by such sure signs as the summoning of Alcuin from England by Charlemagne, to assist in organizing a school system for France; the invention of the printing press; the various translations which transformed the thought of the Middle Ages, and the foundation and growth of the great British and Continental universities.

During the present century a step in advance has been taken in the attempt to extend higher education to those who cannot give their whole time to such training. The earliest work of this distinct character in

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Great Britain was at Glasgow, where a number of workingmen assembled for lectures from Dr. George Birkbeck. About two years later, in 1802 and lasting till 1833, lectures were conducted by Rev. William Turner, a Unitarian clergyman of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The outgrowth of these lectures was the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, now a strong extension centre, affiliated to the University of Cambridge.

In 1823–24, Dr. Birkbeck resumed in London the work begun in Glasgow by establishing the Birkbeck Institute, and in 1842 this was followed by the People's College at Sheffield, which suggested to Frederic Denison Maurice the famous Workingmen's College of London, which, with Queen's College for Women, is so inseparably connected with his name and work.

In this country, as early as 1808, Prof. Benj. Silliman of Yale gave a course in popular science in New Haven. The work in America differed from that in England in developing the lyceum lecture system for popular instruction, though in 1831 a workingmen's college was established in New Haven, much on the modern extension lecture plan. Later, the lyceums broadened into teachers', mechanics' and farmers' institutes, summer schools and, most important and far-reaching of all, the great Chautauqua system for home study.

Extension lecture courses, as popularly understood, originated in the north of England with Prof. James Stuart of Cambridge University, who, in 1867, gave a course in pedagogy and allied subjects to some classes of teachers. From this he developed the system now in use and, in 1873, when the written examination was added, the plan obtained formal recognition from the University of Cambridge. The success of the work led, in 1876, to the formation of the London society for the extension of university teaching, for the avowed purpose of providing for the needs of the great metropolis, the lecturers being chosen freely from both Cambridge and Oxford. In 1878, the work was definitely assumed by Oxford, but meeting with indifferent success was abandoned till 1885, when it was reorganized and has since been conducted with great vigor. The courses consist of twelve lectures each, but at Oxford courses of six or more lectures are allowed, though certificates are granted only for twelve lecture courses.

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A distinct advance was made when Cambridge, in 1886, extended to extension students the privileges of affiliation to the university. Two groups of six courses are arranged with sequence in subjects. The candidate for affiliation must take one of these groups entire and two courses from the other group; in addition to this he must pass an examination in elementary mathematics and Latin and one other language. Such students, called "students affiliated to the University of Cambridge," are excused from the "Little-go" examination at entrance and from the first year's work. This is of great value in raising university extension work in England to university grade, even though few students succeed in finishing the somewhat rigid course of training necessary for affiliation.

The first definite attempt to introduce the plan in America was in 1887, in an address by Prof. H. B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University, at a meeting of the American Library Association at the Thousand Islands. The idea was immediately put in practice in connection with the Buffalo library, under the superintendent, Mr. J. N. Larned. A course of twelve lectures in economics was given by Prof. E. W. Bemis, now of Chicago University. He prepared a syllabus with analyzed notes and bibliographical references and conducted a class, besides giving personal help to any who cared to meet him at stated times at his desk in the library. Another course followed this at Buffalo by Mr. Lunt, and Dr. Bemis repeated his course elsewhere.

In January, 1888, the subject was formally presented to the library committee of the regents of the University of the State of New York, and in July of the same year to the University Convocation by Mr. Melvil Dewey, then chief librarian of Columbia College, and from the first an enthusiastic advocate of university extension. One year later Mr. Dewey was elected secretary of the university and through his influence the extension work has been organized as a distinct department of the university. In May, 1891, the Legislature appropriated $10,000 for organizing the new department, thus putting New York on record as the first to establish a State department for university extension.

In 1890, under the leadership of Dr. Pepper, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a society was formed in Philadelphia and its secretary, Mr.

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George Henderson, now of the University of Chicago, was sent to England to study the movement. Meantime, Prof. R. G. Moulton, "the apostle of university extension to America," came to this country through the Redpath Lyceum Bureau of Boston and lectured to enthusiastic audiences in the Atlantic and adjoining States, giving several weeks to the Philadelphia society.

The great success of his work in Philadelphia, and desire for unity in efforts and methods, led, in the winter of 1890–91, to the reorganization of the Philadelphia society into the American society for the extension of university teaching, with the same headquarters and officers. An advisory council of college presidents and other educationists was appointed and an official organ, *University Extension*, was established.

During the winter of 1890 the Society for University and School Extension was founded by Brooklyn teachers and allied itself with the ablest professors of the neighboring college.

At about the same time the Western State universities of Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and others, and the Newberry Library in Chicago took up the movement and were enthusiastically supported by the townspeople of their districts, while as far west as California the subject claimed the serious attention of educators and literary men.

In New England, university extension has made somewhat slow progress, though excellent work is being done at those centres where it has found a foothold. Conspicuous is the work of Brown University, which in 1891 created a distinct department with Prof. Munro as director. In Connecticut, work is conducted in affiliation with the American society. The governing board has two representatives from co-operating teaching institutions and a delegate from each active centre, besides an official representative from the American society who is *ex officio* member of the executive board. In Maine, lecturers are also sent out from Bowdoin and Colby, and several independent centres have been established in various sections.

In New York, the minimum for an extension lecture course, recognized officially as a full course and used by registered regents' centres, is ten lectures with class and paper work. Organizers and inspectors are sent out from the department to centres, and traveling libraries of books referred to in the

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syllabus, as well as lantern slides, maps and other illustrative material are lent to regents' centres. At the end of the course an examiner sent from the university conducts an examination prepared by the department, but covering only the ground indicated in the syllabus. In this way the work of both lecturer and student comes under university inspection, and the presentation of the same questions from a slightly different point of view gives another advantage over an examination prepared by a lecturer. The following, quoted from an article by Secretary Dewey in the *Critic*, August 22, 1891, gives this subject more in detail:

"It has been found impossible to secure from most students continuous, systematic work, without holding before them the attainment of suitable academic recognition. The student in college has to study for his work in life. He is surrounded by earnest fellow students and an atmosphere tending to keep him interested and enthusiastic in his work. He gets, three times a day, the inspiration of contact with his teachers. The extension student meets his but once a week, while his days are filled with his regular business or labor, and distractions swarm about him. If then, as is true, colleges find academic credentials a necessary incentive to the completion of a balanced course, is it strange that experience has proved it vastly more necessary for the extension student to have constantly before him the possibility of such formal recognition of his work as he can prove himself to merit? To command the respect of the public, or of the student himself, these tests must be conducted with dignity and care, and the credentials must be issued by an institution of recognized standing.

"This part of extension machinery, which is most difficult for societies to secure, is the very part that the university of the State can supply best and with least expense. We have already in full operation the most carefully organized system of examinations in this country, if not in the world. Five times each year, at intervals of about sixty days, we hold examinations at convenient points throughout the State, the same examination sometimes being held at the same time in over three hundred different institutions. The preparation, printing and distribution of question papers is surrounded by safeguards unknown to ordinary scholastic examinations. Every examination is supervised by the principal of the institution or his deputy and by a regents' examiner holding his commission under the university seal. The

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results are all reported under oath. In short, the precautions taken are such that these tests command the highest respect for their absolute integrity. Pass-cards, certificates and diplomas are now awarded for all subjects taught in the academies and the regents have also adopted plans and taken initial steps for adding all college and university studies for which there shall be demand. . . . By ordinance of the regents, their examinations are open to all citizens, regardless of age, sex, color, nationality, residence, or connection with any school. The university of the State is therefore in a position to give the best test and the most prized credentials more readily than any other body. Societies for the extension of university teaching are thus enabled to hold before their pupils the possibility of winning university credentials, and extension students in this State have every inducement to follow systematic courses."

The extension department of the University of the State of New York unlike others, includes all agencies — outside the regular teaching institutions — for the dissemination of higher education throughout the State, such as libraries, museums, lecture courses, study clubs, reading circles, summer schools and other organizations of a similar character. Under the new university law, traveling libraries of one hundred volumes are sent out to communities which guarantee proper use, and promise to make serious efforts to establish a local public library as soon as interest warrants. Additional privileges are accorded to public libraries submitting to State inspection.

The new Catholic summer school of America, situated in Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, was this year chartered by the University. This is their national summer school, a Roman Catholic Chautauqua, and as such marks a definite point of progress in the educational development of a large mass of our population. In the New York extension department are, therefore, the two great summer schools: Chautauqua, which is international and non-sectarian, and the Catholic summer school, which aims to include all Roman Catholics in America, though not excluding any outside the church who wish to study with them.

In the other Middle Atlantic States, the usual course consists of six lectures, with class and paper work and the examination at the end of the course, corresponding to the standards of the American society situated in Philadelphia.

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The University Extension Seminary, opened last fall, is another activity of the American Society. The courses are for the training of extension teachers and organizers, and last year had ten students enrolled from Eastern and Western colleges. Still another feature of the society's work is the summer meeting, which held its first session in 1893 in Philadelphia. Two hundred students enrolled and work was of unusually high grade. Among the lecturers were leading professors of this country and England.

In the South, centres have been in existence from the first in Kentucky and Tennessee, while one of the most loyal supporters of university extension in the United States is Col. William Preston Johnston, president of Tulane University, New Orleans.

In the Central States the greatest activity centres about Chicago University, with its extension division in active operation. President Harper, still retaining his principalship of the Chautauqua system, has introduced a similar spirit into the Chicago work, and an effort is being made to guide and strengthen all efforts for self-improvement outside the ordinary schools. Twenty-seven centres are organized within the city limits, and about fifty more in Illinois and neighboring States.

The university extension division has six departments, each with its own secretary. They are

1. Lecture study. This corresponds to university extension lecture courses as popularly understood, and is similar to the plan adopted by the American Society. In addition a scheme has been worked out corresponding to that of Cambridge, for giving university recognition to systematic work.

2. The class work department is didactic, aiming to duplicate, at a distance from the university, work done on the campus. The instruction is given by special extension teachers, university instructors, docents, fellows, graduate students and others. Students who wish this work to count toward a bachelor's degree must take the regular examination given at the university.

3. The correspondence teaching department conducts a similar line of work by correspondence. Printed instruction sheets are mailed to students and credit for the work is given, the same as in residence, with certain conditions of examination and the requirement that not more than half of the work for a degree may be done *in absentia*.

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4. The examination department arranges examinations for accrediting the work of the other departments.

5. The library and publication department sends out to the centres loan libraries of forty or fifty volumes, and other selected libraries to classes. It also has in charge the official printing for the division.

6. The department of district organization and training looks toward more complete organization of the work, in the federation of centres and training of lecturers and organizers in extension methods and ideas.

In Ohio, three separate organizations are actively engaged in extension work. The Cincinnati society, drawing its inspiration from the city university, designs its work largely for teachers, and is therefore less popular in character. The courses last for thirty weeks, and class work is made an important feature. In Cleveland, the Western Reserve University has brought about the formation of a society for the extension of university teaching. The teachers here attend in large numbers, but the system is not so directly didactic as in Cincinnati. A third society is a federation of fourteen colleges in the central and southern parts of the State. The plan of work is not yet published, but organization is now going on. Dr. Gordy, of the State University at Athens, is an energetic extension lecturer, and has helped to infuse a real extension spirit into the work done by the Ohio University.

In Michigan, some centres draw their lecturers from the State university at Ann Arbor, while others are affiliated with the University of Chicago. The citizens of Flint are making special efforts to arouse an interest in the movement throughout their district and effect a permanent organization with high educational ideals.

In Wisconsin, a distinctive feature has been established in their farmers' institutes. Twelve thousand dollars is annually appropriated by the Legislature to the university for conducting these institutes, which are held at different points throughout the State during the winter months. They are in charge of a superintendent, who is a member of the faculty and has his office in the agricultural building on the university grounds. Speakers of these institutes are chosen from the university and from the intelligent farmers of the State. In addition to these institutes, a series of summer schools for teachers are held in the summer and during the last two years these have nearly doubled in attendance and educational results.

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In Minnesota and Indiana, the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ has been from the first identified with the work, the lecturers in both States often being sent from the State university. The first course in Indiana was given by Prof. J. W. Jenks, whose success at that time has followed him undiminished in his work with the New York department, since his transfer from Indiana to Cornell. In Winona, Minn., a series of lectures was given last winter by Prof. Freeman of the University of Wisconsin, and several of the Western Indiana centres draw their lecturers from the University of Chicago instead of from the State university.

The University of Kansas sends out members of its own faculty to centres in the State, and credits earned in extension work count toward a second degree.

In the Western States a serious difficulty is the great distances that must be traversed by the lecturer, and the cost of transportation. In Wyoming and Colorado, much has been done, in spite of this difficulty, and results will grow as the population increases.

In California, from the beginning of the State university at Berkeley, in 1874, lectures were given by professors in adjoining cities and towns. Definite effort is made to make the university of practical benefit to the people at large through its bulletins from the agricultural department; a like service for astronomical science is done by the Lick Observatory. In 1891, a scheme for university extension instruction was planned and put in practice. Each subject has sixteen sessions of two hours each, and consists of lectures, quizzes and classes. The work in California has been from the first scholarly and severe. No attempt is made to introduce a popular element, and attendants are generally students wishing to do thorough work.

There are now three general conferences for university extension in America: one at Albany during the first week of July, in connection with the University Convocation of the State of New York; another at Chautauqua, usually the first week in August, and a third is held during the Christmas holidays at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Society. The New York meeting was this year omitted, because of the Extension Congress held in Chicago in the same month.

This is briefly the situation in America to-day. The best plan of work for England may differ from ours, because the training and outlook of an

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American are so unlike those of an Englishman. But two primary factors are personal instruction and library privileges. These must be part of any efficient plan for raising the American people to a higher standard of educated and refined civilization, the only safety of a sovereign people.

MYRTILLA AVERY, '91.

TO MY MOTHER.

Strong daughter of the Truth, with uplift eyes
  To catch the sweetness of thy Father's face
  And learn His will for thee, keep thou thy place
Far vanward, where the hymns of glory rise:
Guide, thou, my weaker footsteps, who art wise!
  Teach me to know the great and wondrous grace
  Of thy fine self-lessness, and speak apace
The word of life that is thy heart's depth lies.

Like Him who is the Pattern for us all
  Thou art, in less degree, the way, the life,
  The truth, to me, thy child. . . . No shades can creep
Along thy pathway, neither sound of strife
Fall on thine ear; for thy soul's peace, so deep,
  Is hid with Christ in God, beyond recall.

M. G. M., '92.

THE GOSPEL OF REPOSE TAUGHT BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LIKE a young man newly come from the wrestling ground, annointed, chapleted and very calm, the genius of the Greeks appears before us. Upon his soul there is as yet no burden of the world's pain; the creation that groaneth and travaileth together has touched him with no sense of anguish, nor has he yet felt sin. The pride and strength of adolescence are his, audacity and endurance, alternations of sublime repose and boyish noise, grace, pliancy and stubbornness and power, love of all things fair and radiant in the world, the frank enjoyment of the open air, free merriment and melancholy well beloved. Of these adolescent qualities, of this clear, stainless personality, this conscience, whole and pure and reconciled to nature, what survives among us now?

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History is all one and without the Greeks we should be nothing. But just as an old man of ninety is not the same being as the boy of nineteen, nay, cannot even recall to memory how and what he felt when the pulse of life was gathering strength in his veins, even so, the intense introspective spirit of humanity, inspired by non-pagan tendencies, now looks back upon the youth of Hellas and wonders what she was in that blest time. The world has grown old; we are gray from the cradle onward, swathed in the husks of outworn creeds, rocked in the unsatisfied desires of many races, the anguish of the death and birth of successive civilizations has passed over our souls. Life itself has become a thousand times more difficult than it was in the springtime of the world; for, between us and the Greeks flows the "nine times twisted stream of death." Life, according to the modern formula, is conflict. In the midst of this conflict, this "struggle to be what we are not and do what we cannot," in sympathy with the voice that cries—

> "The times are out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That I was ever born to set them right,"

Matthew Arnold reluctantly appeared. Then, as though the task of spiritualizing what he deemed an era of unparalleled materialism had been imposed upon his shoulders, he sought what Keats and Wordsworth had already found sympathy with, the repose of the Greeks.

Nowhere, at any time, has a higher point of repose been reached than in the sculpture that was pre-eminently the art of Greeks. The Greek was one with nature. This was the key-note of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deep thoughts, the principal potentiality of all they achieved in art. To pierce the veil of this mysterious mirror is to understand their sculpture and literature; for what is Apollo but the magic of the sun whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite but the love charm of the sea? Or what is Pan but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want prevailing in all? In the adolescent age, mankind, not having yet fully arrived at spiritual self-consciousness, was still sinless and simple. There was a harmony of man with nature in a well balanced and complete humanity; the bloom of health was upon a conscious being, satisfied as flowers and stars are satisfied with the conditions of temporary existence.

To this state of Paradisal innocence succeeded the fall. Repose was lost, for the bestial side encroached upon the spiritual, and the sense of beauty

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was perturbed by lust. Then Christianity convicted man of sin. The unity of man with nature was abruptly broken. Flesh and spirit were defined and counterpoised. Man abiding far from God in the flesh sought God in in the spirit. His union with God was no longer an actual state of mundane innocency, but a distant, future, dim celestial possibility, to be achieved at the sacrifice of this fair life of earth. It was not for nothing that Christianity, in the widening of spiritual horizons, closed the ancient and inaugurated the modern age. While life is no longer definite as it was to the Greeks, like a jewel in its well defined consistency, the hope that went abroad across the earth so many centuries ago has raised our eyes to heaven. Life, to-day regarded as a conflict or otherwise, whether from the standpoint of science or religion, is undetermined; it is only one term of an infinite series, the significance whereof is relative to the unknown quantities beyond it. The advent of "evolution" has not yet restored the mind to the passionless bride, divine tranquillity, which the Greeks enjoyed, and until that time flesh and spirit cannot be reconciled. Yet, it is not

> "In vain our pent wills fret,
> And would the world subdue
> Limits we do not set,
> Condition all we do."

For the straining after the infinite, the passion for the impossible is now held, instead of the disease it was in the eyes of the Greeks, to be the truest sign of the soul's health; which eventually betokens reconciliation of flesh and spirit, and therefore repose.

These are the conditions that must define Matthew Arnold's position in the nineteenth century. In so far as he is fundamentally a truth-seeker, his attitude reveals symptoms of health in his soul. But where is the repose? He never arrived at any expression of absolute truth; not even such as Clough gives us in his belief that "Tho' I perish, truth is so!" On the other hand, in so far as he comprehended a mode of existence in which the world itself is adequate to the soul, he satisfies the tests of Greek repose. But with no delights in the mere pleasure of living on the one hand, and without any definite Christian hope on the other, his soul's health is beset by incurable complications, for which unconscious Greek ideals refuse a remedy no less than do our nineteenth century theories of development.

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Many complications reveal themselves in his attitude and in order to understand this fully we must find his interpretation of life. According to his own conception, poetry is a criticism of life. His poetry, therefore, must be accepted as his most sincere interpretation of life. He sees life by identifying himself with the intense introspective struggle around. He becomes the personification of its conflicting forces. At the same time firmly poised amid confusion, critical rather than creative, and girded by stoical rather than religious tendencies, he penetrates to the heart of the undetermined issues. He breathes confusion and doubt. He sees men on all sides "slaves or madmen" and "knows not what to pray for." "His own soul abides in mystery."

There is ever

> "The old unquiet breast,
> Which neither deadens into rest,
> Nor ever feels the fiery glow
> That whirls the spirit from itself away,
> But fluctuates to and fro,
> Never by passion quite possessed,
> And never quite benumbed by the world's sway.

He is

> "Here on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Conscious of his own ignorance he cries out in his superiority,

> "O frivolous mind of man,
> Light ignorance, and hurrying unsure tho't,
> Though man bewails you not,
> How I bewail you."

It is evident his fellow men can give him no help.

Then he longs for repose. He even thinks it more desirable and blessed to be well deceived, to be lapped in sweet delusion, and is filled with longing and regret for a faith he might have clasped. He clearly discloses what would have been his course if he had lived in the early days of the faith, where in "Obermann Once More" he exclaims:

> "O had I lived in that great day,
> How had its glory new
> Filled earth and heaven and caught away
> My ravished spirit too!

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No cloister floor of humid stone
Had been too cold for me;
For me no Eastern desert lone
Had been too far to flee."

For him the old faith had passed away, the new "not yet born." He heats he world say, "Your faith is now but a dead, time-exploded dream," and her wanders "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Meanwhile, without faith, discountenancing revelation, he finds in man "a moral plan, clear, prescribed," and thus following his self-made creed he keeps the stern moral level of the ascetic by endurance, patience and passive courage.

"So it must be! Yet, while leading
A strained life, while overfeeding,
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns,
Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can regret what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who each day more surely learns
That an impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence
To the words 'Hope, Light, Persistence'
Strongly sets and truly burns."

In somewhat higher strain he says:

"Hath man no second life?
Pitch this one high!
Sits there no judge in heaven our sin to see?
More strictly then the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we then too can be such a man as he."

Futility of desire leads to suppression of all emotion. His conception of sin is lack of self-control or immoderate desire. Therefore self-control, "a struggling, tasked morality," is his method. His nature yearns for

"Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet living, strict kept measure
Both in suffering and in pleasure."

Empedocles, the mouthpiece of Arnold's own self, finds discontent in aught save moderate desire, and exclaims:

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"That so often here
Happiness mocked our prayer
I think might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us not fly to dreams but moderate desire."

Without the hope that leads to action he yet, like

"The east bow'd low before the blast;
In patient, deep disdain
She let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again.

"So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke
And filled her life with day.

"'Poor world, she cried, 'so deep accurst,
That runst from pole to pole,
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst
Go, seek it in thy soul!'"

He holds a faint hope "that the river of Time" may acquire a "solemn peace of its own," and that years hence, perhaps, "may dawn an age more fortunate, alas! than we"; but it is not for him. It is only —

"As the banks fade dimmer away
As the stars come out and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea,"

that the hope of the race can know fulfilment.

Like his master Goethe, he is conscious of an intense spiritual unrest. He employs his whole soul to control it. He strove to gain Goethe's "wide and luminous view." Like him,

"He pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on nature's plan,
Neither made man too much a God
Nor God too much a man."

He represents Empedocles winning a thousand "glimpses of the truth"; but he "never sees a whole," and seeking for rest and satisfaction he finally sinks within himself.

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> "Once read thy own breast aright
> And thou hast done with fears.
> Man gets no other light
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself, there ask what ails thee, at that shrine."

"Sink in thyself," "Resolve to be thyself, and know that he who finds himself loses his misery."

This is Arnold's creed. This is the consummation of the conflict. He has longed for freedom and repose, which only come with perfect development, and the only alternative for a strong soul, that refuses the higher Christian peace, is stoical "self-repose." Therefore, to find truth in his own soul is his Herculean task.

As a disciple of culture he pushed self-development to the extreme. The result is painfully witnessed in the intellectual despair and final death of Empedocles. For him, it is true, "Life still left human effort scope," but the narrowing scope of a treadmill; and since life "teems with ill," his words become a wail:

> "Nurse no extravagant hope;
> Because thou must not dream, thou needest not despair."

It is because his creed has failed him that Empedocles leaps finally into the crater. He could no longer live with men as they do, nor wholly suffice unto himself. He has not been true to "his own, only, true, deep-buried self, being one with which we are one with the whole world." He cannot say he has "lived ever in the light of his own soul, for he has lived in wrath and gloom," far from his own soul and far from warmth and light. As in the case of Empedocles, the chief opponents in this mad struggle for self-control must arise in the man's own soul. This conflict within a man "The Buried Life" beautifully depicts.

> "Hardly have we, for one little hour,
> Been on our own line, have we been ourselves.
> And long we try in vain to speak and act;
> Our hidden self and what we say and do
> Is eloquent, is well, but 'tis not true."

There comes no rest to the weary man,

> "Even when man forsakes all sin,
> Is pure and just,

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> Abandons all that makes
> His welfare insecure,
> Other existences there are that clash with ours."

As a worshiper of culture he longs for religion because trust comes with it; but the means to attain peace through Christianity is self-sacrifice, which directly opposes Arnold's creed. So there is no religious refuge for him.

It is true he believes in a Power, who said—

> "See I make all things new";

a Power

> "That through the breadth and length
> Of earth and air and sea
> In men, and plants, and stones,
> Hath toil perpetually,
> And travails, pants and moans,
> Fain would do all things well; but sometimes fails in strength."

a universal God, who, as Arnold longs to do,

> "Proceeds at any nod
> And quietly declaims the cursings of himself."

But this God is as intangible and unsatisfactory a personality as Arnold's "Power that works for righteousness," which he gives us in his prose works; and from as impersonal force, despite the fact that "energy of life may be kept on after the grave," tho' not begun, Arnold himself obtains but little consolation and inspiration. As to the inspiration of a great life, in his elegiac poems he strikes

> "One common wave of thought and joy
> Lifting mankind again."

But it is only a wave, whose ebb leaves Arnold more deeply sunk in self than before. He sees "the millions suffer still and grieve"; but for this intellectual grief and suffering, which alone appeal to him, he has no remedy save his own empty creed of "self-repose."

Thus far the highest point attained in the conflict, according to nineteenth century conceptions of truth, is the point of calm endurance and stoical self-repose. This point, in reality, approaches much closer to the repose of the ancients than to any "rest that remains" to us in the future. For a retrogressive process has guided Arnold's steps from the heights of unattainable truth, from the mysteries in the world around him, into his own self-con-

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sciousness. From the point of view of "self," his elaborate culture reaches out in all directions, and balancing the materials gathered from the past, thinks it finally finds repose in the perfect harmony of the Greek life. Having thus arrived at the highest point of self-possession and freedom possible under these conditions, Arnold is able to teach a gospel of repose. If he is not satisfied with his own rendering of it, at least he is sincere. In artistic treatment he realized the value and need of the pure objectivity of the classic subjects and classic form. The laws of simplicity of form, purity of design, of self-restraint, of parsimony, both of thought and material, which gave to the expression of the mental activity of the Greeks its predominant sculpturesque quality, are the very essence of Arnold's creations, and distinguishes them above all else from modern romantic art. In this clear-cut, sculpturesque quality the technical beauty harmonizes singularly with the spiritual. Just as in the Greek art spirit and matter were blended in one unity. Here Arnold's very self-imposed limitations and self-renunciation before the mysterious unknown, especially so far as it enters unconsciously into his art, aid in perfecting the work. For ancient art aimed at the perfect within definite limits, because human life was then circumscribed by mundane limitations and its conditions unhesitatingly accepted.

But, while Arnold's art touches and sways in sympathy with the grand major chord of spontaneous, pulsating Greek life, it is weighed down by longing and regret and reverberates in one long minor, whose key-note is "self." In the Greek art, in spite of a tinge of sadness, as if it were the shadow of an overhanging fate, self-sufficiency always gives an air of cheerfulness. In Arnold the unconscious self-sufficiency of the Greek has given way to conscious self-repose. Nevertheless, a prominent characteristic in Arnold is the buoyancy with which in his best moments he either throws off the pain or takes refuge in some soothing digression. His serene sense of fate looks into the face of the fates and reads them with the large and frank insight of the ancient poets, without any moral fallacies or religious reservations. The effect is a very close approach to the Greek repose of inaction. Like a Venus, which is typical of a large class of Greek art, it is in comparative repose, not because it is above disturbance, but because it is removed from it.

With the Greeks, as has already been said, the key-note of repose was their union with nature. Man, being now distinct from nature and standing on

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the outside, can enjoy its beauties as the Greeks in the very midst of them never could. Arnold understands this. Nevertheless, he seeks the classic relation of man and nature. Unlike Wordsworth, whom he attempts to follow, he is not sufficiently master of his own self to mingle his words and those of Nature, nor yet with his deep soul, knowledge, unrest and sadness can he adopt the spontaneous and unconscious delight in the earthly beauty and joy of the Greeks.

The nearest approach to the latter is in the lines where he is carried beyond himself, as in "Thyrsis," in a description of the break and smell of musk carnations—

> "Sweet William with his homely cottage smell
> And stocks in fragrant bloom,
> With whitening hedges and unrumpling fern,
> And bluebells, trembling by the forest ways,
> And scent of hay new mown."

Nature often affords Arnold a joyful setting for some dark picture, as in the dark, despairing silhouette of Empedocles against the joyous refrains of Callisles. Yet, the note of regret is that of Arnold, not of the nature-loving Greek lad, as he sings:

> "Far, far from here
> The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
> Among the green Illysian hills, and there
> The sunshine in the happy glen is fair,
> And by the sea and in the brakes
> The grass is cool, the sea-side air
> Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flower
> More virginal and sweet than ours."

Arnold's most characteristic feeling for nature is sympathy with its broad, free, open aspects, which are a source of strength and comfort apart from his own soul. By this means he often seeks to restore and refresh the minds he had perplexed and bewildered by painful problems. In this way even his elegies acquire a buoyancy. He enjoys plumbing the depths of another melancholy; but, even so, the effect is not that of Shelley's most melancholy lyrics. It does not make us faint under the poet's own feeling of desolation. Thus in both poems on "Obermann" he turns in the end to nature. In the one he says:

> "Farewell! Under the sky we part, in the stern Alpine dell,"

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in the other, "The vision ended; he awoke and turned along the banks of Noye,

> "To where in haze
> The Valois opens fair,
> And glorious there without a sound
> Across the glimmering lake,
> High in the Valois' depth profound,
> I saw the morning break."

Throughout the tale of Sohrab and Rustun's combat is heard the flow of the Oxus stream, and at last

> "The longed for dash of waves is heard and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens, bright
> And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

The whole of the poem entitled "Self-Dependence" embodies his most heart-felt appeal. It marks the loftiest height of struggle as well as depth of dark despair.

His cry

> "O'er the sea and to the stars he sends"
> "Calm me, ah, compose me to the end
> Ah once more, I cried, ye stars, ye waters
> On my heart your mighty charm renew,
> Still, still let me as I gaze upon you
> Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

So passionate is his appeal for strength to subdue passion that

> "From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
> Over the lit seas' unquiet way,
> In the rustling night air came the answer
> 'Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they?'"

From his own soul and nature, alike, Arnold hears but one voice. "Be thyself." This problem is unsolved, he then seems to say, But insoluble or not, let us shake off melancholy; let us recall the pristine strength of the human spirit and not forget that we have access to great resources still.

Arnold's secret, after all, is not to minimize the tragedy or sadness of the human lot, but to turn our attention from the sadness or the tragedy to the strength which it illustrates and the calm into which the most tumultuous passions subside. In his essay on poetry, Arnold assures us that in

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poetry, as a criticism of life, the spirit of our race will find, as time goes on and other helps fail, "its consolation and stay." But in the gloomy solitariness of such introspective self-repose and pagan stoicism what light or strength can we receive? The calmness of a Venus removed from the distraction of our earthly feelings cannot but seem inadequate as a healthful solution of our problems. Truth must be found through *action.* There can be no repose for man under present conditions until there is equipoise of the fulness of these earthly feelings, when man and nature are again united; but not unitedin the forced relation Arnold teaches. Arnold's gospel of repose is an impossible one because it goes backward, not forward.

It is for a greater than Arnold, and more universal and hopeful singer to complement the half truth which Arnold mourns. Browning likewise found truth within the soul.

> "There is an inmost centre in man
> Where truth abides in fullness, but
> To know truth one must open a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape."

He bids the soul release its truth that it may grasp eternal Truth and make the loftiest conception of life, the attainment of Truth, along the line of self-development. The new freedom of man must consist in submission to the order of the universe as it exists. The beautiful Greek life cannot be restored. Nor need we cling to the convent or the prison life of early Catholicity. The healthy acceptance of the physical laws to which we are subordinated need not prevent our full consciousness of moral law, and the final discovery that there is no antagonism between our flesh and spirit, but rather a most intimate connection must place the man of the future upon a higher level and a firmer standing-ground than the Greeks. Experience and demonstration will then show what the Greeks felt instinctively. Then repose will be permeated and strengthened by the ever-enduring influence of Christianity; the tact of the healthy youth will be succeeded by the calm reason of maturity.

J. K., '91.

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OUT ON THE CLIFFS AT TWILIGHT.

Out on the cliffs at twilight,
With sea-winds in one's hair,
The breadth and sweep
Of the mighty deep,
And the sigh of the ocean's prayer.
One hears it confess
Its sinfulness
In the sob of its ebb and flow,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

Out on the cliffs at twilight;
The flowers their silence keep:
The roses fold
Their hearts of gold
In their petals and go to sleep:
But their fragrant prayer
Is in all the air,
As they rustle to and fro,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

Out on the cliffs at twilight,
Only one's self and God,
A lone star-ray
Athwart the way
That no man's foot has trod.
Will He hear up there,
If one says a prayer?
The fire-flies flit and glow,
While soft-sweet,—
Close at one's feet,
The waters come and go.

L. B.

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN DRAWN BY HOWELLS, JAMES AND WARNER.

A FACT we boldly face is that most people decidedly prefer stories to essays and novels to history. Hence, a large portion of the average intelligence regarding social customs of by-gone times or countries not one's own is derived from the pages of fiction. I fancy most of us owe our picture of English society at the close of the last century to Jane Austen, filling the quaint, old-fashioned outlines with "Pride and Prejudice" or "Sense and Sensibility." England in the days of Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot is quite as real to our imaginations as the streets of Boston, and the people who make it thus alive with their virtues and their follies are the true pen-creations of these master workmen. Indeed, our conceptions of social life in the England of to-day are tinctured not a little by the words of Thomas Hardy, William Black and Walter Besant. May we not, therefore, reasoning from a close analogy, conclude that we American women with our beloved American ways are being constantly investigated and seriously considered on the other side of the Atlantic, from materials supplied by our popular novelists? And have we not, with all our American pride and self-sufficiency, some slight curiosity as to the facts from which these friends are drawing their conclusions? Do we not whisper, be it never so softly,

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us?"

Among the rather numerous novelists professing to delineate in realistic manner our typical American social life, William D. Howells, Henry James and Charles Dudley Warner stand out most prominently, and we, believing ourselves for the moment English born and bred, may rightly seek within their pages an enlargement of our somewhat indefinite ideas regarding these far-away cousins of ours in "The States." With this most laudable ambition we take up "April Hopes"—a detailed description of some festive occasion called a Harvard Class Day, out of which, in the course of a few hundred printed pages, ripens, in society parlance, a "desirable match." We are straightway introduced to a Boston lady of fashion, Mrs. Pasmer, who, we are told, could say "Thank you," with all "the deep gratitude which so-

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ciety cultivates for the smallest favors," and, though "keeping a conscience in regard to certain matters which she considered essentials, lived a thousand little lies every day, and taught her daughter to do the same." That this butterfly is possessed of considerable innate energy is shown by her firm decision that her daughter shall marry a good American — if she cannot get a noble Englishman. We are permitted to be amused eavesdroppers at several conversations between our Mrs. Pasmer and other ladies, who, according to Howells, "called each other by their girl names, as is rather the custom in Boston with ladies who are in the same set, whether they are great friends or not." Thus it is we learn that charming girls mope the whole evening through at Boston parties, with no young men with whom to talk; that unless a girl fairly throws herself at the young men's heads she isn't noticed; and that the young married women met last winter, just after a lot of pretty girls had come out, magnanimously resolving to give the buds a chance in society. We certainly agree with Mrs. Pasmer in thinking this a strange state of things in America, and are therefore somewhat prepared for the following:

"Don't you think it is well," asked Mrs. Pasmer, deferentially, and under correction, as if she were hazarding too much, "to see somebody besides Boston people sometimes, if they're nice? That seems to be one of the advantages of living abroad."

"Oh, I think there are nice people everywhere," said the young man, with the bold expansion of youth.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Pasmer. "We saw two such charming young people coming in and out of the hotel in Rome. We were sure they were English, and they were from Chicago!"

Though devoting himself to the Pasmers, our author pauses to briefly sketch a Miss Henderson, in whom we instantly recognize that strong-minded young woman of whom we have heard occasional rumor. "She walked with long strides, knocking her skirts into fine eddies and tangles as she went, and she spoke in a bold, deep voice, with tones like a man's in it, all the more amusing and fascinating because of the perfectly feminine eyes with which she looked at you, and the nervous feminine gestures which she used while she spoke."

From the conventionalities of "April Hopes" we pass to their complete

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absence in "The Lady of the Aroostook." This time we are introduced to a young girl from the wilds of northern Maine, who, summoned by her aunt in Venice, travels there by herself in a sailing vessel, the only lady on board. She is not at all aware of the singular situation and, because of the gentlemanly behavior of the other passengers, "who were Americans, and therefore knew how to worship a woman," does not realize its unpleasantness until, long after, she gains a knowledge of the world's customs. Lyddy, described as clothed with the stylishness that instinctive taste may evoke, even in a hill town, from study of paper patterns, Harper's Bazar and the costumes of the summer boarders, is quite typical of many of Howells' heroines in her "fearlessness before others and timidity before herself."

In "The Rise of Silas Lapham," absorbed by the strength of the hero, we feel that the women are made of very secondary importance. There is Mrs. Lapham, the Vermont school teacher of unsparing conscience, suddenly transplanted to great wealth and Boston society, and finding acclimation extremely difficult, if not impossible. There is Penelope, little, brown and quaint, whose erudition is bounded by the circulating library; and Irene, with her exquisite beauty, perfect taste in dress, total ignorance of Macaulay and Motley, and belief that the chief end of books is to furnish a room.

We English are not a little surprised and unpleasantly jarred at the company we next meet in Henry James' "Bostonians"—a queer mixture of utterly unattractive women, who lecture on temperance and woman suffrage, spiritualism and theosophy. The atmosphere in which the Beacon street lady moves, with incongruity enough, breathes neither refinement nor philanthropy. How we are enamored with this phase of the American woman as it is here presented, judge by descriptions such as these: "Miss Birdseye belonged to the Short Skirts League as a matter of course, for she belonged to any and every league that had ever been founded for almost any purpose whatever. She looked as if she had spent her life on platforms, in audiences, in conventions, in séances; in her faded face was a kind of reflection of ugly lecture lamps. . . . Mrs. Farrinder, at almost any time, had the air of being introduced by a few remarks. This little society was prolific in ladies who trotted about early and late with books from the Athenæum, always apparently straining a little, as if they might be too late for something. Even poor Miss Olive Chancellor of Beacon street, with her

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immense desire to know intimately some very poor girl, is foiled in her several attempts regarding three pale shop-maidens in that she took them more tragically than they took themselves."

Yet, no whit daunted in our quest, we take up "Daisy Miller: a Study," and know not quite what to make of that astonishing creature, with her wonderful prettiness, her charming vivacity, remarkable frankness and completely overwhelming disregard of Continental notions of propriety. We wonder whether we are to take her as a typical American girl, and are not a little uncertain about acknowledging our relationship. "We've got splendid rooms at the hotel," chatters the unconscious object of our stern scrutiny, "the best rooms in Rome. . . . It's a great deal nicer than I thought; I thought it would be fearfully quiet; I was sure it would be awfully poky. I was sure we should be going round all the time with one of those dreadful old men that explain about the pictures and things. But we've only had a week of that, and now I'm enjoying myself. I know ever so many people, and they are all so charming. . . . I, thank goodness, am not a young lady of this country. The young ladies of this country have a dreadfully poky time of it, so far as I can learn; I don't see why I should change my habits for them."

"I am afraid your habits are those of a flirt," said Winterbourne, gravely.

"Of course they are," she cried, giving him her little smiling stare again. "I'm a fearful, frightful flirt! '

With Winterbourne we wonder as we read whether she is innocent or reckless; whether she is too light and childish, too uncultivated and unreasoning, too provincial to have reflected upon her ostracism, or even to have perceived it; while at other times we truly believe that "she carries about in her elegant and irresponsible little organism a defiant, passionate, perfectly observant consciousness of the impression she produces." Yet, when, dead of the fatal Roman fever, caught through a recklessness difficult to understand, she is laid beneath the thick spring flowers in the little Protestant cemetery, we half affirm with Giovanelli, "She was the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable — and the most innocent." And at least we fully agree with Winterbourne, when he said, months later, that it was on his conscience that he had done her injustice — she would have appreciated one's esteem.

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We turn yet once again to Henry James, attracted by the "Portrait of a Lady," a second type of our young cousin, and it, too, is very different from the girls we know. A marked characteristic of Isabel Archer is her confidence both in herself and in others, and it is carefully explained that American girls are used to a great deal of deference. That she was a little presumptuous is said, indeed, to be part of her charm. Among other things we are told that her habit was to carry fatigue to the farthest point, and confess it only when dissimulation had become impossible; that her conversation had much of the vivacity observable in that of young ladies of her country, to whom the ear of the world is more directly presented than to their sisters in other lands. We are amused to learn that her way of taking compliments was rather dry — she got rid of them as rapidly as possible; not because insensible to them, but simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her. Finally we hear that her independent spirit, which we quite admire, is a mark of the American girl, who ends, we are told, by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity. In the "fine purpose of her freedom, the resolution with which she seeks to be the maker of her destiny, even the subtle weakness into which all this betrays her," we with her critic, are not unwilling to take her as representative of womanly life to-day.

From Howells and James we turn to Warner, and in "Their Pilgrimage" we soon stumble over other efforts to seize that fleeting phantom, the American girl. We place them side by side with those we have already discovered.

This is the first—"Miss Nettie Sumner, perhaps twenty-one, who corresponded to what the internationalists call the American type, had evidently taken school education as a duck takes water, and danced along in society into apparent robustness of person and knowledge of the world. A handsome girl, she would be a comely woman, good-natured, quick at repartee, confining her knowledge of books to popular novels, too natural and frank to be a flirt, an adept in all the nice slang current in fashionable life, caught up from collegians and brokers, accustomed to meet men in public life, in hotels, a very jolly companion, with a fund of good sense that made her entirely capable of managing her own affairs."

And this is the second: — "There was still another young lady, modest in

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bearing, self-possessed in manner, sensible, who made ready and incisive remarks, and seemed to have thought deeply on a large range of subjects, but had a sort of downright practicability and cool independence, with all her femininity of bearing, that rather puzzled her interlocutor. It occurred to Mr. King to guess that Miss Selina Morton might be from Boston, which she was not, but it was with a sort of shock that he learned later that the young girl, moving about in society in the innocent panoply of girlhood, was a young doctor, who had no doubt looked through and through him with her keen eyes, studied him in the light of heredity, constitutional tendencies, habits and environment as a possible patient. It almost made him ill to think of it."

We bring our weary search to a more than timely close with "A Little Journey in the World." We cannot read far without coming across keen summings up of the American woman. "It seems to superficial observers," Warner remarks, "that all Americans are born busy. It is not so. They are born with a fear of not being busy, and if they are intelligent and in circumstances of leisure they have such a sense of their responsiblity that they hasten to allot their time into portions, and leave no hour unprovided for. This is conscientiousness in woman, and not restlessness. There is a day for music, a day for painting, a day for the display of tea-gowns, a day for Dante, a day for the Greek drama, a day for the Dumb Animals' Aid Society, a day for the Society for the Propagation of Indians, and so on. When the year is over, the amount that has been accomplished by this incessant activity can hardly be estimated. Individually, it may not be much. But consider where Chaucer would be but for the work of the Chaucer clubs, and what an effect upon the universal progress of things is produced by the associate concentration upon the poet of so many minds."

"There is nothing in which these American women are not interested," observes a foreigner, and we are all ready to echo his statement — "nothing about which they cannot talk, and talk intensely. They absorb everything, and have the gift of acquiring intelligence without, as one of them told me, having to waste time in reading. Yes, New York is an interesting city."

But that which arrests our attention, and arouses our interest more than aught else, is the study of Margaret herself. Margaret, at the outset of her little journey in the world — with her sincerity and enthusiasm, her desire to

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feel the freedom of her own being, to be interested in everything in the world; the Margaret who so puzzled the Englishman by an apparent absorption in the gayety of a German one day, and a whole-hearted devotion to her mission school and the condition of women the next. Margaret, in the gay vortex of New York society, restless in a life, fascinating, exciting and profoundly unsatisfactory, with its atmosphere of "knowing everything and not caring about anything very much." And Margaret, nearing the end of the journey, having learned the meannesses, the jealousies, the cringing by which social success is often attained, becoming in her gayety cynical, in her judgments bitter; losing her vitality in the feverish strain; with the nobler possibilities of her higher life hopelessly crushed in the hardening process of a material existence — "a beautiful woman, in all the success of envied prosperity, with a dead soul."

A vigorous shake, and we are once again restored to our American consciousness. Perhaps, as American women, we still possess unaltered that feeling of self-satisfaction which is so markedly a part of the American spirit. There may be certain strange twinges of mortification — possibly a new sense of deep regret — be that as it may, we have made our quest for the truth, we have tried to know ourselves a little better.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, '94.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

"THERE'S nothing quite so pritty as them cinnamon roses." Old Mrs. Pettiford stepped back from the rose bush and untangled her dress from the thorns; she drew her gray shawl closer about her shoulders and shivered a little. The morning breezes lifted the thin locks from above her temples and fluttered her scanty skirts; the breath of new-mown clover fields came sweeping down from the hillside. An old elm by the roadway cast its shadow quite over the garden and made it rather cool. Mrs. Pettiford stepped into the sunshine.

Click, click, over the little board side-walk came the sound of small boot-heels. There was a soft light in the old woman's eyes and it grew softer as she listened. She leaned farther over the gateway, and the roses in her fin-

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gers shook till they dropped their dew. A girl coming briskly up the street slackened her steps as she saw the old gray shawl.

"Grandmother," said she; her voice sounded sweet and strong. The light in the old woman's eyes grew still softer, and she stretched out her handful of cinnamon roses in her trembling, feeble hands.

"I kind o' thought you'd like some o' my posies, Elizabeth," said she. The girl smiled. An amused little dimple crept into her cheek. The morning sun lit her somewhat dull hair into unexpected brightness. The silky folds of her drab gown fell gracefully about her. She was a tall girl and enjoyed the tallness with the dignity it gave.

"I should think so, grandmother," she said. The amused dimple had disappeared and the gray eyes were only tender. She leaned forward just a little, and the knotted fingers fastened the old-fashioned roses softly against her dress. The gray shawl fluttered against her shoulder and struck against her face. The old woman drew it carefully away. "Have a good time, dearie," said she. Elizabeth laid her cheek against the wrinkled one and one arm went quite about the little bent figure. The light in the old woman's eyes had grown very, very soft. She turned slowly, with the light still in them, and went weakly into the house.

To Elizabeth the world was a glory as she hurried on; the light in her eyes was a glad light; the softness had not yet come. She smiled cheerily at her neighbors, and nodded to passers-by; she remembered to pick up her skirts before descending the hill; yet all the while, in a happy little vein of her own, she was thinking quite to herself, and the deeds which she did outwardly were purely mechanical ones.

The cinnamon roses clung lovingly to her breast and bowed their heavy heads. Elizabeth looked down at them. "Cinnamon roses," said she in her thoughts, "I wonder if the girls will laugh. Yet how beautiful she thinks them. Dear heart, could she ever grow old-fashioned to me?" Again the tenderness had chased the dimple quite away.

Old Mrs. Pettiford opened the door softly and went into the kitchen. Rachel stood in the pantry, and Mrs. Pettiford was afraid of Rachel. "You haven't been giving them old-fashioned pink things to that child, mother!" said she. Mrs. Pettiford flushed guiltily. "Not that it much matters, after all. Elizabeth's no fool; she's thrown 'em away by this time. Ketch her

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wearing sech things anywheres she wants to look well. I'm going to have that old bush dug out. I've been telling Ezra right along I wanted he should take his first spare minnits and root her up. It's big and homely, and nobody wants to see it blocking out all our view." Mrs. Pettiford grew quite pale. "Dig out my rose bush," breathed she. "My rose bush that yer Pa planted 'fore ever you or Marthy were born!" Rachel kneaded her bread energetically, and considered it no occasion for argument. The white puffs of dough fell neatly from her deft fingers into the bright tin. She lifted the pan and carried it to the oven. Mrs. Pettiford, looking timidly at her, crept silently away. Out in the long, cool entry one could hear her retreating footsteps. Then came the opening of a door. Old Mrs. Pettiford had entered the sacred front parlor.

The blinds were drawn down and a musty smell as of things long kept from light came sweeping up to meet her. The ghostly shroudings of the pictures and the stiff outlines of the hair-cloth furniture made the room look almost uncanny. Mrs. Pettiford crossed the floor and fell feebly upon the sofa. She had closed the door behind her, so there was nothing to disclose her hiding-place. Close up to her throat she clasped the worn old shawl and lay quite still. Quietly from under her lashes slipped one tear after another down the wrinkling of her cheeks.

The short, strong, noontide shadows had lengthened for afternoon. The men had come home to dinner and gone back again to the fields. Rachel did not even wonder or stop to miss the absent face. "Marm often ran across to Martha's and stopped over there for the day." She washed and wiped her dishes, fed the chickens and sat down to her darning. The sunlight fell warm and yellow across the painted floor. Rachel sat by the window. Towards night Ezra came across the garden towards the rose bush. He had a shovel over one shoulder and a spade in his left hand. Rachel was glad Marm was out of the way.

"Ezra!" The voice broke sharply through the quiet of the kitchen and the hush of the afternoon. Ezra started and dropped his spade; Rachel looked up from her basket.

Elizabeth stood at the foot of the steps, holding her drab hat in her hands. In the accusing of her eyes was a world of comprehension. The curves of her face were hardened. She seemed changed into a woman.

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"I didn't go for to do it," said Ezra, "yer aunt told me ter." He stopped for sheer lack of ideas. "Put that earth back in its place," said Elizabeth. "Aunt Rachel, I am ashamed of you. Grandmother's cinnamon rose bush!"

Rachel looked humbled. Elizabeth's lack of respect was for once unnoticed. She bent down over her darning and was silent. Elizabeth swept by her into the hall-way and ran up the stairs. Rachel could hear her calling as she went. She entered her grandmother's room and turned to the well-known window seat. There was no one there. She searched the chambers and the attic, then down again to the parlor.

The chill of the room struck her as she crossed the threshold, and the instinct of love made her look at once to the sofa. Mrs. Pettiford was lying quietly, still wrapped in her shawl. Her cheeks were dry now, and their whiteness was almost startling against the black hair-cloth. Little wisps of hair had strayed down over her forehead and had been unbrushed away. She opened her eyes as Elizabeth came in, with a movement as if she were hurt. Her lips quivered.

"Dear grandmother," said Elizabeth, "they shan't ever dig it up. Ezra shan't ever take it away"; and there was no need of explanation, for her grandmother understood. She reached up and took one of the girl's pretty, daintily gloved hands and drew it softly under her cheek. Her eyes were fastened on the withered cinnamon roses. "You did wear them, dearie," said she. "You were not ashamed to wear them. Rachel said you would throw them away."

Elizabeth bent her head and touched them with her lips. The light in the old woman's eyes had grown infinitely soft.

LILLIAN B. QUINBY.

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COMPENSATION.

A summer's eve, a moonlit sky,
  A sea, soft water's purl,
A tiny boat, and two spoon-oars,
  A pretty Wellesley girl.

I watched her face, methought it glowed
  With trust and sweet content.
I paused and resting both my oars
  On tend'rest theme was bent,

When lo, she, grasping at those oars
  This scornful speech did throw —
"I cannot stand it any more,
  I'll show you how to row!

Like this — see there — you strike out so —
  Like that — 'tis new to you?
'When did I learn?' Oh, long ago,
  I'm on a Wellesly Crew!"

I sat in silence meekly by,
  And swallowed all my pride,
While ev'ry pretty, tender word
  Was straightway petrified.

They ne'er were spoken, and I fear
  They ne'er may spoken be.
But I can row the Wellesley stroke,
  So what is that to me?

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, 94.

"A CHIEL'S AMANG YOU TAKIN' NOTES."

AFTER an absence of several months, the chiel once more roams within the realms of the College Beautiful, and is delighted with the changes which meet his eye. Alma Mater has made some improvements during vacation. She points with pride toward the fifth floor centre, on the southern side, where has arisen a well-appointed zoölogical laboratory, with comfortable twirling chairs and with dissecting tables, to be used by the students *in severalty*. But the room is more especially fitted for holding class elections. Tracing one's course through the western trunk-room, and hailing the same elevator of ages past, though perhaps grown more squeaky and shaky, one may descend to the third floor and then glide swiftly toward the

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senior parlor. Here may the last year's juniors rest their weary frames and ponder over what might have been, what is and what shall be. The chief charm of this apartment consists in the beautiful lake views from its windows.

Now Alma Mater leads you out of doors into the free air, over the grassy slopes. Here behold the monuments of physical development! The merry enthusiasts in the novel basket ball move back and forth across the campus. Wellesley's zeal for out-door sports has become fired. Even unwary professors, betaking themselves to waiting classes, are detained by the pleasure of watching the game. The moments fleet away. The class still waits; and finally, drawn by a force of attraction which (we are informed) two bodies have for one another when separated, it moves towards the windows of the recitation room, and likewise watches the game.

The Wellesley Annex, on the outskirts of the ground, needs no comment from the chiel. It speaks for itself in words so plain that all who run may read, and vice versa.

* * * * * *

All members of the Table who were within convenient speaking distance of the Opposite had turned in her direction and were listening expectantly. When thinking very intently she was accustomed to lean forward a little, open her lips slightly and look far off into space. This movement generally ripened into a remark; and whatever came from the Opposite was worth the speaking. The concentrated gaze of the Table called her to self-consciousness. She leaned back in her chair, closed her lips and momentarily retired behind a blush. The sophomore — the complacent sophomore — with a know-how-it-is-myself expression, magnanimously led her from behind the beautiful rose-colored screen by suggesting, "I believe you were about to say something." Once more the Opposite raised her clear blue eyes, steady eyes, into which one looked long, and in looking felt rest. Her speech was as clear and steady as were her eyes; but more decided, much less dreamy. She spoke with a downward accent at the end of each pause, and her voice was full. To one not acquainted with her peaceful disposition, she seemed to speak with a touch of pugnacity; but she was only very emphatic. "What I was thinking is, that I positively cannot endure those persons who find everything so very easy," she remarked. A look of pro-

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found approval on the part of the Table greeted her declaration. The Table generally agreed with the Opposite. She was an individual of discretion and common sense. The chiel, an invited guest of the company, was about to ask for illustrations of the persons in question, but just then he happened to notice that the Professor had folded her napkin, and was alternately sipping water and examining her spoon handle with the air of one who was expecting to continue operations indefinitely. He cast around the table a scattered glance of investigation, at the conclusion of which his meal tapered off suddenly, but so gracefully withal, that every one present thought he expressly desired to leave in his saucer exactly three trembling, tempting, delicious pieces of lemon jelly. The pleasant company broke up, the Opposite and Professor marched off together, and the chiel's intended request was never made. But of late he has been realizing the significanee of the Opposite's remark.

He has observed that persons who find everything very easy are extremely annoying factors of college life. Perhaps their happy-go-lucky conduct causes annoyance because it interferes with the pleasurable exercise of that uncharitable element of the human make-up which reaps consolation in the fact that, no matter how ill one may fare himself, there is always some one else who fares worse. But before proceeding to express himself further, the chiel asks the pardon of any one who accuses him of indulging in spiteful reflections. He considers, however, that what he has observed and experienced warrant him in supporting the Opposite's views.

The girl who finds everything easy frequents Written Reviews with a pen which goes scratch, scratch, scratch over the surface of her paper at a tremendous speed; and, while her neighbors are nibbling their pencil points and wishing paradoxically both that the hour were over and that the bell would delay its ringing, she has already smilingly folded up her paper and scribbled her name thereon. While other students read hours and hours, in trying to find information which definitely covers the points of their history outline, the girl who finds everything easy spends just half an hour over the work, and then cheerfully proclaims that she has happened upon a book which covers the points exactly. The book? In the history alcove a few minutes ago. Where is it now? That is the question. Translations never take her longer than twenty minutes, and her literature papers seem to spring forth

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spontaneously. They are always *done*. The only employments which occupy her any length of time are rowing, driving, dancing, chatting and similar efforts. She could be forgiven for her brilliancy if only she would refrain from her oft-heard remark: "That's *easy!*" But she does not thus refrain, and so, in retaliation, the chiel invites all hard-working students, who are wicked enough to yield to the invitation, to take comfort in the thought that the girl who finds everything easy is not a solid, superior sort of student. Happiness and light-heartedness indeed are necessary for healthy life; but sympathy for others and from others is also essential; and so may we ask the exasperatingly brilliant, cheerful persons who find everything so very easy, to suppress their exuberance of spirit for the sake of cultivating a fellow-feeling.

But let them not be harshly judged. No doubt "That's *easy*" is merely another way of saying "I succeeded in doing that, and therefore it is not hard."

MARY K. ISHAM.

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Editorial.

THE death of any distinguished person calls vividly to mind the work he has done in the world, and so it was natural that when, a month ago, Mrs. Lucy Stone passed away, the story of her life should be retold from end to end of the country. Pulpit and press have joined in recounting the opposition she met, the obstacles she surmounted, and the change during her lifetime in the position of women, a change in the bringing to pass of which she had so large a share. As we think of what she had to face when she first gave utterance to the opinions which now are such mere matters of course, there comes to many of us, with a faint shock of surprise, a fuller realization of what the conditions of a woman's life were so short a time ago. During the last forty years how the horizon has widened for woman, what increased possibilities life has come to hold for her! Step by step, she has come, she is still coming, into possession of herself, into the recognition of her own individuality, of her own separate work in the world. That the change is for the better is admitted even by those who do not sympathize with the hopes Mrs. Stone cherished for the political advancement of women; while many of us, especially among college women, realizing what our lives must have been had woman's former status remained unaltered, feel that we owe to her and her co-workers a debt which we can never repay, which we can never even adequately express

But Lucy Stone has left behind her more than her work; she has bequeathed us the example of her life and we may well ask what message it has for us. Not, I think, merely the lesson of what may be accomplished by courage and love and resolute adherence to purpose. These qualities she possessed in a high degree, but she might have had them all and yet have accomplished nothing. The secret of her success lay in her intense convictions. She believed absolutely in the righteousness of woman's cause and from her belief came her efforts and her success. And herein lay the chief difference between her and the men and women whose lives pass away and leave no trace behind them; it is conviction, not courage or resolution, that is wanting. Courage is not a rare virtue; there is an exhilaration in contest, and opposition, even when hardest to bear, brings with it a certain inspiration. Most of us fail, not because we are too timid to enter the

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strife, but because we do not believe in anything strongly enough to fight for it. We live in an age of transition, when the old faiths are losing their hold upon us and the new have not appeared to nerve us to action. In the change and uncertainty of the period, in the breaking up of old habits of thought, the disappearance of old landmarks, the merging of old distinctions it is hard to gain clear and firm beliefs. It is far easier to drift with the tide, to talk philosphically of the *zeitgeist*, and, admitting that we do not believe, rest satisfied, without deciding even for ourselves what it is we do not credit, and why. It is easy, but from such drifting comes no fruition of high thought or noble act. It does not greatly matter what our belief is; every variety of faith, firmly held, has produced grand and harmonious lives. The essential thing is to believe something, to know what it is and why we believe it. Once given an earnest conviction it is easy to work for its accomplishment. And such a conviction is possible for every one. The cause for the prevailing vagueness of belief lies far more in our weakness than in the character of the age. To find out what we can believe and what we must reject requires for most of us a mental effort, strenuous and persistent. Still more, it means a definite cutting loose from beliefs once dear, from faiths once sacred to us, for if we are to believe clearly we must first of all know what we disbelieve, and much which we once held as absolute truth we must regretfully lay aside as something tender and beautiful, but for us, at least, no longer true.

From this twofold sacrifice we shrink, preferring to consider that nothing is altogether true and nothing entirely false, that there is no good quite worth working for and no evil really deserving of opposition, and our lives become mere bits of driftwood on the stream of circumstance because we will not make them anything more. For there is for each one of us something which we may believe if we will, and this conviction — a conviction which underlies all worthy action, which is, indeed, the only motive for action — is the only thing in life of real importance. If we meet with opposition, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, they are but trifles; the outer world is easily faced if we can but master ourselves. And even though our efforts bear no fruit that we can see, though to all appearance our lives have been spent in a vain struggle, yet will they not be wholly lost, for we shall have escaped the only utter failure possible to humanity — the failure of him who has never been defeated because he has never striven.

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II.

THERE are marked indications of the growth of a scientific spirit among the students of our college. The large classes electing botany, zoölogy, chemistry, physics, experimental psychology and applied mathematics are forcible witnesses to the tastes of the average student in these directions. Better far than numbers, however, is the euthusiasm manifested. Who, without sincere love of original investigation, would cheerfully devote hours to ascertain comparative pressures of tiny bottles filled with shot? Who, without real interest in nature's plans, would patiently master the phyllotaxy of cones? Who, without a genuine delight in animal life, would fill her room with spiders, lizards, moths, and make careful note of every development? Wellesley maidens, armed with curious nets, haunt hill and dale, lake and stream. They scour the woods, they scrutinize the ground. Even freshmen catch their caddis flies, and quite eclipse their elders in accurate delineation of twig sections.

III.

WHEN asked, "And what does Wellesley afford in the way of athletics?" we need no longer hesitate in confusion as we answer "Boat-crews and —and so forth." We now speak emphatically and proudly of our crews and their increasing strength and might. But these are not alone in their glory. We can add walking, and bicycle clubs, and tennis associations, and scientifically conducted games. The latter proclaim that the tireless and zealous spirit who has established golf and basket ball on our campus has not been daunted by the cramped quarters of the gymnasium, but has seized the wider opportunities afforded by our wealth of ground. This has been a happy move. Out of doors, indeed, we are assured of plenty of room; for if the campus fails to contain us there are, over by the west lodge, vast, unworked fields which, owing to their evenness and secluded situation can be utilized to great advantage for sports. Of the crowded condition indoors we ought not, however, to complain; because it may partly be accounted for by the interest which the upper class girls, those for whom the gymnastic work is optional, take in their physical development.

It is a pleasure to witness with what pride and good nature the girls display the bruises and sprains and scratches which naturally accompany first

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attempts in basket ball. Surely these knocks and buffetings are received in a good cause. Girls! we know not what we do when we refuse to place our names upon the lists of those praiseworthy individuals who canvass the buildings for personal, bodily subscriptions to their open-air entertainments. Let every girl deliberate long and wisely before she rejects the benefits of fresh air, healthy exercise, social intercourse and an incalculable amount of genuine fun. We all pray that athletics may live long and abundantly prosper. And when athletics is strengthening our lungs, and heightening the color of our cheeks and brightening our eyes, let us stop for an instant, and join with the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE in three long hearty cheers for Miss Hill and physical training!

The Free Press.

I.

We people of this Wellesley world may be over-conscientious in certain respects, but we can hardly be said to thus err in the little matter of committees and quorums. We may peacefully rest on the assurance that, however much alive to the hoarding of our precious individual time, we can never be accused of experiencing any extraordinary anxiety regarding the golden moments of our fellow-sufferers. It is forty minutes after the appointed hour, when we present ourselves unabashed at a rehearsal, which is thereby so prolonged as to compel seven girls to cut chapel on the morrow. (No mention shall be made of their rash expenditure of a patience which will therefore be found wanting, when needed for more worthy objects.) We habitually absent ourselves from class meetings even when we know that a large quorum is essential. We thus gain an hour for academic work, and sixty girls lose the best part of several evenings, before beginning the accomplishment of necessary elections. If chairman of some committee, we bring ill-digested plans before the helpless creatures, whose time, unprotected by the law is wholly at our tyrannical disposal. We playfully idle with the subject on hand, delivering ourselves meanwhile of a variety of personal remarks, whose bearings on the particular question under considera tion would fail to be brought out by a high power microscope. Then lo! to our mild surprise, we discover that fleet-footed Time has not paused for our own convenience. Each member of the weary and famished committee is half an hour late to dinner, and our future corps of laborers is forever after a trifle less cheerful and enthusiastic, unless more conspicuously noble than average mortals

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Verily, whatever our faults, and we frankly acknowledge that we are not quite perfection, we never have shown indications of nervous prostration due to anxiety for the protection of our neighbors' time. K., '94.

II.

The students of Wellesley College have long been accustomed to regard the library as one of the chief glories of the institution, and to many of us it has become endeared by several years of association, and by the memory of hard battles fought and won within its walls. To these, and to others, not at all affected by sentimental considerations, but who regard the library as a convenient, and, indeed, the only, place for study in the Main Building, the condition of the room this year has been a source of great annoyance. Not long ago I repaired to this place of wisdom for a quiet wrestle with the philosophy of Carlyle. Soon, however, was borne in upon me not "the noise of rushing waters," but the tramp of many feet. There must be something peculiar about the ordinary Wellesley walking shoe, it never was very fairy-like, but surely the unprecedented interest in athletics must have had the effect of increasing the strength of the shoes, as well as of the wearers. Are the Wellesley girls shod with iron now-a-days, or why do they come down upon their heels with increasing emphasis and decision, especially in the library where a general carefulness in movement is supposed to be in order? Indeed, after listening to the tramping through alcoves and in and out among tables for an hour, one is ready to wish that our library were modelled on the plan of a Moslem mosque, where the students should put their shoes from off their feet before entering!

At last, however, some few of these sure-footed damsels seemed to settle down in peace, and I returned to Carlyle, but for a moment only! What was that buzzing? Only the sound of many voices! The library is such an excellent place to discuss all your affairs with your best friend! I retired to an alcove only to find it occupied by five juniors, who seemed to be holding an impromptu class meeting. Above me, in the gallery, some kind-hearted soul was reading aloud in a distinctly perceptible monotone. In despair, I looked toward the door, and saw a vision of hope looming up in the vicinity—a member of the faculty! Surely, her calm presence will have a perceptible quieting effect upon the multitude. With firm and emphatic step she advanced to our librarian's desk (for we really have one!), but the conversation did not cease, there was added thereunto an increment which was the despair of every quiet-loving student in the room.

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I waited to see what would happen next, for the scene was more fascinating than even Carlyle. Soon my meditations were interrupted by a rapid breathing into my left ear, and my chair began to tip backward in a most alarming manner. In terror I looked over my shoulder, only to see a harmless student, who was examining the titles of the row of books on the table in front of me, and who was simply using my chair to support her weary frame as she did so. Even as I looked, she passed along on the backs of the other chairs, leaving me to study in peace, when *bang!*—what was that? A book had descended upon my notebook, apparently from the ceiling, and shook the whole table as it did so. There is no cause for surprise in the mind of the casual observer, that is only a little way we have here at Wellesley of returning books—no book to be returned except as it is tossed at a distance of from two to four feet. The student is thus trained in accuracy of aim, and is also enabled to proceed some yards on her way rejoicing before the book lands. Next, my attention was called to the dictionary fiend. I do not know whether the species is peculiar to the Wellesley library or not, but do most devoutly hope that it is! This year the fiend seems to be oftener a freshman than anything else. She possesses herself of a large dictionary, seats herself beside you, and begins a vigorous shuffling of leaves and banging of covers, interspersed with little grunts indicative of satisfaction (or otherwise) and shows a zeal in well doing which is truly beautiful to see and hear. Just then the bell rang and my study of Carlyle was finished.

E. F. P., '94.

III.

Although the idea of compulsion in regard to religious matters is so unpleasant to us all, do we not exaggerate the evils, if we may so call them, of our present chapel system? It seems to an observer, that the excuse system, used here at Wellesley, is a happy compromise between the extreme radicalism of doing away altogether with a required chapel attendance, and the extreme conservatism which brooks no disregard of arbitrary law. To an extent, therefore, our chapel service is now voluntary. If any excuse presented by a student is accepted by the authorities, then it rests with the honor and womanliness of each student to regulate her own attendance. She may, or may not, as she chooses, allow trivial matters to interfere in this regard. Of course, to those who wish to cease attendance upon this service, the system offers no advantages, but are the large majority of Wellesley girls of this class? Most of those who object to the present regime, would probably attend chapel nearly as often as now under an

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entirely voluntary system. If, then, we are thus allowed to regulate our attendance, should we denounce the system as one of "compulsory chapel"? Let us not growl, merely for the sake of growling. E. N. K., '94.

IV.

Miss Calkins calls the attention of those who are interested in the subjects of "Colored Hearing" and of "Forms" to reprints from the summary of results of the Wellesley "Census," which may be found in Alcove 3 of the library and in the psychological laboratory.

Book Reviews.

THE WHITE ISLANDER. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of "The Romance of Dollard," etc., illustrated by Francis Day and Henry Sandham. 12mo, 164 pages, cloth, $1.25.

"The White Islander," a romance of the Indian massacre at Mackinac, was originally published in "The Century." The story gains much, however, by being read in book form, for, with the exception of the brilliant situation in the last chapter there is not enough of surprise or of action to carry the interest forward. The heroine, Marie, is a young French girl, who has from childhood formed a part of the family of the Indian Chief of Mackinac, her only acquaintance having been the Chief Womatom, a half-witted English boy, the Indian grandmother and the French priest. The keynote of the character is given in the priest's words: "There are women who have a vocation for loving as plain as others have for the holy life." The chief interest of the story lies in the portrayal of Marie's development from girl to woman under the influence of this master passion, and of Womatom's inner struggles between honor and native treachery. The wily character of the chief is very subtly portrayed. Mrs. Catherwood's work has received the stamp of approval of Francis Parkman, the historian, as to its historical accuracy.

TO GYPSYLAND. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell, author of "Play in Provence," "Our Sentimental Journey," etc., illustrated by Jas. Pennell. 12mo, 240 pages, cloth, $1.50.

A delightful book for these hazy Indian-summer days is Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "To Gypsy Land." The author is a niece of Charles G. Leland of Philadelphia, who has made gypsies and gypsy-lore the study of his life. Mrs. Pennell imbibed the love for the Romany people from her uncle, and while a young girl, living in Philadelphia, she began her search in quest of the genial gypsy. The

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book is, in the main, an account of the travels of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell through Hungary, but no portion is quite as romantically interesting as the first chapters in which the anthor describes her gypsy friends of the City of Brotherly Love. The plaintive, impassioned music of the Romany Czardas is in the words, moving now to laughter, now to tears. A part of "To Gypsyland" was published in "The Century," the new matter includes thirty illustrations by Mr. Pennell.

CLASSIC MYTHS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by Charles Mill Gayley, Professor of the English language and literature in the University of California. Published by Ginn & Company.

This book is edited as an aid to the study of English literature, its aim being to make familiar the commonplaces of literary allusion, reference and tradition, and thus to open up the imaginative reaches of our finest English poetry to its readers. The work is based upon Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," but all myths have been omitted save those which have "actually acclimated themselves in English-speaking lands, and have influenced the spirit, form and habit of English imaginative thought." The portions retained have been re-arranged and revised and Prof. Gayley has added several chapters on the origin, elements, preservation and distribution of myth. The Greek myths of the creation, the attributes of Greek divinities, the houses concerned in the Trojan War and old Norse and German heroes. A distinctive feature of the book is a commentary which contains not only explanations of textual difficulties, and the various interpretations of the myths under discussion, but also references to poems and masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture and painting which illustrate them.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS. By Henry B. Fuller. Mr. Fuller, who is known to the public through the *Chevalier de Pensieri Vani* and *Chatelaine de la Trinité*, has written a novel about Chicago. The "Cliff-dwellers" are business men who spend their days in the high down-town buildings constituting the city's "mountain scenery," and it is a suggestive fact that the interest of the story centres in business life and business men rather than in social circles. If we grant the people of the book to be typical Chicago characters, their lack of tone and finish justify all the jeers it has been customary to hurl at the society of the Windy City. Not a ray of sweetness and light penetrates the dismal atmosphere in which the Cliff-dwellers grub for money, and the few glimmering aspirations of the hero from Boston only suffice to disclose the utter commonplaceness of the scene.

A few phrases impress the reader. The large business firm which "has its brains in Boston and its stomach in Chicago" stays on the mind, and the asser-

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tion that in this latter city "the predominance of the *prominent* citizen makes superfluous the existence of the *eminent* citizen" may have a grain of truth as well as of picturesqueness. Cornelia Mac Nabb, who "will show pa and ma all the sights, or her name's Mac Mudd" is as breezy and enterprising as Chicago herself, but the other women share her slang and bad manners without displaying her characteristic dash and real ability. Cecilia Ingalls, who like Cecilia de Noël, is quoted by everybody for chapters without appearing on the scene, is rather inadequate, and the charge that it is for such women that houses like the Clifton are built and men like the Cliff-dwellers struggle and perish, impresses one as flimsy and insincere. The flinty old banker, whose family is the first on which the story hangs, is not likely to coin millions for anything, so nearly altruistic as a beautiful wife — his own entertainment and the instinct for accumulation are his sole incentives.

The carelessness, the daring and the rush of Chicago life are well reflected, and if the book were written by an outsider, one would say his glance had been quick and true, although superficial. The force, the character and the cosmopolitanism of the place do not appear and their neglect can hardly fail to brand the author as another "prophet not without honor save in his own country." Mr. Fuller paints the bigness of Chicago and perhaps that is enough to do in one novel, but he has left aside her greatness. He has pictured her money-getting but has not touched her money-giving. The Clifton may be the biggest business house in the city, it can not be the soundest. The Cliff-dwellers might achieve the packing-house, or possibly the auditorium, they could never even conceive the White City.

Books Received.

Livre de Lecture et de Conversation, by C. Fontaine, Director of French instruction in the High Schools of Washington, D. C. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

La Prise de la Bastille, by J. Michelet. Edited and annotated by Jules Lugniens, Professor of Modern Languages in Yale University. Ginn & Co., publishersr

Popular Science. A French reader, edited and annotated by Jules Lugniens, Ph. D. Ginn & Co., publishers.

The Seventh Book of Virgil's Æneid. Edited by Wm. C. Collar, Head-master of the Roxbury Latin School. Ginn & Co., publishers.

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Exchanges.

Athletics occupy a large space in the October magazines. Wellesley is not alone in her appreciation of out-door sports.

The "Williams Literary Monthly" opens its centennial number with a very interesting description of the college in 1856, given by Washington Gladden, "one who belonged in a remote antiquity to the fraternity of college editors." He describes Williamstown, the college buildings, faculty and academic courses, as well as societies, college papers and athletics of that day.

The "Bowdoin Orient" of Oct. 18 gives a number of proposed college yells. None of them seem exactly satisfactory.

The "Inlander" is one of the best of the literary magazines. "Waiting at Creed's Crossing," a story in last month's issue, is both pathetic and full of that truth to nature which touches all humanity.

The "Trinty Tablet" appears upon our table in a new form. As it indicates in its editorial, it has "doffed its fancy garments and settled down as a plain member of the working world." It contains some very good verse, the best being translations from the French and German.

The October number of the "Mount Holyoke" devotes itself quite largely to verse. The Kodak is unusually good.

The "Unit" speaks quite strongly in favor of the cap and gown.

The "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" is almost entirely given over to fiction. Although the first number of this magazine was issued in June, 1892, yet it has been decided to begin the volumes uniformly with the October issue.

The verse of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is of a higher order than that of most of the magazines. Its fiction is almost always pure and interesting.

The October number of the "College Student" contains a very scholarly article, "On Reading," by Prof. J. B. Kieffer, Ph. D.

We quote from the "University Beacon": "A tract of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Natick has been sold to a syndicate which intends to build a college for women similar to Wellesley." Truly, if we trust the Beacon, we go far away to learn home news.

The department, "Brown Verse," in the "Brunonian" has an especial charm for the reader of college literature. The verse for last month was quite varied in quality.

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The "Cornell Magazine" begins, with its October number, the sixth year of its existence. It reprints such articles of its constitution as are of public interest. The number is an especially attractive one. It devotes eight pages to an article on "Aquatics," which, however, is more interesting to Cornell students than to outside readers.

The "Lafayette" announces with great rejoicing that the final adoption of the cap and gown has at last been made. It remarks later that "the class of '86 introduced caps and gowns, but they were so unmercifully guyed by townspeople that they disposed of them."

The October issue of the "Yale Literary Magazine" contains the Deforest prize oration, "Joseph Ernest Renan," by Winthrop Edwards Dwight of New Haven. It also has a very interesting paper on "Literary Criticism in College Writing," the truth of which cannot fail to strike home to every college student. Do we often write as we talk? Does not "exceeding solemnity" characterize the typical college essay?

The "Columbia Spectator," Oct. 9, rejoices in the acquisition by Columbia College of Prof. George R. Carpenter, who will fill the place left vacant by Prof. John D. Quackenboss. The face of Prof. Carpenter, as it looks forth from the pages of the "Spectator," seems very familiar to a Wellesley student.

The verse for the preceding month is both plentiful and of unusual quality. The "Vassar Miscellany" has perhaps the best. Nearly all the poetry wears the fall coloring, and it is noticeable that the subjects most often favored are "Autumn" and "October." We quote the following:

CLOUDLAND.

Over the hills at the clsoe of day,
  Gazing with listless-seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,
  The sunlit clouds of the western skies.

Margery sighs with vague regret,
  As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
Till night has come, and the sun has set,
  And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.

What are you dreaming, my little maid?
  For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know;
What were the words that the wild wind said,
  And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships go?

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Come through the window and touch her hair,
  Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
  But kiss her softly, and let her sleep.

—*Herbert Müller Hopkins*, in "Columbia Literary Monthly."

GENTIANS.

(*After Aldrich.*)

I know a broken woodland,
  That melts into a meadow,
All filled with slender reed-grass,
  Where, searching high and low,
You'll find the blue-eyed gentians,
The shy, fringe-lidded gentians,
September's own blue gentians,
  That in the marshes grow.

There purple astors tremble,
The golden-rod, sweet miser,
Is hoarding his last treasures,
  And loath to let them go.
And there between the showers,
Uplifting doubtful faces,
You'll find the first blue gentians,
  That in the marshes grow.

VASSAR MISCELLANY.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

When morning breaks what fortune waits for me?
What ships shall rise from out the misty sea?
  What friends shall clasp my hand in fond farewell?
  What dream-wrought castles, as night's clouds dispel,
Shall raise their sun-kissed towers upon the lea?

To-night, the moon-queen shining wide and free,
To-night the sighing breeze, the song, and thee;
  But time is brief. What cometh, who can tell,
          When morning breaks?

To-night, to-night, then happy let us be!
To-night, to-night, life's shadowy cares shall flee!
  And though the dawn come in with chime or knell,
  When night recalls its last bright sentinel
I shall, at least, have memories left to me,
          When morning breaks.

—*Edward A. Raleigh*, "Cornell Magazine."

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College Notes.

The out-door athletics are now in full swing. Each freshman is required to choose and engage in some particular sport. Tennis, basket-ball, base-ball. golf, and scientific pedestrianism, have all enthusiastic adherents. Basket-ball seems to be the favorite and every afternoon the campus is taken possession of by eighteen shouting and excited players. Not only the freshman, but all of the upper classes have gotten up basket-ball teams. We now rival our brothers in the way of black eyes and injured limbs.

Ninety-four has completely reorganized its class-crew. The members of the new crew are: Marion Canfield, captain; Grace Edwards, Effie MacMillan, Helen MacMillan, Edna Pressey, Mabel Dodge, Laura Mattoon, Theodora Skidmore, Helen Stahr, Alice Wood, Eleanor Chace, Artemesia Stone, Isabelle Campbell and Mabel Learoyd.

On Saturday evening, October 14, the senior, junior and sophomore classes held their annual elections. The following is the result of this and subsequent meetings: Officers of '94: Vice-president, Helen Foss; recording secretary, Ruby Bridgman; corresponding secretary, Marion Anderson; treasurer, Isabelle Campbell; first historian, Mary Clemmer Tracy; second historian, Louise Boswell; factotums, Harriet Friday and Mabel Learoyd; executive committee, A. Theodora Skidmore, Roxana Vivian, Eleanore N. Kellogg. Officers of '96: President, Joanna Parker; vice-president, Martha H. Shackford; recording secretary, Helen F. Cooke; corresponding secretary, Julia H. Lyman; treasurer, Cora E. Stoddard; historians, S. Virginia Sherwood and Sarah Hadley; factotums, Mattie A. Bullis and Amy F. Boutelle; executive committee, Sarah L. Swett, Clara L. Willis, Clara Keene. Officers of '95: President, Helen Kelsey; vice-president, Grace D. Sweetzer; recording secretary, Louise Warren; corresponding Secretary, Mary Field; treasurer, Edith La Rue Jones; historians, Sarah Weed and Martha Waterman; factotums, Helen Blakeslee and Sybil Boynton; executive committee, Louise McNair and Gertrude Jones.

Miss Sherwood is to live in Boston this winter, coming out to Wellesley three days in the week. Her Boston address is No. 11 Irvington Street.

Miss Tuttle has been at the college several times for a few days' visit.

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The class of '95 had a social on Monday afternoon, October 16. The Sophomore history was given.

On Monday afternoon, October 23, the first "afternoon tea" was given by nine members of the junior class in College Hall. A number of outside guests were invited and the affair was very successful.

Dr. Shafer spent about two weeks in Chicago during October. On her way she attended the centennial anniversay of Williams College.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 21, Mrs. Stebbins, the head of the Delsarte School in American, spoke in the chapel. Mrs. Stebbins illustrated and explained the Delsarte methods, and compared them with the Swedish system.

The Tennis Association has been temporarily dissolved.

Miss Vivian, '94, and Miss Boarman, '97, had a runaway accident. The wagon was smashed; Miss Vivian escaped unhurt, but Miss Boarman sustained some injury.

'96 had their first class-history on Monday afternoon, Oct. 23. A minstrel show was the feature of the entertainment.

The Beethoven Club of Boston gave a concert in the chapel on Monday evening, October 23. In spite of the rain, the chapel was crowded with an audience full of enthusiasm for the old favorites.

Miss Emily Porter, '94, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill-health.

Mr. William Clarke of the *London Chronicle* gave a series of three lectures at Wellesley. The first lecture, Monday, October 16, was on the Development of Socialism in England. Mr. Clarke stated that socialism originated in England, the home of machine manufacture, and not in France or Germany. He then gave a sketch of the various socialistic movements up to the present time. The second lecture, October 25, was on the Government of London, particularly the London County Council and the aims of its progressive socialist majority. The third lecture, October 30, was on the London Working Classes. After the lecture the members of the Agora were invited to meet Mr. Clarke in the faculty parlor. Mr. Clarke is a member of the Fabian Society of England and was sent by that society as a delegate to the Labor Congress in Chicago. He has been giving lectures in Boston at the Wells Memorial and at Perkins Hall.

Miss Harriet Blake gave a tea on Monday, Nov. 6, to the new members of the Shakespeare Society.

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Many Wellesley people went in to the meeting to describe the work and outlook of the College Settlements Association which was held at Chickering Hall, Boston, on October 30. Extremely interesting and encouraging reports from each settlement were given, and Miss Scudder spoke eloquently of the future of the college settlement movement.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by each of the college buildings in its own way. College Hall had the usual fancy dress supper, and it was particularly good this year, although a few of the tables did not dress. At Stone Hall some of the seniors gave a farce which was followed by a sheet and pillow-case party, and dance in the parlor. Those who did not dance roasted apples and chestnuts and marshmallows before the fire; the Eliot had a candy-scrape; Norumbega had a sheet and pillow-case party; Howells' farce "The Sleeping Car" was given at Simpson; Freeman had a fancy dress ball, and Wood had a Hallowe'en party, with the especial attraction of outside guests.

On Monday evening, November 6, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich gave an organ recital in the chapel.

On Saturday evening, November 4, the seniors and the members of the class in American literature were invited to meet Mrs. ex-Governor Claflin in the faculty parlor. Mrs. Claflin read extracts from her recently published book, "Reminiscences of Whittier." Mrs. Claflin was for many years the personal friend of the poet, and she made his personality seem very real to her audience.

Dr. Pauline Root of India spoke at the November missionary meeting; she gave a brief but extremely interesting account of her work as a medical missionary among the women of Southern India.

Miss Scudder addressed the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association on November 3. She told of her experiences while in residence at Denison House, and of the practical and theoretical aspects of the Settlement work at present.

The residents of Denison House are anxious that every Saturday afternoon some of the Wellesley girls should go in to assist them in amusing the children who come to the settlement to play. Any one who cares to go may make arrangements with Miss Helen Kelsey.

Among the visitors at college during the past month have been Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80; Grace Underwood and Martha McCaulley, '92; Carrie

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Hardwick, Alice Campbell, Betty Keith, Agnes Damon, Florence Monroe and Fan Sanderson, '93; Katherine Lord, Mabel Mason, '95; Dawn Fernald, '96.

Fräulein Beinhorn of Brunswick, Germany, is to assist the German department as instructor.

Professor Niles took the class in geology on an excursion to Newton Upper Falls on Monday, November 6.

Plans are out for the new athletic field. It is to be 100 yards long and to afford accommodation for running, jumping, base-ball, cricket, golf and foot-ball. The site chosen is between Stone Hall and the lake and work is to be begun on it this fall. The class of '97, with the energy of youth, have undertaken to raise $1,250 for this purpose, before Christmas.

A mass meeting was held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, to celebrate the results of the recent elections. Miss Laughlin, as president of the Agora, presided. After the singing of some patriotic songs, Miss Laughlin introduced the discussion by saying that the meeting was to celebrate the triumph of no party, but the triumph of purity and justice, in the defeat of Judge Maynard and the Tammany Ring in New York, and of the New Jersey legislature which licensed race-track gambling; in the triumph of Illinois over Anarchy; in the legalization of woman's suffrage by Colorado. In response to Miss Laughlin's call for general remarks, Miss Buffington rose to proclaim her joy as a patriotic Democrat at the defeat of Tammany. Miss Peterson spoke of the recent victories as a triumph over indifference. Miss Kellogg spoke on the suffrage vote in Colorado, what it meant for the past and for the future. Miss Young told how all party lines had vanished in New Jersey before the desire to defeat the "Race-track Legislature." A song was sung which was composed especially for this occasion, and the Simpson girls enlivened the meeting with frequent yells.

On the evening of Nov. 15, an enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the Gymnasium, to celebrate the recent elections in New York, New Jersey, Illinois and Colorado. Gail Laughlin, Julia Buffington, Anna Peterson, Alice Kellogg, '94, and Elva Young, '96, were the speakers. The national songs were given, under the leadership of Helen Foss and the Glee Club.

Pipes are being laid to put water from the village water-works into College Hall. This will give a greater supply of water on the fourth floor, and also give an increased pressure in case of fire.

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Mr. Horace Scudder spoke in the chapel on Monday evening, Nov. 13, on the Educational Law of Reading and Writing. Mr. Scudder showed that the substitution of truly great literature for our school readers would, at that age when the imagination and the imitative power are most active, greatly widen the spiritual and mental life of the child and of the man.

Miss Wilson invited the class of '95 to hold their class social at her home in South Natick on Saturday evening, Nov. 11. Hostess and guests alike had a royally good time.

Prince Wolkonsky, Russian Imperial Commissioner to the World's Fair, visited Wellesley on Friday, Nov. 10, in company with Mrs. Palmer. The prince addressed the students in the chapel on the Higher Education for Women in Russia. After the lecture, he was greeted by the girls with the usual cheers, and went to Norumbega for dinner.

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Society Notes.

On Saturday evening, October 28, the Shakespeare Society accepted the kind invitation of its alumnæ members, Misses Conant, Bigelow and Hall of '84, to hold its regular meeting at their Home School in Natick. The following new members were formally received: Mary Mudgett, '96; Carlotta Swett, '96; Cornelia Park, '96, and Ada Belfield, '96. The regular programme was given and was as follows:—

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I.	Shakespeare News	S. Virginia Sherwood.
II.	Foreshadowings in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" of later and greater drama .	Elizabeth Bartholomew.
III.	Talk. Launce and Speed Typical of Shakespeare's Wit	Sarah Ellen Capps.
IV.	Dramatic Representation—"Two Gentlemen of Verona." Act II. Scene III.	
V.	The Character Quadrangle in "Two Gentlemen of Verona"	Adeline Lois Bonney.
VI.	Dramatic Representation—"Two Gentlemen of Verona." Act. V. Scene IV.	
VII.	Lyric Tendency of the Play	Jean Evans.

After the adjournment delightful refreshments were served and an informal social time was enjoyed. The Society then bade its hostesses farewell and drove off cheering for Shakespeare, Wellesley and Eighty-four.

The first programme meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of October 6.

Subject for the Semester:—

Studies of Cotemporary American Life.

I.

The Social American.

I.	Types of American Homes	Anna H. Blauvelt.
II.	Fads and Fashions	Clara L. Willis.
	Illustrative Costumes:	
	"1798"	Marion Canfield.
	"1803"	Adelaide V. Schoonover.
	"1840"	Agnes L. Caldwell.
	"Dress Reform"	Helen N. Blakeslee.

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III. Song . . . . . Elizabeth M. Wood.
IV. Studies:
a. The American Boy . . . . . Kate W. Nelson.
b. The American Girl . . . . Grace L. Addeman.
V. The Social American, drawn by Howells, James and Warner . . . . . Alice W. Kellogg.

At the regular meeting of Zeta Alpha, held October 28, the following programme was presented:

Studies of Cotemporary American Life.

II.

The Business American.

I. Alliances Offensive and Defensive . . . Alethea Ledyard.
II. The Uncrowned Kings of America . . . Helen Dennis.
III. Music . . . . . Adelaide V. Schoonover.
IV. Ranching in the West . . . . . Marion Canfield.
V. Mexican Song . Duet by Kate W. Nelson and Elizabeth M. Wood.
VI. Woman in Business . . . . . Elizabeth H. Peale.

Miriam Wickwire Newcomb, '94, Edith La Rue Jones, '95, and M. Denison Wilt, '97, were initiated into the society's membership.

The Art Society met in the Art Gallery, Oct. 13. Lucy E. Willcox was formally received into the society. Prof. Denio then read a paper, introductory to the work of the semester on "Native and Foreign Artists in France to the Close of the Sixteenth Century." After the report of "Art News" by Caroline King, the following tableaux were presented:—

I. Court of Ladies of Queen Anne of Brittany . Waller I. Bullock.
II. Charlotte of Sevoy, wife of Louis XI. . . Lucy Willcox.
III. Dance by Torchlight at Court of Burgundy
La Duchesse . . . . . Alice Norcross.
La Bon Duc Philes . . . . . Harriet A. Friday.
Mademoiselle de Chemay . . . Lucy Willcox.

At a meeting of the Art Society, Oct. 28, Miss Christine Brooks, '94, was received into the society. The subject of the meeting was French Art in the Seventeenth Century, the Age of Louis XIV., and the following programme was presented:—

Historical and Literary Aspects of the Period, including
Fashions and Social Life . . . . . Alma Hippen.

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Art Organizations of the Period . . . . . Ruby Bridgman.
Chief Artists of the Period and their Work . . Effie McMillan.
Tableaux: Illustration of Costumes of the Period .
Caroline King, Alice Wood.
Mme. de Sévigny . . . . . Christine Brooks.

At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, Oct. 21, the following programme was presented: —

The Decoration of Attic Homes . . . . . Miss Simmons.
Painting as used in the Temples of Greece . . Miss Thayer.
Polygnotus . . . . . Miss Perkins.
The Romans as Borrowers in Painting . . . Miss Leonard.
The Music of their Religious Rites . . . . . Miss Kahn.
The Music of the Drama . . . . . Miss Kneen.

The subject to be studied by the Phi Sigma Fraternity during the present semester is, The Russian Novelists. The first programme meeting of the year was held on Oct. 18. The following programme was presented: —

Gogol.

1. Russian National Hymn . . . . . Mary W. Miller.
2. Slavic Characteristics . . . . . Ethel Stanwood.
3. Sketch of the Development of Russian Literature, Emily Shultz.
4. Russian Folk Songs . . . . . Helen Foss.
5. Gogol: the Man and the Author . . . . . Elizabeth Stark.
6. Gogol's Place in the Development of a Russian National Literature . . . . . Edith Judson.

The second meeting of the Alpha Chapter, Nov. 4, was on Turgénef. The following programme was presented: —

1. Sketch of the Life of Turgénef . . . . . Mabel Davison.
2. Turgénef as a Realist . . . . . May Pitkin.
3. Music . . . . . Helen James.
4. The Political Import of the Works of Turgénef . Marion Mitchell.
5. Selections from "Poems in Prose" . . . . Alice Schouler.
6. Music . . . . . Mary W. Miller.

At the regular meeting of the Agora held Oct. 28, Misses Annie E. Cobb, '96, Clara Benson, '95, Sarah Hadley, '96, Edith Rhodes, '96, and Helena DeCou, '96, were initiated.

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Programme.

History of Silver Legislation up to July, 1890 .	Miss Eleanor Kellogg.
The Sherman Bill	Miss Arline Smith.
Free Coinage and Other Propositions of the Silver Men	Miss Ora Slater.

The programme was followed by an informal discussion of the Silver Question.

Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held Saturday, Oct 28, at the home of Miss Louise Brown, 1 West 81st street, New York. The president, Mrs. Herbert K. Twitchell, presided. After the transaction of the necessary business the club had the pleasure of listening to a piano solo by Miss McMartin. Two letters were read from Wellesley — one from Miss Mary S. Case of the faculty, and one from Miss Edith Jones of the class of '95. The members of the club were very much interested in hearing of the recent changes which have come to the college. The remainder of the afternoon was spent socially.

Miss Malina A. Gilkey, '76-'78, is in the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Mary H. Putnam Hart, '78-'81, is spending a year abroad.

Miss Marian Marsh, '80, formerly instructor in the chemistry department, has returned to her work at the Woman's Medical College in New York.

Miss Laura Jones, '82, is studying at Chicago University.

Mrs. Daniel Jones, mother of Alice Jones, '83, died in Stoneham, Oct. 20, 1893.

Miss Louise H. R. Grieve, Sp. '83-'84, received the degree of M. D. last June from the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. She will continue her studies this winter at the Post-Graduate Hospital of New York.

Miss Lucia G. Grieve, '83, is taking a post-graduate course in Greek and Oriental languages at Columbia College, New York.

Miss Ellen A. Vinton, '84, has returned to her position as teacher of English literature in Norfolk College, Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Hayward, formerly Miss Clara Ames, '84, is at home in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Annie Manning, '86, received the degree of M. D. last June from the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. During the summer she has been Dr. Victor's substitute in the surgical clinic of the New York Infirmary.

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Miss Martha Moorhead, Sp. '86-'88, is a practising physician at 46 St. John street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Miss Augusta Johnson, '86-'88, has been enjoying an extended trip in the West, visiting Mrs. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth in Boulder, Col., and Miss Jane Freeman in Montana; also Yellowstone Park with Miss Groff.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, '86, has been in the Massachusetts State Building at the Columbian Exposition during the summer. Miss Wallace holds a fellowship at Chicago University and has charge of one of the dormitories.

Miss Florence M. Fisherdick, '89, is teaching in Meriden, Conn.

Miss Katherine Horton, '89, has been in England with Miss Evelyn Barrows.

Miss Ruth Abbott and Miss Caroline Drew, '89, are at the Curtis School for boys, Brookfield Centre, Conn.

Miss Isabel Stone, '89, has had charge of the exhibit of the Daughters of the Revolution at the World's Fair.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, has been at Hull House, Chicago, during the summer.

Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89, has lately had stories in "Short Stories" and a quartrain in "Music." Some verses of hers have also come out in "Vogue," and the "New England Magazine" published a sonnet in the spring.

Miss Louisa B. Gerl, '89, is preceptress in Hancock Union School and Academy, Hancock, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Herbert Kenaston Twitchell, formerly Miss Mary A. Edwards, '89, is 214 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Sarah Groff, '89, has not been abroad, as was stated in the October MAGAZINE. She spent the summer in Montana with Miss Jane Freeman, '90. She included Yellowstone Park and the Fair in her trip.

Miss Mary Fish, '90, is first assistant in Deering High School, Deering, Me.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, retains her former position as principal of the High School, Somerset, Mass.

The following members of '90 remain in the positions they held last year: Caroline E. Noble at Hempstead, Long Island; Mary E. Woodin at Millington, N. J.; Annie M. Linscott at Hyde Park, Mass. Alice M. Richardson, '90, is in the library at Northfield, Mass.

Miss Helen McGregor Clarke, '90, is teaching in the Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Conn.

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Miss Jane Freeman, '90, is making her home with her brothers on a cattle ranch in Montana. Her address is Castle, Meagher Co., Montana.

Miss Anne L. Bosworth, '90, is at the Rhode Island College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, Kingston, R. I.

Miss Mary V. Fitch, '90, is teaching in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Alice C. Baldwin, '90, is teaching in Philadelphia.

The engagement of Miss Mary Fitch, '90, to Mr. Warren E. Fuller of New York is announced.

Miss Esther Bailey, '91, is teaching in the High School at Arlington, Mass.

Miss Grace Eastman and Miss Myrtie Avery, both of '91, are in the Regent's office, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Josephine Redfield, '91, is teaching in the Steran School, 4106 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, is head of the English department at Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '91, is teaching at her home, Gloversville, N. Y.

Miss Louise Danielson, '91, is teaching at Southington, Conn.

Mlss Grace Jackson, 91, is doing graduate work in Latin and Greek at Chicago University.

Miss Jane K. Weatherlow, '91, is pursuing graduate work in English at Chicago University.

Miss Clara Buck, '92, and Miss Edith Thomson, '92, are at home for the winter.

Miss Alice Newman, '92, is studying in the Library School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Dora Bay Emerson is studying quantitative analysis in Chicago University.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, 92, is taking courses in poetics and social science in the Chicago University.

Miss Therese Stanton, '92, is teaching in Miss Williams' school, 4 Linden street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Frances Lance, '92, who is teaching in the Marblehead High School, is studying Anglo-Saxon under the direction of Miss Weaver, at the college.

Miss Sara Williams, '92, is teaching in Warren, Ohio. Her address is 812 St. Paul's street.

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Miss Mary Reed Eastman, '92, is at the Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Mabel Glover, '92, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.

Miss Myra Jacobus, formerly of '92, is at home in East Los Angelos, engaged in teaching private pupils.

Miss Frances C. Lance, '92, is again teaching in Marlborough, Mass., this year.

Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, has returned to Wellesley to take her second degree in literature.

Miss Blanche A. Clay, '92, is at her home in Boston.

Miss Florence A. Wing, '92, will spend the winter iu Chicago, where she is studying violin with Max Bendix. Her address is 3985 Drexel Boulevard.

Miss Gertrude L. Woodin, '92, is assistant in the High School at Westfield, N J.

Miss Marion Weston Cottle, Sp. '92-'93, is with Mrs. Sherman-Raymond at the Hoffman House, Boston, where she is studying violin with Mrs. Raymond and Prof. C. N. Allen.

Miss Lila Tayler, '93, is teaching mathematics in a college preparatory school at Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss Mary Brigham Hill, '93, is studying literature at Harvard.

Miss Eleanor Schleicher, '93, is teaching at Eagle Pass, Texas.

Miss Bertha Anderson, '93, is in the Misses Anable's school, New Brunswick, N. J.

Miss Grace G. Rickey, '93, is teaching in the High School, Woodstock, Vt.

Miss Ida E. Woods, '93, is at the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Scandlin, '93, is announced.

Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, '93, is studying economics at Yale.

Miss Josephine Simrall, '93, is at home in Covington, Ky.

Miss Harriet Chapman, '93, is studying medicine in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Sarah H. Hickenlooper, formerly of '94, is studying at the Art Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Maud Thompson, '94, will spend the winter in Redlands and Santa Anna, Cal.

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College Bulletin.

President Shafer will be at home to students and other friends at Norumbega on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Thursday,	Nov. 16.	Dr. McKenzie.
Sunday,	Nov. 19.	Dr. Walcott Calkins.
Monday,	Nov. 20.	Concert.
Sunday,	Nov. 26.	Rev. S. A. Fuller.
Monday,	Nov. 27.	Professor Goodale.
Thursday,	Nov. 30.	Thanksgiving Day.
Sunday,	Dec. 3.	Dr. D. Merriman.
Monday,	Dec. 4.	Concert.
Sunday,	Dec. 10.	Dr. J. L. Hurlburt.

Wednesday, Dec. 13, 5 P. M. College closes for Christmas vacation.

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Marriages.

HITCHCOCK — HILL. At Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1893, Helen Hill, '76-'78, and Rev. Charles Edward Hitchcock.

KESSLER — DUNBAR. At St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 26th, 1893, Anna Dunbar, '87-'87, and Richard Holmes Kessler.

FULTON — TINKER. At Bristol, Conn., Sept. 13, 1893, Gertrude Lynn Tinker, '88, and J. Gault Fulton. At home in Anchorage, Jefferson Co., Kentucky.

TIBBETS — CILLEY. Sept. 13, 1893, Grace Cilley, once of the class of '90, and Captain Tibbets.

JONES — TYLER. At Tylerville, Conn., June 22, 1893, Mary Noyes Tyler, '90, and Frederick Hall Jones.

PRESTON — BROWN. At Woburn, Mass., Sept. 27, 1893, Lena Brown and Elwyn Greeley Preston. Address, 33 Jason St., Arlington, Mass.

VALENTINE — PORTER. At Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 1, 1893, Mabel Anna Porter, '91, and I. Forest Valentine.

DILLINGHAM — FREAR. At Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, Aug. 1, 1893, Mary Emma Dillingham, '93, and Walter Francis Frear.

Deaths.

In Phœnix, Arizona, Oct. 18, '93, Mabelle Little, '94.

Whereas — It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His Providence, to take to Himself our classmate and friend, Mabelle Little, be it

Resolved — That we, the Class of Ninety-four of Wellesley College, extend to her family, in their sorrow, our most heartfelt sympathy, finding comfort for them and for ourselves, in her beautiful life and character, and

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and be published in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

For the class { FANNIE BRADLEY GREENE.
MARY LOUISE WETHERBEE.
ARTEMISIA STONE.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY, AS FOUND IN BROWNING'S POETRY.

THE poet lives in what is beyond. His ear hears the chord that is to be drawn out of the present harmony as yet quivering along the bow of the Master Musician; his eye sees the form and color that must grow out from the pattern through which the Weaver of Life has but now thrust His shuttle; his soul reaches out for that thought in the Eternal Mind which to-morrow will be born in the hearts of other men. He sees by the light of next morning's dawn, and the thing that he sees he calls Immortality. This is the soul of a poet's song.

In the sixteenth century he sang joyously, and he sang to a joyous people; a people docile, and, as yet, unthinking. And he sang to them of the wonders of this life and of the life that was to come after; he gave them

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heavens, and hells, and purgatories to infinity; and they glutted themselves upon infinity and grew wise in their own conceits, and after, mentally dyspeptic; and for a long while no more poets sang—and the people starved. But in our century the poet has begun to sing again because of the hunger of the people, and his song has been, for the most part, sad, for the people were sick and could not eat, and the poet's own soul was hungry, too, because of the famine in the land. Within these last fifty years there has been one poet who was glad, and who leaves behind him in his songs the echo of a laugh; this is Robert Browning.

There have been four great poets in our century to whom immortality was real, vital: Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning. The first two grope, in a hazy fashion, after their spiritual food: Shelley tastes it with an uneasy pantheism; he is almost distrustful of this new attitude towards immortality which has arisen in himself; he tries again and again in the "Prometheus," in the "Epipsychidion," to satisfy himself with the orthodox sixteenth century eternity; but its cloying sweetness sickens him — and us; our dreams of bliss no longer take up their abode there where is:

"A cave
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound;
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light;
And there is heard the ever-moving air,
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

And where:

"We will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound."

. . . . . .

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"One hope with two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare universe
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

The poet was weary of pictured immortality; it perplexed him that he should be thus weary, but he felt the truth of it and turned from the definite to the vague. Immortality had become a tradition, and in order that it should again be vital it must again become a prophecy.

Shelley's soul turned to the higher pantheism for rest, or rather, for definiteness of motion, and his belief is voiced in the "Adonais":

"Naught we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?" . . . .

"He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame."

. . . . . .

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life,—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings." . . . . . .

"He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which weeds the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

. . . . . .

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"The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly.
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!"

. . . . . .

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Wordsworth also accepts the pantheistic idea—accepts it with serenity, and rests in it. For him the spirit after death is "rolled around in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees." Unlike Shelley, he never attempts a belief in pictorial immorality. The soul of the poet has recognized that it no longer needs such sweets.

Tennyson again, takes up the pantheistic idea where Wordsworth left it the merging of the individual in the universal, and in his "In Memoriam" rises to the belief in personal immorality which afterwards characterizes his work. In the Prologue to "In Memoriam" we have his completed thought:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

. . . . . .

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Browning also reaches to the height of belief in personal immortality, but the question is, does he do more for us than Tennyson, does he do more than simply present the idea in a new light? Is his thought the climax of our nineteenth century prophecy, or does he divide the honors with Tennyson?

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Emphatically, without him we should have arrived at no such spiritual height as that of which we can at present feel proud, and which makes the poetic cycle of our century a complete as well as a great one.

In the first place, Browning takes up the idea of immortality beyond the point at which Tennyson takes it up; the pantheistic thought is used by him in his poems, but never as a belief belonging to himself; he never livedin it; his soul was born out of it. Tennyson's spirit struggled out of it; his is a gentle soul and one feels always a sense of lingering depression in him; he attained to faith and he clung to it with a sad joyousness. He lacks the robust quality which we feel in Browning. Browning came after the worst of the famine, he had a healthy dislike for too many sweets—he was hungry, but it was with the keen appetite of one accustomed to working for that which he expects to eat, not the gnawing of one inured to deprivation.

I have hitherto compared the poets through their elegies—the "Lucy" dirge, "Adonais," "In Memoriam." The elegies of Browning and Tennyson, although both presented from the standpoint of the intellect, show one marked difference: "La Saisiaz" leaves out that very element by which faith is attained to in "In Memoriam."

"That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

"I found him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep
I heard a voice 'believe no more,
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbles in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt!'

"No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

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"And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands,
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature moulding man."

This omission is the more noticeable in that the Christ-figure so thoroughly permeates the great mass of Browning's work. In those poems in which he attains to the height of his spiritual faith the Christ is the centre and soul of his inspiration; he is, more than aught else, a Christial poet. But "La Saisiaz" deals with the intellectual arguments concerning immortality. The attitude taken differs entirely from that in the elegies of the other poets; it is just here that we get something new, something which was needed for the completeness of our modern cycle—the poet daring to approach with his argumentative intellect that which has hitherto been consigned to the imagination and the emotion. It will be well, therefore, to make a special study of "La Saisiaz" in order to understand this distinctive characteristic of Browning's faith in Immortality; after which it will be sufficient for our purpose to summarize briefly those characteristics of his belief in which he is allied to his fellow poets, or in which he differs from them only in degree.

The poem "La Saisiaz" bears beneath its name the inscription "A. E. S., September, 1877." This is its history:—

It was written after the sudden death of Miss Agnes Egerton Smith, an old friend of Mr. Browning's, a cultivated woman of keen intellectual and artistic power. Mr. Browning and his sister spent the summer of '77 with Miss Egerton Smith at a place near Salève, and here Miss Smith's death occurred in the manner described in the poem. La Saisiaz, Savoyard for "the sun," was the name of the villa in which the party spent the summer.

The poem, as we see by the date, is a late one and, as such, is of signal importance in tracing the development of our poet; it gives us assurance that despite the seeming cynicism and critical coldness towards life which have been said to characterize, perhaps unpleasantly, the later work of Browning, he has nevertheless retained in its fulness that depth and enthusiasm of faith which we find in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" or "Saul." In fact, "La Saisiaz" seems to serve as a summary and repetition of nearly all the great thoughts on immortality which we find elsewhere and earlier in Browning.

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Considering the poem artistically we find that the setting and treatment stand in definite relation to the theme. The poem is the result of a great emotional experience remembered in tranquillity; it was written in London several months after the death of Miss Smith, when the poet could follow out, link by link, the chain of that argument which he had grasped in its passionate entirety upon the mountain-top. The very calm, deliberation, meditativeness of metre and thought accomplish artistically that which a burst of passion would have thwarted; the atmosphere of the Alps, in all its cold, clear stillness, pervades the poem. The dramatic situation also bears directly upon the theme. The poet, filled with a great sorrow, has dared and done, singly, that climbing both had planned to do together just before she died. He has attained the summit and is resting there; his mood shows that fluctuation between depression and exaltation which would be the natural result attendant upon his long climb and his grief, opposed to the uplifting of the sublime in the glory of the world spread out before him:—

> "But the triumph crowning all —
> There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes greatness small,—
> Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red aud white and green,
> Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in his demesne."

He is resting on the height, looking out for answer upon the mysterious, unanswering silence of nature, with Geneva in sight, staring up at him out of the midst of civilization, and the "texts whence Calvin preached."

He begins by brooding over his walk with her the evening before she died, when they had planned this little journey; he lingers upon the things she said and did; he recalls the vividness of the life in that next morning; he recalls her death, and then he recalls herself:

> "Gone you were, and I shall never see that earnest face again
> Grow transparent, grow transfigured with the sudden light that leapt,
> At the first word's provocation, from the heart-deeps where it slept."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Rare thing, red or white, you rest now."

Confronting himself with her image forces upon him the question which he has been evading:

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"Here I stand: but you — where?"

"If a spirit of the place
Broke the silence, bade me question, promised answer, what disgrace
Did I stipulate 'Provided answer suit my hopes, not fears!'
Would I shrink to learn my life-time's limit — days, weeks, months or years?
Would I shirk assurance on each point whereat I can but guess —
Does the soul survive the body? Is there God's self, no, or yes?"

He then begins by acknowledging that man is but a finite being after all, and that there is an infinite being outside of man:

"Mine is but man's truest answer — how were it did God respond?"

. . . . . .

"Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen ear to recognize
Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surmise?"

He reflects upon the curious coincidence that they should have discussed the truth of immortality walking along the grass-path together, shortly before she died:

"If I dared no self-deception, when, a week since, I and you
Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing lightly in review
What seemed hits and what seemed misses in a certain fence-play — strife
Sundry minds of mark engaged in 'On the Soul and Future Life.'
If I ventured estimating what was come of parried thrust,
Subtle stroke, and, rightly, wrongly, estimating could be just,
Just, though life so seemed abundant in the form which moved by mine,
I might well have played at feigning, fooling — laughed "What need opine,
Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain,
And this first life claims a second, else I count its good no gain?"
Much less have I heart to palter when the matter to decide
Now becomes "Was ending ending once and always, when you died?"

He then reviews the argument that:

"Somewhere new existence led by men and women new,
Possibly attains perfection coveted by me and you;
While ourselves, the only witness to what work our life evolved,
Only to ourselves proposing problems proper to be solved
By ourselves alone,— who working ne'er shall know if work bear fruit
Others reap aud garner, heedless how produced by stalk and root;—"

. . . . . .

"We who, darkling, timed the day's birth, struggling, testified to peace
Earned by dint of failure, triumph,— we creative thought, must cease
In created word, thought's echo, due to impulse long since sped!
Why repine? There's ever some one lives although ourselves be dead!"

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In fact, Browning utterly rejects both pantheism and positivism, to which Shelley and Wordsworth had turned for comfort. He says since there is this incompleteness we must own life unhappy, and if unhappy, is "there supplemental happiness?" or must we count life a curse and not a blessing? He then determines to prove to himself how much or how little he believes true that controverted doctrine of immortality:

> "Is it fact to which I cleave,
> Is it fancy I but cherish, when I take upon my lips
> Phrase the solemn Tuscan fashioned, and declare the soul's eclipse
> Not the soul's extinction? take his 'I believe and I declare —
> Certain am I — from this life I pass into a better there
> Where that lady lives of whom enamored was my soul'— where this
> Other lady, my companion dear and true, she also is?"

He declares that the question and its answer presuppose two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers, is, it knows.

That there is a thing which perceives—namely, soul—and a force which is perceived—God—these are the only facts he claims, and that they o'erpass his power to prove them facts proves them such—all else is surmise. Our three other poets hold also to the existence of these two facts. Modern science itself cannot leave them out, they are self-evident.

The fact that all else is surmise is illustrated in Browning by the figure of the rush which knows that it exists and that it floats on the stream that is not itself, but cannot tell whether it will be swept away to perish, or thrown upon the land to strike root and grow; or whence the stream comes or whither it flows.

He then asks if there is sufficient ground for the hope that there is another life beyond the fact that "anyhow, we want it," and that the hope of it is the only thing which makes life worth living, and he says there is not a sufficient reason.

> "'We believe' is sighed. I take the cup of comfort proffered thus,
> Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet infusion, and discuss
> What their blending may accomplish for the cure of doubt, till — slow,
> Sorrowful, but how decided! needs must I o'erturn it — so!"

He has declared the only two facts to be God and his own soul, and he now asserts that the only thing which tells him this is his own experience. He

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can have no knowledge of other men's souls—he is the midway point between what is and what may be. Rabbi Ben Ezra says the same:

> "Now, who shall arbitrate?
> Ten men love what I hate,
> Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
> Ten who in ears and eyes
> Watch me: we all surmise,
> They, this thing, and I, that; whom shall my soul believe?"

And then he proceeds to get at a proof which shall satisfy his own soul, irrespective of satisfaction to the souls of other men. His first conclusion is reached with regard to this life—namely, that from personal experience:

> "He must say— or choke in silence — howsoever came my fate
> Sorrow did and joy did, nowise,— life well weighed,— preponderate."

And, since this is the case, he declares that the cause is not all-wise, all-good, all-potent, since it cannot bestow upon its creature one hour beyond an allotted time in which to reach out after perfection. Present life is failure. The only way he can vindicate man's present existence to himself is that a second life is to be granted:

> "Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,
> Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop by drop distilled.
> I shall boast it mine,— the balsam,— bless each kindly wrench that wrung
> From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasure sprung,
> Barked the bole, and brake the bough, and bruised the berry, left all grace
> Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!"

Notice that he ends with hope as the thing needful to make life worth living. Let us review these first arguments:

1. Man is a finite being and can never hope to attain to the absolute, therefore nothing in the infinite which he questions can ever be completely divested of mystery for him. This is the acknowledgment in the beginning, that he is attacking a question which he knows he cannot absolutely prove.

2. The positivist idea does not make life worth living.

3. There are three facts—God, soul and personal experience.

4. Personal experience teaches that this life taken by itself is a failure, and that God is not therefore wisdom, love and power, since that which He creates attains to nothing.

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5. We do live and we do desire to live, and the thing we live for is this hope of a life hereafter. Therefore this hope is the one thing needful to make life here a success.

One very significant touch in the poem is that through it all Browning is addressing her, "the dear and true," as if she really were beside him in her other life.

Having now exhausted his arguments he proceeds to take them up again from a different standpoint; his soul, which has before been doing the arguing from his own experience, now stands aside as judge while surmise and fact, fancy and reason carry on the discussion.

Fancy begins by declaring that three facts exist—God, the soul and, because of these two, a future life.

One commentator has said that the ground of the argument shifted here from the main question of whether there is a future life to what good this future life would bring to present life. This would seem, however, hardly true, since immortality can only be considered through its relation with the present life, and Browning has been arguing on this ground all along and has just said that this hope of immortality was the one thing needful to present life.

Reason replies to Fancy that it certainly promises advantage, and that since we are to get so much good by death the best thing we can do is to die at once.

Fancy, however, splits future life into heaven and hell; hell for those who curtail wilfully their allotted portion of earthly life.

Reason retorts: then simply wait; be quiet, or if you prefer action, bustle around.

Fancy now creates another fact—reward and punishment in after life for good or evil done in this; and Reason replies: O, well! If you want to reduce man to a machine, pray do so, but

> "Prior to this last announcement earth was man's probation place:
> Liberty of doing evil, gave his doing good a grace";

and experience shows that man does not keep a law because he will be punished if he breaks it—rather he breaks it.

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"All I see is law here on earth, and yet
There's evading and persuading and much making law amends
Somehow, there's the nice distinction 'twixt fast foes and faulty friends,—
Any consequence except inevitable death when 'Die,
Whoso breaks our law!' they publish, God and Nature equally."

In other words, man *will hope*—you cannot prevent him from doing it.

"Break, my warrant for assurance! which assurance may not be
If, supplanting hope, assurance needs must change this life to me,
So, I hope — no more than hope, but hope — no less than hope, because
I can fathom by no plumb-line sunk in life's apparent laws,
How I may in any instance fix where change should meetly fall
Nor involve, by one revisal, abrogation of them all,
Which again involves as utter change in life thus law-released,
Whence the good of goodness vanished when the ill of evil ceased."

. . . . . .

"Whereas, life and laws apparent reinstated,— all we know,
All we know not,— o'er our heaven again cloud closes, until, lo, —
Hope the arrowy, just as constant, comes to pierce its gloom, compelled
By a power and by a purpose which, if no one else beheld,
I behold in life, so — hope!"

This is the "Browning attitude" towards life, the attitude which reaches its faith through its doubt, and which prefers to do so.

Here ends the argumentative part of the poem. The poet now, with the flush of victory upon him, rejoicing in his triumph, at the highest pitch of exaltation, declares himself as great a man as other great men have been, and throws down the gauntlet before the pessimists Byron, Rousseau, Voltaire and Gibbon. In the face of the eloquence of Rousseau, the poetic power of Byron, the learning of Gibbon, the wit of Voltaire, he shouts:

"Fame, then give me Fame a moment!"

. . . . . .

"Lo, I lift the coruscating marvel — Fame! and famed declare
He there with the brand flamboyant, broad o'er night's forlorn abyss,
Crowned by prose and verse, and wielding with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod—
Well? Why he, at least, believed in Soul, was very sure of God!"

But it is not through "La Saisiaz" that the world has learned of Browning's faith in immortality; it is not because of this effort of his intellect that we hail him the optimist, the believer!—had he never written "La Saisiaz" his creed would still have been in advance upon the creeds of his fore-

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runners. "La Saisiaz" gives us a different aspect of Browning's genius, it does not mark the height of his message—it is the after-thought, the calm summing-up, the intellectual effort. His spiritual faith was given to us in "Saul," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Death in the Desert," and others; and, strange to say, much as the world clamors for fact, proof, reality, it is not to "La Saisiaz" that it clings for evidence of the truth of immortality, but to those earlier bursts of prophecy which affirm with all the assurance of faith the truth that they disdain to prove.

Among these earlier poems "Cleon," perhaps, approaches more nearly to the intellectual calm of "La Saisiaz." "Cleon," as we know, is written from the standpoint of a Greek of the first century, and we feel something of repetition in "La Saisiaz" when we remember that Cleon has already said:

> "No,
> It skills not! life's inadequate to joy,
> As the soul sees joy, tempting life to take."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And so a man can use but a man's joy
> While he sees God's."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Most progress is most failure: thou sayest well."

Or again—

> "It is so horrible,
> I dare at times imagine to my need
> Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
> Unlimited in capability
> For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
> To seek which the joy-hunger forces us:
> That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
> On purpose to make prized the life at large—
> Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
> We burst there, as the worm into the fly,
> Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But no!
> Zeus has not yet revealed it; and alas,
> He must have done so, were it possible!"

But in "Cleon," as in all the other early poems, we find the note of Christianity struck, we see the edge of the gold rim of the Sun of Righteousness creeping up to lighten the pagan world—

> "Oh! the Jew findeth scholars!"

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As "Cleon" has shown the attitude of the Greek towards immortality, so "Karshish" shows that of the Arab mystic on seeing "Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth." "The Last Ride Together" and "Prospice" give the attitude of the lover.

And in all these poems Browning is pleading for personal immortality; the idea of the absorption of the individual into the universal holds no fascination for him—rather, he finds it repugnant.

In general, these poems may be classed as mainly spiritual, or mainly intellectual, but there are several strange, almost whimsical poems, which it would seem almost a sacrilege to range on the side of the spirit, and almost an absurdity to range on the side of the intellect.

What are we going to do with "A Toccata of Galuppi's" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," and "Waring"?

The attitude of the bishop is not a real one as far as Brownimg is concerned, it is simply a whimsical and historical application of the term immortality. "Waring," again, borders on the mystical, it being about some one who is never quite dead and yet cannot be alive. But the "Toccata" is unique; it takes up with unpleasant directness the question as to what is to become of the masses who, in this life, have lacked nothing quite so much as they have lacked that very soul which, we are taught, is the pre-requisite to immortality. It is all well and good for the man who possesses individuality in this life to feel that he has a right to a better chance for perfection hereafter; but what are we going to do with the dead weight of the commonplace, the light weight of the frivolous? Do they, too, continue throughout eternity? What place will they occupy in our scheme of individual immortality?

> "The soul, doubtless is immortal—where a
> Soul can be discerned.
>
> "Yours, for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
> Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
> Butterflies may dread extinction, you'll not die, it cannot be!
>
> "As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
> Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
> What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?
>
> "'Dust and ashes!' so you croak it, and I want the heart to scold.
> Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
> Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."

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It is a delicate question, but doubtless there is such a thing as perfection even along the line of the commonplace.

I have already said that it is through his Christianity that Browning gives us his most perfect faith in immortality; I have already implied that it is in this respect that he differs from Tennyson only in degree. Tennyson is a Christian, but he views his Christ from afar off, he retains towards Him the attitude of a Sir Galahad. His is a sweet religion, gentle, pure, but sad and a little remote. Browning's religion is one shout of joy; if it were not for this he would be the saddest of poets. The man who could discover and depict the cynicism of a Don Juan, the sordidness of a Clara de Millefleurs, the depravity of such a man as one finds in the "Inn Album' and who, nevertheless, is known and revered as the happiest optimist of this, or almost any other century, must, indeed, be a man of joyous faith, and this his message proves. We have no ups and downs, no awful depths, no breathless heights in Tennyson; he is, for the most part, a shining plain with sometimes the sun under a cloud. Browning has mounted to a height never before attained by poet, and he does it in three leaps, from the great mass and solid foundation of his work to "Rabbi Ben Ezra"—

"Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!

. . . . . .

"Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummute cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

"But I need, now as then,
Thee; God, Who mouldest men!
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst.

"So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warping past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect Thy cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

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From "Rabbi Ben Ezra" to "Abt Vogler"

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name!
Builder and Maker, Thou. of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee, Who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

From "Abt Vogler" one leap to the height, that is, "Saul," and within this last stanza he embraces all the argument in "La Saisiaz"—

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.
All's one gift: Thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt as my prayer,
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.

"I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that, in the face, too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This:—'tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!
See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in? It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power that exists with and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for; my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

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THE BETHLEHEM STAR.

I had searched the skies
With reverent eyes
  For a sign of the Christmas star,
But my sins between
Like a veil had been,
  My finite sight to bar;
And I went to sleep with the place unguessed,
  Whence shone its silver beams,
But the big moon dipping under the west
  Is telling me in my dreams.
    Oh, hark —
      And be still!
    You can hear
      If you will,
  He is telling me now in my dreams.

I know that up there
In the blue somewhere,
  The wonderful rays still shine,
And some day, they
Will have swept away
  The sin from your eyes and mine,
And we shall be blest as the angels are blest
  By the sight of the silver beams,
For the big moon dipping under the west
  Has told me in my dreams.
    Oh, hark —
      And be still!
    You can hear
      If you will,
  What he told me in my dreams.

But I know not yet,
For I always forget
  The spot that the big moon said,
And I am not sure,
When I asked once more,
  But he kissed me for answer instead.

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So still I wait with the place unguessed
Whence shine the silver beams,
'Til the big moon dipping under the west
Shall tell me again in my dreams.
Oh, hark —
And be still!
You can hear
If you will,
When he tells me again in my dreams.

L. B. Q.

AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB IN NEW YORK.

ALL day the snow had hurried through the crisp December air, urging the traveler to a more rapid walk, driving the wayfarer relentlessly from place to place, adorning the every-day world in its most gorgeous array, "a robe of purest white," for the morrow was New Year's Day. The evening came on in restful calm. The snow had ceased. After the confusion, the turmoil of the day, the earth lay wrapped in silent beauty, awaiting the hour when it should discard its old, well-nigh completed year for a new and pure one

We had chosen to walk, my friend and I — for my rooms were not far from those of the Authors' Club — that we might imbibe the spirit of the night, and be in full sympathy with the celebrations in which we were to participate at the Club. I anticipated the festivities with great pleasure, and felt myself fortunate in having so honored an occasion celebrate my first visit to the Authors' Club. My dear friend, Richard Harding Davis, with his usual tact and thoughtfulness, had set aside this night of all others to introduce me to the Club, where not only the gayety of an approaching New Year was abroad, but when Thomas Nelson Page, a well-beloved writer of my own State, was to honor the club with his merry, whole-souled presence.

Mr. Davis suddenly broke in upon my happy reverie — for we had walked for some time in silence — by saying, abruptly, "Frank, behold the entrance to this abode of good-cheer, good-fellowship and hospitality. Behold! and mark well its first characteristic."

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After carefully scrutinizing the whole front, and the great door in particular, I drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and waited to be admitted to this shrine of delights; but I should not have been so easily satisfied with my survey; my friend was not. "Well?" he said, with a decidedly shivering question mark — for the wind, being no respecter of persons, whistled sharply around "temple of delights."

"Well?" I returned, varying my question mark, "*very* well. Anything remarkable?" I asked.

"Very," he answered, briefly, looking steadfastly at the name "Authors' Club," over the door.

Following his example, I looked again, and then the still air rang with my laughter; I had at last "seen." The apostrophe in the word "author" had been entirely ignored and omitted. There was no sign of possession. The authors claimed, I believe, that they did not own the club. They must be indulged and so the title stared you in the face with this peculiar omission, suggesting immediately the little eccentricities, the delightful freedom and abandon of the club.

"Dick," I said, well-pleased, "the wonders and the delights begin at once; take me further."

The shrine's door was opened, and we entered a spacious, brightly-lighted hall, alive and cheerful with the groups of men discarding heavy furs and enjoying the hospitable warmth of the flames as they leaped up the wide chimney; or exchanging hearty greetings, or chatting cosily. I recognized many familiar faces, but saw also many new ones. Scarcely had we closed the door, before a strong hand grasped mine firmly, and a pair of laughing gray eyes, a bright countenance, and a jovial voice bade me a hearty welcome. It was no other than Mark Twain, and I enjoyed him now the more because when last I saw him at my own home, he had dared tell me that my native town "had more churches and less religion, more schools and less learning," than any he had ever known. Charles Dudley Warner greeted me warmly from a distant corner, and I think now with great pleasure, how the spiritual eyes of Richard Watson Gilder smiled kindly greeting to me— those eyes that almost seemed to say:

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> "Oh! love, love, dear love, the best things are the truest.
> When the world is darkest here below, Oh! then the skies are bluest.
> Deep is the blue of the sky, and bright is the gleam of the stars,
> And oh! how bright across the night, Aurora's crimson bars."

Many other friends welcomed me, and Mr. Davis then and throughout the evening introduced me to numerous editors, journalists and authors.

When the roaring of the bright blaze and the hearty welcome of the members of the club had effaced the memory of the bitter cold, and left only the inspiration of my walk, I began to look about me and to behold other marvels or delights, as the case might be, of this abode of comforts and pleasures. My Southern blood warmed first toward the open fire; its crackle and roar, its dancing and leaping were constant joys. On the mantel above the fire-place, things of different degrees of beauty and usefulness rested; but those attracting my attention most were several long, handsome, meerschaum pipes, saying that if the club was not the possession of the authors, no more were they the possession of the club, but the subjects of their own free wills and pleasures. The rooms were fitted up in a simple, but refined and artistic way. Many good pictures, old engravings, and casts of Greek sculpture adorned the walls. The library in particular interested me. It contained several hundred volumes, works of the members of the club, with but few exceptions.

With my watchful host as my constant guide, and numerous suggestions and interpretations from many of the other members, I drank in the refreshing draught of this fount of humor, pathos, poetry and intellect. A little volume in blue and gold first attracted me, and in a moment I had taken Richard Gilder's "New Day" from the shelf, and as I turned its pages, a pure, aspiring note floated up. I replaced the little volume gently near its companion, "The Poet and His Master." Richard Henry Stoddard and Edmund Clarence Stedman now claimed my attention. In early manhood, and more mature age, they had faithfully served the Muse, and, denied the appreciation and reward which should have been theirs, they yet ministered faithfully to the ideal, the "beauty and wholesomeness of true art." "Fantasy and Passion," "Song and Story," "Romance and Revery," side by side, suggested Edgar Fawcett in his romantic verse. Just above, I found "Social Silhouettes" and several of his prose works. Here, too, was a

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"Little Journey in the World" and "Their Pilgrimage" with Charles Dudley Warner's realistic ring; and again, Mr. Bishop's "Home of a Merchant Prince" and Professor Boyesen's "Daughter of the Philistine's," depicting New York life in their careful, still realistic manner. Here was Julian Hawthorne's "Beatrix Randolph," there Bunner's short stories and Brander Mathews's. Ah! there was a very new volume of "Gallagher" and the "Van Bibber Stories." Another new volume, I had just read its title, "The Faith Doctor," when my name was called, and I hurried towards a group of men to find in their midst the guest of the evening, Thomas Nelson Page.

With him there had entered many other late-comers, the Opera was just out. Cordial were all the greetings to Mr. Page, and it was with deep interest that I stood aside to watch him, seated in the great arm-chair of state, before the blazing fire, bestowing his hearty cheer and flowing good humor on the members surrounding him. I was attracted by numerous other groups, one in which the Opera was being hastily discussed, another deeply engrossed in a game of chess, and yet a third in which the handsome head of Edward Eggleston towered above the rest as he defended some theory of his. I was drawing near to participate in this discussion, when a gong sounded, and the groups broke up, the men sauntered in from adjoining rooms, and we were ushered into supper.

The bright light was reflected and reflected again in the spotless damask covering the tables, in the polished silver, and the handsome cut glass. We were honored with seats near Mr. Page. The features of the banquet interesting me most was a salad of string beans. This, I learned, always accompanied their banquets, and, even on this festival evening, could not be omitted. Mr. Page, unwilling that there should be even an eccentric dish to which he could not find an equal, gave us his story of "Uncle Ci and the 'possum."

"Gentlemen," he began, "I fear you cannot fully appreciate this story, if you have never partaken of that truly darkey dish, 'possum. However, trusting that you will have faith in my word and Uncle Ci's when we tell you that it is the 'mos' delightsome dish you eber tasted,' I shall give you the outcome of this opinion. Uncle Ci had had the good fortune to kill a 'possum while hunting. With great care he had cooked it, and when at last

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it was done, Uncle Ci looked lovingly at it and said, 'Well, I ought to git all th' enjoyment outen this ez I kin. I'll jes' put the 'possum on de flo' beside me, en go to sleep. Den I'll eat 'im in my dreams and when I wakes, I'll eat 'im sho' nuff, and enjoy 'im more'en once.' And so the old darkey was soon eating 'possum to his heart's content in dreamland. But while he slept, Uncle Nelse, attracted by the savory odor, crept into the cabin. 'Well, I never!' he exclaimed, amazed. 'I reckon I'll jes' eat this 'possum, and Ci, he won't know who 'twas.' This resolution was no sooner made than acted upon, and e'er long the 'possum was gone. Now, Uncle Nelse's conscience smote him. After a moment's thought, he dipped his fingers into the pan, smeared the grease on Uncle Ci's mouth, and departed as noiselessly as he came. Soon Uncle Ci awoke. 'Well, I did enjoy dat 'possum in my dreams, and now I reckon I'll enjoy 'im agin'; but disappointment only awaited him. Turning, he found the 'possum gone. Slowly he rubbed his hand across his mouth, and then surveyed it. 'Ef I ain't done eat dat 'possum sho' nuff in my dreams! It don't pay to wait no way.'"

Soon now the toasts came, first to the honorary members, long life and happiness, with tender allusions to the dear ones so late with them — Whittier, Lowell, Arnold. I can even now hear the firm, sympathetic voice of Edward Eggleston repeating in his allusions to Arnold that requiescat, so appropriate to the writer's own life:

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes,
Oh! would that I did too.

"Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in songs of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

"Her life was turning, turning
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace wraps her round.

"Her cabined, ample spirit
It struggled long for breath,
But now it doth inhabit
The rusty halls of death."

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Then came the toasts to the honored guests, and finally to the peaceful departure of the Old Year and the joyful entrance of the New.

As we emerged from the dining hall, the great clock on the mantel struck the half hour, and preparations were begun for our watch. The gas was lowered, wood was heaped on the fire till the flames fairly leaped for joy. Most of the company gathered round the hearth, and while we waited the twelve strokes of the massive clock, Page in his own inimitable way told us "Marse Chase." I can see them now, that group of brilliant men, so different in their characters, their thoughts, their feelings, each listening with unabated interest. And now the story was ended, Mr. Page saying, "Judy, have Marse Chase's dawg got home yet?"

We sat in silence for a moment, and then the twelve strokes came; and as they died away, we all sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Soon after the good-nights were said, and with many best wishes for the New Year, and cordial invitations to visit the club again, I left. Mr. Davis and I, muffled in furs and our own pleasant reflections, took our homeward way in silence.

AGNES L. CALDWELL, '96.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The sad earth, seeking vainly for the sun,
Turned round and round, went patiently ahead
In the determined path, and, trusting, sped
Through vast abyss, her journey never done,
The sad earth, seeking, longing for the sun,
Grew cold and stiff, till all her life was dead;
And still she wandered on and on, but pled
With weary woe for one bright spot, just one;
Till, yearning for the light, the dark earth wept.
The dead leaves stirred, the air grew chill and bleak,
And drearily the day sank into night.
Weary with weeping, weeping yet, she slept;
The north wind softly came and kissed her cheek;
Smiling she woke, and lo! the earth was white.

M. H., '96.

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THE ACCOMPANIST.

A HUSH of expectancy fell upon the company as Margaret Burnett moved slowly towards the piano; the fans began to flutter more slowly; pretty Fanny Mason stopped in the midst of an interesting bit of gossip which she was detailing to the man at her side, and drew in her breath with a quick sigh of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad she is going to sing!" Mrs. Dinson went over to the window to draw back the lace curtain, which the wind was puffing in and out with a little swishing sound. Some of the men changed their position quietly that they might get a better view of the singer's face.

Margaret Burnett was considered a pretty girl by women; the men pronounced her fascinating. Her features were finely chiseled, there was even a suggestion of coldness in the thin lips and firm little chin, but it was contradicted by the expression of her great gray eyes, "soulful eyes" people called them. She stood now, in the soft light of the shaded lamps, with a half coquettish little smile on her lips, her eyelids lowered, her hands clasped loosely behind her.

"Who is the accompanist?" asked old Mrs. Marsden, in an undertone, of her hostess. She was a queer old woman who was fond of making character studies of those around her; something in the face of the plain girl who had come quietly out of her dim corner when a song was called for, and now sat running her fingers softly over the keys of the piano, had struck her.

"Who is the accompanist?"

"That is Margaret's older sister. She always plays for her. S-h-h! she is going to sing."

This little whisper had disturbed the harmony of the opening chords, but it was hushed now, and every one listened with bated breath as the clear, rich notes of the young contralto trembled in the air. They rose higher and higher, stronger and stronger, filling the room and penetrating into the still summer night outside—then they died away, softly, slowly, until only the piano carried on the strain in dreamy undertones, a faint echo of music that had passed away. A little moment of silence followed, during which people came back from dreamland, with its sweet, alluring fancies, into the realities of the present. then came a hearty round of applause.

"How beautiful!"

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The men crowded around her, each cherishing the happy thought that the song had been intended for him alone.

"Won't you come for a promenade in the moonlight?"

"I know of such a cosy corner in the conservatory, Miss Burnett."

"Don't you want a glass of sherbet?"

"Yes, thank you; it would be good," she answered the last speaker, and took his arm to move away, casting a bright, half-regretful glance back at her other admirers.

Meanwhile the elder sister had slipped back unnoticed into her dim corner. Her glance, too, was bright, though no one saw it. Her face was flushed and her lips parted in a general sort of a smile. It was so good to hear Margaret praised! How pretty she looked this evening in her flimsy new dress. It had been hard work to get it finished in time, but she felt well repaid now for her labor. . . . How warm it was! if she could only slip out and get a glass of water! but she did not possess sufficient courage to pass through all those people. She could just catch a glimpse of Margaret through the portières, sipping her cool sherbet, and laughing softly at some remark which the man who bent over her had made. A breeze blowing in from the open window lifted the little curls from her cool, white forehead, and wafted to her companion a subtle perfume from the violets on her breast.

The elder Miss Burnett lifted a hand to her own hot face, and pushed back the stray locks of hair that had fallen down, then, her eyes still fixed on the fair young vision seen through the door, she began mechanically to strike on the dumb arm of her chair the chords which she had just played on the piano.

"Yes, Hattie Burnett is a very sweet girl," Mrs. Dinson replied to some remark of old Mrs. Marsden's. She never was pretty, as Margaret is, and now she is getting quite passé. Well, she is only two years older, I believe, but then, no one would ever take Margaret to be twenty-five, while Hattie looks every day of thirty. You see, Mrs. Burnett is an invalid, and Hattie has always had charge of the family, that is, as far as their physical wants and comfort are concerned. She left school when she was seventeen to take the housekeeping. They are a large family, too, and Mr. Burnett has not been very successful in business.

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"Yes, she is thoroughly unselfish. I don't believe she ever has time to think of herself. Why, she is sitting over there all alone! She never was a success in society, Margaret always carried off all the laurels. She never goes out now, I believe, unless Margaret wants her to be with her to play the accompaniments. . . . If you will excuse me a moment, Mrs. Marsden, I will see if I can find a man to talk to her."

Mrs. Dinson was a very thoughtful hostess. "Everybody has a good time at her entertainments," people said. There seemed to be an unusual scarcity of men this evening, though. Margaret was talking to three, it is true, but they all seemed to be so engrossed that she did not dare to disturb them——

"Oh, Miss Merryweather, you are not going so soon! A headache? I am so sorry. Good-night!" — then something else claimed her attention, and she forgot Hattie Burnett. It was so easy to forget Hattie, most people did.

Mrs. Marsden was the exception this time, however. She wanted a new character-study; she was growing somewhat weary of the society belle, and the dress suit types, so she went over to Hattie's corner, and took the seat beside her.

"We will waive the necessity of an introduction, my dear. I used to know your grondmother, and your father, too, when he was a very small boy. Are you having a good time?" She put the question deliberately. The tired eyes lighted up gratefully. It was such a relief to have some one to talk to.

"Oh, yes, a lovely time, thank you. No, I am not dancing, but I like to watch the others. Did you like Margaret's voice? I am so glad, for we are quite proud of it. She is going to New York to study this winter."

"Will you go with her? You have a very sweet touch, I should think that you ought to study too."

The old lady watched with interested eyes the quick look of amazement on Hattie's face.

"I? oh, no! I cannot play at all, only accompaniments. Besides, I could not possibly leave home."

"Yes," she answered, in response to another question, "I love music dearly, but I have never been able to devote much time to it. You see,

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mamma is an invalid, — and then," with a little sigh, "it is so very expensive, we have spent hundreds of dollars already on Margaret's voice."

They talked for half an hour there in the dim corner.

"Why do they call you Hattie?" Mrs. Marsden broke out once, impatiently, as a pretty cousin passed by with a bright "Hello, Hattie!" The girl looked up in surprise.

"Why, I don't know. My name is Harriet, for mamma, you know. Margaret is named for papa's mother. We were always called Maggie and Hattie when we were small, then Maggie went off to school, and became Margaret. I used to beg to be called Harriet, but they only laughed at me, and now — well, I don't care if they like Hattie better."

"There is Margaret beckoning to me," she said, rising reluctantly. "I suppose she wants to go. Good-night, Mrs. Marsden. I am *so* glad to have met you. May I come to see you some day? Thank you so much. Good-night."

"Did you have a good time?" she asked, some fifteen minutes later, as Margaret threw herself back in the corner of the carriage, and began to draw off her long gloves.

"Yes — I suppose so," Margaret answered, wearily; then following her own train of thought, and giving an impatient little shrug, "That Mr. DeLand is such a fool!"

"Is he? Why, I thought he was so nice," Hattie ventured, but with a sympathetic little inflection in her voice. "He complimented your singing very highly. I heard him. Everybody did."

"Did they?" indifferently. "Well, I wish you would practice that accompaniment over; you did not keep time at all to-night. I am going to sleep now; wake me when we reach home."

"Yes," said old Mrs. Marsden, decisively, "she is sweet, — too sweet, indeed, — she is ineffective. She lacks power even as an accompanist."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, '93.

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TWILIGHT ON WABAN.

How does the light lie over the lake
'Neath the clouds of gray at the close of day,
When the winds sleep feign before the rain,
And the waves line the shore with hardly a break?

Straight through the cove an arrow of light
Keeps the dark of the bay from the ripples of gray;
For the dark sleeps still 'neath the sunset hill
Ere the gray has done watching the sun out of sight;

Faint, at the edge, are red and gold,
And outlines soft of the trees aloft,
Now dimming and fused, like pictures removed,
Which the eyes of a too sleepy child behold.

Softly the night comes out from the trees,
Pensive, serene, from the depths of green,
And it bends to bless with its restfulness
The quieted lake and the wakeful breeze.

JOANNA PARKER, '96.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS day was fast drawing to a close in the great city; already clear-cut shadows cast by bright electic lights lay stretched out over the broad pavements, and the mellow tones of the chime in a lofty church steeple rang the hour of six through the frosty air. It was cold, bitter cold, and the wild wind shrieked round the corners, attacking unwary pedestrians, driving them even more briskly along the silent street. Those who wore overcoats turned up their furry collars and whistled merrily, thinking of glowing hearth-fires and gleeful children. Those who wore none gathered their rags a little closer together, set their chattering teeth a trifle more fiercely, and pressed doggedly on to their tryst with the wolf at the door.

Among these was an object, wandering slowly along in the dusk, that attracted more than one curious glance that night. It was a tall, gaunt figure, literally wrapped in rags. The face, pale, emaciated, stamped ineffaceably by dissipation and despair, wore still some mark of a former glory; for the head, despite the matted hair, was finely shaped, the brow broad and open; the thin lips, blue with cold, were not unrefined, and the

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great blood-shot eyes, wild with the hunger-stare, retained a dim shadow of genius in their depths. The gait was uncertain and the figure pitifully bent, but, was it mere fancy? There came now and then an instinctive straightening as it passed certain palaces on the stately avenue. Indeed it seemed no unfamiliar path that it was treading — the path that led down to the great Music Hall.

Pierre Ribaut, ten years ago, had been the greatest tenor in the city, attractive, brilliant, lovable, it scarcely needed his wonderful voice to make him society's pet. Great things were boldly prophesied of his musical career, and few did Fame beckon so gaily onward; but high places often bring peculiar temptation, and, entering upon paths whose descent is terribly swift, Ribaut sank lower and lower, until, penniless, disgraced, a confirmed drunkard, he left the city, and his name was seldom mentioned in the very circles where it used to be a kind of talisman. For the first time in ten years, on this Christmas day, he had returned, and now, he know not why, was plodding feebly along the familiar ways, recalling bitterly the old associations.

Now he stood by the Music Hall. Crowds passed in over the marble steps. The faint notes of a tuning orchestra were wafted to his quickened ear. His pulses throbbed; slowly, and with exceeding difficulty, he dragged his weary frame, from which he felt the strength fast ebbing, through the massive portals. The sturdy guards would have thrust him disdainfully away, but something in those eyes restrained them, and — a thing of which they had never before been guilty — they let him pass without a ticket into the vast audience room, where he stood, trembling, through the opening strains of "The Messiah." He could recall it all so well. He had stood there so many times. And now — but, oh, the wonderful sweetness of this rendition. Ah! a false interpretation there! He bent eagerly forward and stifled a hacking cough.

Just then, a sudden pause in the programme, a murmur through the crowd. "The great Tenor — seized with severe illness — carried away — what's to be done? The bent, eager figure heard the hurried whispers, a light gleamed in his eye, he straightened himself and gathered his tatters together, then stepped swiftly down the aisle. "*I* will take the part — *I*, Pierre Ribaut!" — the words rang like a clarion through the hall.

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A hush like death fell over the waiting people. Some rose hurriedly to drag the intruder back, but the cry was quickly raised, "Ribaut, Ribaut! let him sing!"

He mounted the stage — the stage he had once graced so many times, stood there in his filthy rags beside the broadcloth, jewels and lace, seized the familiar score with his poor trembling hands and began to sing.

The vast audience sat breathless. Higher and higher the clear notes ascended, true, every one of them, and filled with a power of which that emaciated figure seemed strangely incapable. That voice could be none other than Ribaut's, but when had they ever heard Ribaut sing like that?

The great Oratorio was rendered, chorus after chorus, aria after aria, and still that wonderful voice continued, and still the audience sat in spellbound silence.

Oh, the fervor, the passion, the unutterable pathos that throbbed through the words! A soul was singing a story of life into that music — a life that had fallen far, a life that was groping for light, a life that had found a peace at last.

The mighty Hallelujah Chorus filled the air. The vast assembly rose, as was their wont. Singers and orchestra did their noblest, and in the glorious uplift no one saw an ominous shudder creep through the worn body, no one noticed that the score dropped from the nerveless fingers; but, when the last great Amen died softly away, they caught him in their strong arms as he fell heavily to the floor. He lay, even as he had fallen, a rapt look in the eyes, a glory on the face. Skilful physicians attended, kindest hands ministered, but he was far beyond the realms of their power. He had passed where eye cannot follow, nor ear perceive, nor the mind understand.

And for many a long year after, when the winds blow chill on Christmas night, and the ever wondrous strains of "The Messiah" fall upon reverent, waiting hearts, the thought of another Christmas night and the memories of the last song of Pierre Ribaut give new power and meaning to that music, which naught can ever give or take away.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG.

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Editorial.

I.

WE suppose, to the observant readers of the MAGAZINE, or rather to such of its readers as deign to scan the editorial column, it is a notable fact that every just so often appears a vigorous harangue in regard to the literary shortcomings of the average college student. The very fact in itself but serves to point a moral. It intimates that every member of the editorial board is personally impressed with the need of our students for just such exhortation, and as the time comes for each one to speak her little piece, it is this subject with which she longs most to wrestle.

Is it that our average college student takes no pride in the Wellesley publication? Is the MAGAZINE to express the college, or simply its editors? As a matter of fact, we are inclined to think that the college as a whole is degenerating instead of improving in this matter. It must be that it does not sufficiently take to heart our previous reproaches. Is it necessary for the editors to personally urge each member to send in a contribution? We admit that more contributions have been brought us for this number than have been brought before this year, but there is a vast chance for improvement.

Where are the juniors in our literary work? The time is not so far ahead when our present board of editors will dissolve and a new and, we trust, a nobler corps will come to take our place.

But if the juniors write not how can the new corps be chosen? How will it be known what genius lies latent in their midst? Let the juniors speak more volubly through our present MAGAZINE columns, and let them not selfishly hoard their resources for their own future publication. Where are the Free Press articles that we are sure lie hidden in many a fertile brain? Because the centre of all our interests is in this Wellesley world, this department of all others should be besieged with contributions. There must be more thoughts to be expressed than have ever yet been put on paper.

Again, I have been told that our columns are too full of deep, or rather, as it was cruelly expressed, "heavy" matter. We are sorry if this is so.

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Why don't the critics help to remedy the evil? Write us some nice literary papers which shall have a more airy character and take the place of the despised "heavy" articles.

It has been insisted that some of the subjects treated of in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE could as easily and with more profit be read up in the library, and consequently our more amateur efforts are cast away unscanned. We have got to be amateur before we can be professional, but if original matter is wanted, give us originality. Lend a helping hand towards making our MAGAZINE perfectly all that it should be.

Moreover, where are the poems which should come rustling into our eager and waiting hands? And although of late there has been some improvement, we can scarcely have too much good verse. "Be not weary in well-doing," for in all this beautiful Wellesley world full of the Wellesley girls who love its beauty so much, there must be a great deal more poetry than has ever yet come to light. It seems almost more natural that a woman should be a poet than that a man should be, yet many of our brother colleges surpass us in this matter. Vassar, too, is going ahead. Shall we stand back and let Vassar pass us in the race?

Some one has said that our college life is full of "aspiration"; is it not also full of inspiration? Let us take time to voice the latter as well as to possess it; and although it comes best in leisure moments, and leisure moments are few, still let us make them possible in every way we can. We are at college not only for study but for developmeut, and we can develop more from expressing our inspirations, even if that expression be harsh or feeble, than from any other method.

And now we come to the last and to the most important mention; important really, perhaps, because it points out a definite line of progress. It is, that we want to ask our college, a college of nearly eight hundred students, why it supports but one publication.

When the Wellesley Prelude changed to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, what was the need to change? Why could we not have kept the Prelude for a weekly publication and had a monthly literary magazine as well? Are we so weak in literary possibilities that we must see our fellow colleges, many of them of lesser size than ours, bravely supporting two or even three publications while we can bear but one?

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We would not so forcibly present our own shortcomings, if we were not sure they could be cured. Publish a weekly paper. Let Wellesley rouse herself, as she has roused herself in athletics, and take the place in literary work which she deserves to occupy. Let her perfect the MAGAZINE as her purely literary monthly, and let her publish a weekly paper to be the general news-sheet. The latter paper would of course not be solely in the hands of the senior class.

We hope that others will take up the question, and though we ourselves must cease to speak, we trust that our readers will continue to agitate the subject with greater and greater courage, until another publication comes forth to show what Wellesley girls can do.

II.

WE are permitted to quote from a letter written by Susan B. Anthony to Dr. Webster, in which Miss Anthony sends a message to the Wellesley girls:

"How the world does move womanward with Colorado added to our hitherto lone star! How rich our "field of blue" will be with its two shining stars! Now for work in Kansas and New York, with hope of adding two more stars to the little galaxy in 1894.

I heard that your girls sent greeting to Colorado the other day. Give every one of them who signed the greeting my heartiest thanks and warmest love and hope that they will take their places in the grand army of women working for perfect political equality."

The Free Press.

I.

In the leading article of the November number of the MAGAZINE for 1892, the subject of college government is impartially discussed and the theory advanced that "the relation between the student and the college is partly that of contract, partly like that of a family in which the father has not yet wholly relinquished his control. From neither point of view has the student body any right analagous to that of a nation to assert and enforce its claim to self-government." On this theory as a basis, it is the purpose of the present article to put forward a plea for the speedy recognition of student claims, — to voice the student's desire to control a wider field of action, to share in college legislation.

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Holding the foregoing theory to be undeniably correct, we admit unreservedly that the student body has no right to enforce its claim to self-government, but, at the same time, we assume that the college authorities, having the student interests at heart, are ready to recognize their claim, and to grant the students the fullest measure of liberty which is compatible with their well being and the maintenance of the college standard. If this is indeed true, true that the present governing body is desirous of increased freedom for the students, for student self-government so soon as they are ready for it, then, if they make no move in this direction, the inference is plain that in their judgment the students have already been granted the freest scope of action possible in their present stage of development. Is this position unassailable? Is it true without shadow of doubt that the students are now enjoying all the power they are prepared to exercise? We know full well that the students do not so think; we know that they are far from satisfied with the liberty they have, and, justly or unjustly, believe in their own ability to decide with wisdom certain questions over which they now have no control, and we know that they desire to be a law unto themselves in more than one matter in which the law at present is laid down for them.

Feeling sure that this is the prevailing sentiment among the students, it can not be amiss to raise the question, whether possibly the students are not ready for still greater personal freedom than is allowed them at present. It may be well to state some of their objections to the present order of things, and discuss the changes they would like to see effected.

First the question: Are the students in possession of all the privileges that can safely be granted them? We realize fully that only those rules are enforced which in the opinion of the college authorities are necessary to secure the welfare of the students and preserve the physical, mental, and moral standard of the college. We are convinced, too, that the governing body would be glad to enlarge student powers were it only wise so to do. And relying on these convictions, we give the answer, No, the students are not in possession of all the power that might wisely be placed in their hands. There are rules in force which might well be dispensed with and the college standard still preserved. We may leave out of account altogether, in the present discussion, the first three of the ten written rules which the students are expected to obey; as with the exceptions of the rule making chapel attendance compulsory, and that requiring withdrawal from outside obligations on failure to remove conditions within a given time, they have to do with the student only in her capacity as a member of the body academic, and over the conditions of that relationship the student has no

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claim to control. The remaining rules concern the students as individuals, or as members of society, aside from their academic relation. And in the settlement of all such questions we hold that the student body should have a voice, that in legislation on student matters there should be student representation.

The right and justice of this proposition no one now denies. The difficulty lies in the fact that the theory is not put in practice, that rules are enforced in the making of which the student had no part,—rules which curtail her personal freedom and limit her power of action. Why is it? Why is it that, professing to desire liberty and self-government for the student, the governing body still retains in its own hands the power to regulate the details of student life, and passes laws that encroach upon her individual freedom? Because, forsooth, the student has already been granted many privileges and is not ready for a larger liberty. Is it a true, a sufficient reason for the present state of affairs? A state in which student self-government is regarded as the ideal system to be distantly admired and carefully avoided; its principle admitted, its practice denied! Is the student indeed a child to be told when to say her prayers and made to go to bed a little later? Is she really incapable of deciding such questions for herself? No! and no again! The student who comes to Wellesley is considered able to choose her own courses of study, and proves herself able satisfactorily to carry on the work required, is also mature enough and wise enough to regulate her conduct herself so far as it concerns only herself, and in so far as it concerns others, in conjunction with those others. Wellesley is no girl's school, it is a woman's college; of the student is expected work demanding the thought of a mature mind; to the student who fulfils such requirements should be granted a woman's privileges.

But, it is urged, while the students should have reached years of discretion, the fact remains that all have not; while all should be able to settle personal matters for themselves, there are instances of wrong decision and unwise choices in those matters where freedom has been granted. But the cases of misuse are few in comparison with the cases of good use. The mistakes have been the exception and not the rule, good results have hitherto greatly outbalanced the evil. There is no instance, so far as we know, of a privilege granted which proved too great and was revoked on that account. Wellesley students up to the present time have shown themselves worthy of the confidence that has been reposed in them. It cannot, therefore, be taken for granted that were further liberty allowed the effect would be disastrous. Rather the inference is the other way,—that the innocent must not be made to suffer for the guilty, that the students having proved faithful in a few things are ready to be trusted with added responsibilities. We

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have been told that the way to increase our powers is to exercise the powers already in our possession. This the students have always done with one striking exception — the right of petition has never been fully appreciated, although its exercise has met, save in a very few cases, with marked success. But they have always gladly taken control of all matters placed in their hands, and shown discretion in the use of their freedom. The few instances of misuse have been generally the result of misunderstandings and not proved. Serious—the rainbow of favor renewed has always followed the deluge. Thus the experience of the past throws a reasonable doubt on the justice of assuming that the students have already been given as much liberty as they know how to use. It points in favor of greater freedom, of extended privileges, and calls for immediate advance in this direction.

The question at this point takes on a more specific form and now becomes, not, Are the students ready for more liberty, but, Over what matters can their control be extended? A full and definite answer could be rendered only by the present governing body in conjunction with the student body, and is far beyond the scope of the present article. But we may consider at least two cases in which the student's claim to freedom of action is strong—the subject of the ten-o'clock rule and the subject of leaving town only by permission.

In both these cases the student's individual freedom is assailed; both relate to matters which concern only herself, having no reference to her relation to society or to the body academic. It would then seem that in these cases, if in no others, the student would be left free to decide her own course of action. Knowing student self-government to be the desire of faculty and students alike, having seen that past experience has proven the great majority of students to be capable of wisely exercising the power granted them already and pronounced in favor of increased liberty, we must now conclude that some other reason is assigned for enforcing the rules in question. And the reason is not hard to find.

Granted that a wider scope of free action is altogether desirable, yet if extended liberty would in any way reflect to the disadvantage of the college, endanger its high standard, then, because of the very relations between the student and the college, must all thought of such extension be repudiated. For, however true it is that the students are mature enough to decide for themselves in personal matters, there is always the possibility that some might abuse their privileges and bring dishonor on the college. And in those matters where only a few such instances would be sufficient to work the evil, and there is no other means of prevention, the colleges must of necessity retain its control and allow the innocent to suffer with the possible guilty.

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This is the principle behind three rules, and did the students believe it really applied, did they believe the rules to be necessary to the maintenance of the standing of the college, not one word of remonstrance would be offered against their enforcement. But this position is not tenable. It is said the ten-o'clock rule must be enforced in order to preserve the health of the students and the physical standard of the college. It is very true that the great majority require, as a regular thing, eight hours of sleep. But whether each one shall retire always at ten o'clock to obtain it is a different matter, a matter for each to decide for herself, so far as the college authorities are concerned, just as much as whether she shall wear rubbers on a rainy day or warm clothing in winter. The rule would be no pleasing limitation to her freedom, even were it necessary as a security against lowering the college standard. But when it is known there is a surer way of preserving that intact it becomes a source of positive irritation to be obliged to obtain permission every time one wishes to prolong one's day—a permission obtained with more or less difficulty according to the college building in which one's lot is cast, from an officer who can scarcely be expected to understand the peculiarities of one's constitution or appreciate the exigencies of the case so well as one's self. Although, indeed, the one feature about the rule which makes it bearable is that in most places it is extremely flexible, and by going through a little red tape the student becomes at liberty to burn the midnight oil as long as she finds it necessary.

The standard of scholarship is assured not by laying down rules in regard to methods of work, but by requiring the students to meet certain conditions, and refusing to accept any work which falls below a fixed grade. So the health standard could much more easily be maintained if the students were obliged to stand a physical test each year, or twice a year if preferred, and only those allowed to continue with their class who fulfilled the conditions. But they must be permitted to take care of their health in their own way, so long as they take care of their health. It is the health and not the means of preserving it with which the college is concerned.

Turning now to the case of the rule which forbids students to leave town or attend places of public amusement without permission. Here the principle under discussion is sure to apply more nearly. A single grave mistake on the part of the students, in connection with some of the matters included in the rule, might seriously injure the good name of the college, and the students receiving the perfect rightness of the course the college has taken to enforce its wishes, in so far as that course is necessary. But of late years the rule, excepting in cases demanding a

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chaperon, has been set aside in favor of the senior class and specials of two years' standing, and the college reputation remains unimpaired. The question then rises, Might not the privilege be extended with perfect safety to include a large number of students? It is certain the students wish it. Some believe that all students after the first year should be at liberty to leave town whenever they so desire and a large majority would be willing to go security for the junior class. Setting aside the wish of the more radical, as taking a too optimistic view of the situation, a belief held by the greater part of the student body is not unworthy consideration. Are the junior members of the college ready for the wise use of the privilege? A positive answer could be returned only after trial had been made, but there seem to be reasons for believing that students who have been in college for two years can be trusted to decide rightly on such matter. By still keeping in force that clause of the rule which now applies to all alike, any danger to the fair fame of the college is avoided, the only possible objection remaining to the extension is that some students might take unwise advantage of their freedom, neglect their duties and so lower the standard of work.

To meet the objection, we must again refer to past experience and study the probabilities of the case. In the classes which have enjoyed the privilege, as good work, so far as is known was done the senior as the junior year, and the privilege is still continued. It may be said that this argument applies only to the continuation, not to the extension of the privilege—that between the senior and junior rank is a year of training and development. But it is to be remembered that the student in the junior class has had two years of training in deciding what recitations she can afford to miss. She has been left free to absent herself from the class-room when she was so inclined, provided only she were willing to confide her reason to her instructor. The "senior privilege," in widening her range of free action, would offer her, perhaps, more inducements, but would give her no greater opportunity to slight her academic work. Yet the experience of a number of years has proven beyond doubt that placing this power in the hands of the students has in no wise lowered the standard of the college, that is higher now than ever before. And it is reasonable to infer that those who have used their freedom wisely for two years will not abuse the third year. Moreover, even if the inducement proved too great for some, and trips to Boston took the place of attendance on lectures, the instructor still has it in her power to maintain her standard by imposing a test on any she has reason to believe have failed to do the full amount of work, and so obliging them to meet her requirements. The junior grade can be preserved in the same way as the senior, and with equal

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ease. The student attaining that rank has been trained for two years in the use of the power that leaves absence from the class-room a matter to be decided by each according to her own best judgment. The balance of argument is thus in favor of giving trial to the extension of the privilege. Why not, then, make some effort to actually secure this and any other privilege which is secretly desired? Why not, as students knowing the college authorities to be broad women, intensely interested in the student's highest development, enter now upon a course of action that shall obtain for the student body a form of government in which student interest shall be represented by students, and for each student the right to shape her own life?

These questions have been raised in the sincere belief that open expression of opinion from the student standpoint is better than private grumbling, in the earnest hope that the discussion may be continued to some effect and steps taken by the students toward the realization of student self-government.

F. H. L., '93.

II

THE RELATION BETWEEN FACULTY AND STUDENTS AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

It seems to me that the relations between faculty and students at Wellesley College are not what they might be. There is, as a rule, a feeling too much like that in primary schools, where the teacher and pupil are an infinite distance apart; there is too great a recognition of the relations as they exist in the class-room, the "instructor and instructed" relations. Of course there are many exceptions to this state of things, and I know that numbers of the girls are so fortunate as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with certain members of the faculty. I say "the girls are so fortunate," why not also, vice versa, "certain members of the faculty are so fortunate?" Surely any one will admit that friendly personal relations between teacher and student are desirable from either standpoint. Experience has taught us that there is no influence stronger than that of personal contact; and what stronger incentive can a girl have than the example of a thoughtful, broad-minded, experienced woman? As for the faculty themselves, it seems to me it must be an encouragement and inspiration to them in their work to become well acquainted with the bright, appreciative girls in college, for whom they are working and studying.

Now, as I have said, a friendship of this sort between the faculty and students at Wellesley is too much the exception instead of the rule. Who is to blame for

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this? It seems so me that it is not so much the fault of the faculty as of the students. Some of the girls have a very foolish, childish idea that just because some one is a member of the faculty, she is of necessity antagonistic to the students' personal interests and desires. On such grounds she stands aloof from the faculty, and does not allow herself to come in contact with them, except on the footing of teacher and taught. If some one particular girl is sensible enough to reject this idea, and to seek the friendship and helpful influence of a teacher, she is made the butt of all sorts of comment and ridicule from the other girls. Perhaps this is stating the matter a little strongly; I hardly think the girls mean all that they say. But the very fact that I know many girls who are afraid to encourage any personal relations with members of the faculty, from their dread of having to bear the accusation "crushed" that is sure to result, this fact, I say, proves my point, that the students are very much to blame for the lack of friendship and sympathy between them and the faculty.

To be sure, the line between us here at Wellesley is not as broad as it might be, and as it is in a great many other institutions of learning, but it can most certainly be made narrower. Let us, then, the students of Wellesley, do our share towards narrowing it, and I think we are safe in feeling sure that we shall be met more than half way by the faculty. C. P., '96.

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Book Reviews.

A Botanical Treasure.

In 1682, Nehemiah Grew, who modestly styles himself "Nature's meanest pupil," gave to the world a large quarto volume, entitled "The Anatomy of Plants, with an Idea of a Philosophical History of Plants." This book has recently come into the botanical library and, by a happy chance, my way was yesterday directed toward it, and since then I have given every spare minute to the wise, quaint sayings of that dear old lover-pupil of our Mother Nature. The book is dedicated to "His Most Sacred Majesty, King Charles II." This dedication may give at least a slight idea of the character of the volume. In it the sacred personage addressed is given to understand that there are Terræ Incognitæ in philosophy as well as in geography. "And for so much as lies here," writes our friend, "it comes to pass, I know not how, that I am the first, even in this inquisitive age, who hath given a map of the country." Then he sketches in outline that New World where he has "come ashore"—"a New World whereof we see no end." "Your Majesty will here see that there are those things within a plant little less admirable than within an animal. That a plant as well as an animal is composed of organized parts, so that a plant is, as it were, an animal in quires, as an animal is a plant, or, rather, several plants bound up in one volume." Then he tells how all these plant organs are fitly framed together — "punctually set as the mathematical lines of a face." Lingering lovingly on the histology of the plant, he tells how "the staple of the stuff is so exquisitely fine that no silk-worm is able to draw anything near so small a thread, so that one who walks about with the meanest stick holds a piece of Nature's handicraft which far surpasses the most elaborate woof or needlework in the world." Then follows a word for plant physiology and "the mechanical way" of the plant, and after saying to the skeptic who might think the New World but another Utopia, "Yet not I, but Nature speaketh these things," our author makes his bow to His Sacred Majesty, and turns to a detailed discussion of the secrets which Nature had revealed to him of the fair new country of his love. A. H. B.

Seventh Book Vergil's Æneid. W. C. Collar, A. M. Eighth Book Vergil's Æneid. John Tetlow, D. Sc. Ginn & Company, publishers.

The two volumes of school classics containing the seventh and eighth books of Vergil's Æneid, and issued by Ginn & Co., are superior to the majority of Latin text-books. In addition to the necessary adjuncts of a good school-book — clear print, neat form and convenient size — they offer inspiration and preparation for

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a more independent and scholarly investigation of Latin literature and language than is usually found in public school limits. They show what are, according to Lessing, the essential elements of a preparatory text-book, namely, strict attention to the present needs of the student combined with suggestions, which bring out the pupil's own reasoning powers and point the way to deeper research. Such preparatory steps are found in the vocabularies, which give the strict derived meaning of the words rather than the many possible free renditions; in the word-groups, which trace the common element in form and significance through a family of words; and in the notes, which are suggestive rather than exhaustive. J. S. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Laboratory Guide in General Chemistry," by George Willard Benton, A. M. 40c. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

"De Vigny's Cinq Mars." Edited by Charles Sankey, M. A., assistant master in Hasson School. 95c. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

"The Science of Education." Translated from the German by Johann Friedrich Herbart, Prof. of Philosophy at the University of Göttingen. $1.00. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.

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Exchanges.

Foot-ball notes, poems on autumn, and exhortations to write for the college paper, claim a large part of the space in the November exchanges. All of these topics are undoubtedly in season.

We heartily congratulate Smith College on the new "Monthly," and gladly welcome so important an addition to our list of exchanges. The October issue is a remarkably good first number. The "Smith College Monthly" is unique in that it contains no advertisements.

The "Brunonian" for November 25 is a Thanksgiving number, from the first page to the last.

The boycott of the co-eds. by the men at Wesleyan has been a fruitful source of comments, serious or witty, in many of the month's exchanges. The "Argus" denies the report of the boycott, although it represents the Wesleyan men as taking a firm stand against co-education.

The feature of the "Argus" for November 13 is a picture of the foot-ball team and a discussion of Wesleyan's prospects in the game and her withdrawal from the League. One writer on the subject considers the abandonment of co-education as most desirable in the interests of athletics.

The leading article in the "Columbia Lit." for November is by Brander Matthews, on the "Profession of Literature and the Profession of Journalism." There is also an appreciative article on the "Novels of Miss Jane Austen."

At once the most practical and the most literary article of the month is Prof. Bronson's article on "Poetry and Student Life" in the "Brown Magazine." It is a protest against the development of the intellectual alone, to the exclusion of the sense of beauty; and a most seductive call to the pleasure of the library.

The "Mount Vernon Seminary Record" contains a charming description of Hull House, the Chicago Settlement, by one of the residents.

The "Mount Holyoke" announces the adoption of the cap and gown by the members of the senior class.

Illustrations are becoming more and more a feature of college publications. The "Dartmouth Lit." has some very good portraits and is altogether handsomely gotten up. The University "Cynic" for November 11 contains some pretty views of Lake Champlain.

The two literary societies of the Tuskaloosa Female College have begun with the November number the publication of a monthly journal, the "Carrier Dove."

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The November number of the "Vassar Miscellany" is a very good one. "A Plea for College Journalism" must appeal with peculiar force to to any undergraduate staff. The article advocates counting work on the college paper as regular work in the curriculum, and also co-operation between the department of rhetoric and the editorial board in securing suitable articles for publication. The plan seems a very feasible one, and one well worth considering.

The "Bowdoin Orient" for November 29 contains an article on a question which must be of more or less importance to every college where societies exist among the students, that is, the predominance of the fraternity spirit over the college spirit, particularly in class elections.

The "Collegium Forense" of Des Moines College pays particular attention to the political questions of the day.

There is a certain air of youthful cynicism which pervades some college publications, particularly in the fiction, that detracts much from the pleasure of reading them. The "Yale Lit." is a notable exception to this; its simple manly tone is perhaps its chief charm.

We clip the following from the verse of the month.

FALL.

The sky is full of gray and skurrying clouds,
  The dry and rustling leaves fast swirl along.
Already Summer's dreamy sunlit days
  Of insects' drowsy hum and thrushes' song
  Have fled; as long since fled the swallows' throng
Before grim Winter's scout, the Northwest Wind,
  The rough Frost-sower, scatt'ring far and wide
His icy seed, that, sprouting with the dawn,
  With flower crystals spreads the brown hill side,
  And soon will bring a bitter harvest tide. —*Yale Lit.*

FORETHOUGHT.

A child was born to-night. When it was brought
  Back by the women where the mother lay,
  The father held it once, then let it stay
Upon her bosom; and the while was thought
A future for it—all that should be wrought
  In coming years; how nobly in the fray
  Of life their son should battle: men should say
By his example they were grandly taught.
And this should be their son, this wondrous man,
  With fond eyes they should view his holy might;
And when their well-worn life-paths downward ran
  Unto the finish, then this splendid, bright
Hero should help their going. They began
  Thanking God for him. The child died to-night. —*Advocate.*

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College Notes.

The January number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will be delayed because of the holidays.

On November 16 Dr. Alexander McKenzie occupied the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting.

On Monday evening, November 20, Miss Marguerite Hall gave a delightful song recital, including selections from Schuman, Schubert, Saint-Saens, Somerwell and Carmichael.

A large delegation from Wellesley went in to Boston Friday evening, November 24, to hear Senators McKinley, Reid, Hoar, and Governor-elect Greenhalge speak in Mechanics' Hall.

On Monday evening, November 27, Prof. Goodale of Harvard University gave a most interesting lecture on Plant Life in Australia. The stereopticon views which illustrated his remarks were made from photographs he had taken during his recent travels in that region.

Rev. Dr. William Butler, the distinguished missionary pioneer and author, delivered an address on "The Reformation in Mexico" Sunday evening, December 3.

Thanksgiving Day was well celebrated at the college, despite the many who were away. Besides the rites fittingly associated with the "national bird," candy-pulls and other social gatherings combined to make the occasion most cheerful.

On the Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving Day seven scenes from "Little Women" were given at the Dedham Reformatory before an audience of thirty women. The parts taken were: Marmee, Caroline Field; Meg, Jane Williams; Jo, Sarah Bixby; Beth, Winifred Augsbury; Amy, Caroline Randolph; Grandpa Lawrence, Mary Clemmer Tracy; Laurie, Mary Isham; Mr. Brooke, Mary Salter; Aunt March, Elizabeth Hardee. Recitations by Caroline Field and music by Blanche Arter were also given.

On Thanksgiving evening Mrs. Butler and Misses Louise Taylor, Altsheler, Graff, Dexter, Willis, Collins, Hyatt, Allen, Peabody, Young, gave an entertainment for the women at the Sherburne prison. Tableaux, recitations, readings and college songs constituted the programme.

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The ground has been in process of preparation for the new athletic field. By last reports $130.50 have been already raised by the freshman class.

On Monday evening, December 4, a piano recital was given by Mr. Ernst Perabo, including selections from Rubinstein, Schubert, Bach, Lörve, Kiel, Bennett and Beethoven.

Miss Louise Richardson has been elected to represent the special organization on the editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, in place of Miss Adeline Teele, resigned.

Miss Grace Caldwell has been elected third member of '95's executive committee.

By unanimous vote of the Academic Council the senior privilege of registering for an absence from college has been conferred upon juniors also.

On Saturday afternoon, December 9, the class of '94 tendered the faculty a reception in the Stone parlor. Inclement weather did not prevent a goodly attendance on the part of both hostesses and guests. Miss Angell, Miss Foss and Miss Bridgman received. The tasteful decorations, enjoyable refreshments and delightful spirit of fellowship combined to make it a memorable occasion.

On Saturday evening, December 9, Miss Dennison gave a high tea at the Freeman in honor of Miss Atwood and Miss Barrows of Smith College.

On Saturday evening, December 2, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates received the Shakespeare Class and the Shakespeare Society in the faculty parlor. Violin music by Miss May Addeman and singing by the Fräulein Müllers added to the evening's pleasure. Outside guests were present.

Miss Friday, '86; Misses Martha McCaulley, Bettie Keith, Eleanor Green, Cornelia Green, '92; Alice Hamlin, Mary Hazard, Grace Grennell, Nan Pond, Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Elsie Pierce, '94; Sue Huntington, Cora Stewart, Grace Mix, Grace Webber and Caroline Mudget have visited at the college during the month.

On Sunday afternoon, December 10, Miss Atwood of Smith College spoke in the chapel concerning the organization, work and methods of the Smith College Association for Christian Work.

On Sunday evening, December 10, a Chistmas vesper service was given, with carols by the Beethoven Society, vocal selections by Misses Foss, Hoyt and Richards, and organ music by Miss Brandt.

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Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held with Mrs. Alice Hinchliffe Lay, 502 Jackson Boulevard, Saturday, November 25. The officers chosen for the year were: president, Miss Margaret Wrenn; vice-president, Miss Lillian Pike; secretary, Miss Agnes Cook, Foster Hall, University of Chicago.

The November meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was held at the home of Miss Abigail A. Brooks, '92, on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, there was a good representation, the two guests, Miss Winifred Myer, '93, and Miss Agnes M. Shaw, '92, being very welcome. A pleasant afternoon was passed in an exchange of Wellesley news. After light refreshments the club adjourned, to meet in December at the home of Miss Louise Pope, '91.

Miss Wiggin extended kindly hospitality to the Philadelphia Wellesley Club at 2101 Spruce Street, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 18. As chairman of the club's College Endowment Committee, Miss Anna Robertson Brown reported that the circular prepared by the World's Fair Committee, setting forth the needs of the college, could be procured for distribution if desired. Owing to pressure of other work, Miss Brown resigned the chairmanship of this committee; her resignation was regretfully accepted by the club. A newspaper extract description of the reunion of the Wellesley Association of Western New York, held at Rochester, Nov. 4, was then read, followed by an interesting letter from Miss Merrill, giving a delightful picture of college work and college sports by Waban water. It was decided that the secretary should request Miss Minnie Miller and Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul to send letters to be read at the next regular meeting. After refreshments and social converse the club adjourned, to hold its January meeting at the home of Dr. Jamieson (R. D. Howe), 767 North 40th Street.

The first meeting of the Boston Wellesley College Club for the year of '93-'94 was held in the faculty parlor, Oct. 28. The club was so fortunate to have as its guest Miss Shafer, who gave a very pleasant talk about the college problems and plans.

Edith E. Metcalf, '80, engaged in city mission work in Chicago, has just published sketches relating to her work under the title of "Letters to Dorothy."

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Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, may justly feel proud of the fact that both the Republicans and the Democrats of Ward 3, in caucuses assembled, have commended the faithful and efficient manner in which she has fulfilled the duties of a member of the school committee. The resolutions adopted were a deserved tribute to one of the most valuable members of the school board that Somerville has ever had.

Miss Florence Homer, '86, is teaching in one of the grammar schools of Evanston, Ill.

Rose Howe, '87, now Dr. Howe-Jamieson, her husband, Dr. Jamieson, and her friend, Dr. Jeannie Adams, '87, are all living together in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick's ('87) address is Laurenceville, N. J. Her husband is master of English in the boys' school of that place.

Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87, is spending the winter at Ann Arbor.

Miss Harriet Rice, M. D., '87, is assistant physician at Hull House, Chicago.

Miss Mary A. Winston, '87, is now in the office of the Sherman Society (Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) in the mornings, and has her afternoons for general journalistic and literary work.

Miss Katharine Horton, '89, spent two months in England this summer.

Miss Emma Shaw Pleasants, '89, is spending the winter in southern California.

"What Shall We Have to Eat? The Question Answered" is the title of a book, now being published, written by Mrs. Clarence T. Burr, Wellesley, '89.

Miss Carol Dresser, '90, will work in the New York College Settlement on Rivington Street this winter.

Miss Sadie McNary, '90, has taken her M. A. from the University of the City of New York, and is planning for her Ph. D.

The address of Mrs. Jane Cory Lindsay, '90, is 109 Walnnt Street, Boston Highlands, Mass.

The address of Miss Evarts Ewing, '87-90, is 1602 Q St., Northwest, Wash ington, D. C.

Miss Fanny T. Pendleton, '91, is teaching in the high school, Greenport, New York. She received the degree of M. A. at Cornell University last June.

Miss Inez L. Gay, Sp., '89-'91, is teaching Latin and mathematics in the high school at Thompsonville, Conn.

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The address of Miss Mabel Stanley Glover, '92, is 812 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mary Stevens Ayres, formerly of '92, is instructor in physical training at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal.

Miss Helena M. Corey, '92, is first assistant in the Spencer High School, Mass.

Ermina Ferris, '92, is teaching English in the high school in San Bernardino, Cal.

Miss Carrie Frost, '92, has the same position which she held last year as teacher of English in the high school in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Edith Thomson, '92, is at home in New York City. She is studying music and teaching history in the Society for the Promotion of Study at Home.

Miss Anna M. Locke, '92, is teaching in the high school, Nashua, N. H.

Miss Calla Osgood, '89-'92, is teacher in private school in San Francisco.

Miss Carrie A. Mann, '93, is teaching in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Miss Clelia D. Mosher, formerly of '93, is assistant in hygiene at Leland Stanford, Jr., University California.

Miss Frances Ewing, Wellesley '92-'93, daughter of United States Minister James S. Ewing of Bloomington, Ill., will be married to B. B. Beecher of Memphis, Tenn., Christmas Day. The wedding will take place in Baltimore at St. Peter's Episcopal Church.

Miss Scudder is giving a course of six lectures on Ruskin, to the Emerson Society. a society of young working people, at Andover House.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, and Mrs. Prince, Wellesley, '91-'93, are having a class in literature at the settlement.

Good books for children and young people are solicited for the settlement. Fiction, poetry, travel, science, biography are what is needed. Books of a strongly Protestant-religious character are unavailable.

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Society Notes.

On the evening of November 18 Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting.

Studies in Contemporary American Life.

III.

The Literary American.

I.	Associations of Concord	Martha Hale Shackford.
II.	At the Authors' Club in New York . .	Agnes Louise Caldwell.
III.	Literary Tastes of the Average American . .	Alice Welch Kellogg.
IV.	Music	Pearl Livingston Underwood.
V.	Oration: James Russell Lowell, the Typical Literary American	Julia Stevens Buffington.
VI.	Conversation: Will There be an Elizabethan Age in American Literature? . .	Led by { Adah May Hasbrook. Mary Emily Field.

The following of the society's alumnæ members were present: Miss Mary Hazard, Grace Grenell, Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Grace Webber and Cora Stewart.

The subject of the third meeting in Phi Sigma's study of the Russian novelists was Dostoyevski. The following programme was given:

I.	Significant Circumstances in the Life of Dostoyevski	Bertha Longley.
II.	Life as Seen through the Writings of Dostoyevski .	Caroline Jacobus.
III.	Representation from "Crime and Punishment." .	
IV.	Dostoyevski's Men and Women	Mary Holmes.
V.	The Art and Teaching of Dostoyevski	Margaret Dudley.

Five of the alumnæ members of the fraternity were present at this meeting: Miss Caroline Dresser, '90; Miss H. St. Barbe Brooks, '91; Miss Frances Lance, '92; Miss Mary B. Hill and Miss Helen Eager, '93.

A regular meeting of the Art Society was held in the art gallery on November 18. Miss Edith Sawyer, Special, was received into the society.

Programme.

Age of Louis XV.

I.	Historical Sketch of the Period	Alice Wood.
II.	Literary Aspects of the Period	Edna Pressey.
III.	Chief Artists of the Period	Annette Finnegan.

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IV. Tableaux.
"Reading Aloud," by Tragenat.
"Tinette," by Watteau.
V. Music.

At the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, November 18, the following programme was presented:

Richard II.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Elizabeth S. Adams
II. Richard II. Shakespeare's First Historical Play . . . . . Grace Cromwell Weymouth.
III. Dramatic Representation. Marlowe's Edward II. Act I. Scene I.
IV. The Place of the Historical Play in the Life of the Time . . . . . Elizabeth Bailey Hardee.
V. Comparison of Shakespeare's Richard II. and the Richard II. of History . . . . Alice Windsor Hunt.
VI. Dramatic Representation. Richard II. Act V., Scene I.
VII. Discussion.
Does the Character of Richard II. Show any Development During the Play?

Miss Jewett was received into the society.

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held November 18.

Roman Architecture and Sculpture.

1. Rome at the Time of Julius Cæsar . . . . . Mabel Rand.
2. Rome at the Time of the Emperor Trajan . . . . Ida Brooks.

Christian Art.

1. Roman and Christian Spirit in Art . . . . . Jeannette Moulton.
2. The Catacombs . . . . . Grace Albee.
3. The Basilica Churches . . . . . Florence Davis.
4. Mosaic Art . . . . . Mabel Hayes.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of December 9.

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Programme.

Studies in Contemporary American Life.

IV.

The Philanthropic American.

I. The Æsthetic in Modern Philanthropy . . Mary Louise Boswell.
II. Our Country as a Philanthropist . . . . . Mary Millard.
III. Song . . . . . Mary Williams Montgomery.
IV. Phases of Philanthropy Along the "Black Belt" Mary Josephine Saller.
V. Music . . . . . Mary Keyt Isham.
VI. A Study of Phillips Brooks . . . . . Lucy Jane Freeman.

Miss Martha McCaulley, '92, was present.

A regular meeting of the Art Society was held in the Art Gallery on December 9. Miss Blanche Arter, '95, Miss May Kellogg and Miss Lydia Wilkins, '96, were initiated into the society.

Programme.

Classicism in French Art.

I. Influence and Institutions of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. . . . . Charlotte Goodrich.
II. Nature and Sources of Classicism . . . . . Maude Keller.
III. Literature of the Period . . . . . Jane Williams.
IV. Sculpture and Music of the Period . . . . Waller I. Bullock.
V. Music.

On Sunday evening, November 19, Zeta Alpha held a vesper service in Society Hall, with music by Misses Hazard, Isham, Forbes, Nelson and Montgomery.

Miss Williams gave a reception on December 2, at the Freeman to the members of the Art Society.

Friday evening, December 8, Zeta Alpha enjoyed a sleighride. The Society was entertained at the home of Miss Cora Stewart, Auburndale.

At the regular meeting of the Agora, held November 18, Miss Cora Stoddard was initiated.

Programme.

Theory of Laissez Faire . . . . . Miss Coman.
Position of the United States in Regard to Questions of Trade . . . . . Miss Julia Burgess.
Relation of the Tariff to Commerce . Miss Caroline W. Field.
Indirect Effects of the Tariff . . . . . Miss Grace Caldwell.

The programme was followed by an informal discussion.

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College Bulletin.

Jan. 4. College opens.

Jan. 7. President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College preaches in the chapel.

Jan. 14. Dr. Eldridge Mix of Worcester preaches in the chapel.

Jan. 15. Concert.

Jan. 25. Day of Prayer for Colleges.

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Marriages.

PERKINS — ALEXANDER. In Malden, Mass., Nov. 29, 1893, M. Adelaide Alexander, '91, to George H. Perkins. At home after Dec. 1, at 221 Cross Street, Malden, Mass.

SNOW — BRUCE. In Malden, Mass., Nov. 30, 1893, Elinor Kimball Bruce, '92, to William Brackett Snow. At home after Jan. 10, 1994, at 106 Elm Street, Stoneham, Mass.

Births.

Nov. 17, 1893, a son to Mrs. Harriet Cooke Nelson, '83.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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HULL-HOUSE.

IF six months at Hull-House furnish an experience typical of the beginner's life in settlement, the first effects of residence are somewhat bewildering. The collegian or teacher, trained to a set schedule of duties and occupations, and a well-organized, regular life; the home body, accustomed to the quiet, uneventful usefulness and serene atmosphere of domesticity; the social and public-spirited individual, schooled to a more varied and active but still familiar round of clubs, calls and charities — all types with which one is most familiar — find so much that is new and absorbing in daily settlement life that the mere adjustment of one's self to the unwonted surroundings, and the adequate development of new powers called into play, are matters of engrossing interest, and for some time a sufficiently stable equilibrium is not attained to empower one to judge fairly of one's position.

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Teaching, conducting clubs, visiting, entertaining, managing picnics and country parties, connecting the diseased and needy with hospitals and charitable institutions, advising the perplexed and distressed on points of law, finding employment for out-of-works, informing the Board of Health where unsanitary houses and alleys need attention, bringing the neighborhood into touch with the advanced and progressive side of city life, and endeavoring to promote the wellbeing of the neighborhood in such ways as suggest themselves — many such lines of activity are constantly open to those living at Hull-House, and resident physicians, lawyers and teachers are as fully occupied as are the non-professional people who form generally the mainstay of the house. Fifteen to twenty-five men and women — for the five to ten men who have a house across the street are as closely identified with Hull-House as the ten to fifteen women living at No. 335 Halsted — have been more than busy the last year endeavoring to discharge the duties and develop the possibilities of settlement.

But things to do multiply faster than people to do them, and if one marvels at the list of things done, one fairly quails before the array of things still undone. Not only is one for a time confused among the many things constantly going on at Hull-House, and a trifle aghast at the versatility requisite to the valuable all-around resident, but still more is one disconcerted by the informality of so complicated a life, and nonplussed by the absence of machinery and organization. It is such a universal habit to mistake machinery for force, and organization for accomplishment, that one's hasty and superficial demand for officers, committees, reports and all the paraphernalia of an "institution" is shocked when the young David casts aside the unwieldy armor which one has been taught to regard as indispensable, and gives play to the vigorous arm and steady vision, which are his best weapons against the Philistine. The stripling has, however, many stones in his sling, and they are of different sorts. Clubs, societies, classes, receptions, visits, concerts, lectures and informal gatherings of all sorts are in his hand, and their number and variety overwhelm the novice. The key to the meaning of things is not easily found. One enjoys it all, but in the press of doing one cannot find time for understanding.

There are classes, it is true, but receiving and imparting information are not their only ends — study is almost an outgrowth of social life, and instruc-

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tors and pupils meet in the classroom as well as in the Hull-House drawing-rooms and at their own homes, to find expression for mutual interest sometimes of a very vital sort. In college, friendships between professor and pupil is a delightful accident — in a settlement, it is frequently the basis of relation. The resident whose days have habitually been parcelled out to fit into a fixed programme of lectures, recitations, recreation, sleep — whose mental habits as well as hourly occupations have become rigid and in a sense artificial and study-bound, who has just emerged from student life, and brought with him the unacknowledged and unconscious determination to recognize only the educational interests, is slow to perceive, and perhaps mortified, to gradually perceive that the settlement is not only unlike a college, but that it has no desire to convert itself into anything of the sort. The collegiate elements which are valuable for its purpose it ruthlessly appropriates, but the academic complications which would interfere with its usefulness it as ruthlessly ignores. That there could be a finer or more faultless creation than a college, far be it from Hull-House — or myself — to suggest, far be it from you to suspect; but that there may be a less specialized, more comprehensive, more expansive expression of energy, where education forms one of the chief limbs of the body, but does not constitute the soul, the settlement fearlessly and insistently witnesses.

The resident or visitor from the gay world, from any exclusive and aristocratic region of this or other towns, is more apt to realize the impossibility than the undesirability of modelling Halsted Street or Drexel Boulevard or Commonwealth Avenue, and is to be congratulated if he does not impress workingmen with whom he comes in contact, not with the marvellous perfection of his attainments, but rather with their grotesque inadequacy. That this nineteenth ward does not look as well as the Lakeshore Drive — that people here are crowded and unattractive and needy, while there they are clean and warm and comfortable — that these wooden shanties and rear tenements are outshone by those stone fronts and glittering pavements, is unquestionable, and the dirt and discomfort are a source of much more serious regret to those who live in its midst than to those who sometimes stigmatize the ward with the word "slum." But there is a provincialism of wealth, of success, of power, as there is a provincialism of education and culture, and a provincialism of industry and labor, and it would no more

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avail to bring the civilization of "Vanity Fair" to working-people than to fling husks to a hungry man. Whether or not, as the settlement believes, the future of the world lies in the hands of the workingman, certain it is that the future of the workingman does not lie in the hands of "the world."

The most cherished hope in the whole settlement idea is to amalgamate all that is best in university culture, in broad social life, and in the work-a-day world, and by invigorating the whole, to inaugurate a higher and fuller civilization than has yet been known. Not by leaving out, but by taking in, does the settlement mean to grow — not exclusion, but inclusion, is the watchword of the movement. What has been called the sense of humanity, the craving to realize in one's life as well as one's creed the unity of society and the brotherhood of man, is beginning to assert itself in a new way. If the question with which the average inquirer approaches the subject of settlement is, "How did any one come to think of it?" his wonder after a little examination into its meaning and nature is that no one ever thought of it before. The essentials of the movement are so few, and the methods so simple and pliable, that it seems strange it should never declare itself until Toynbee Hall came into existence a little more than ten years ago. Efforts to maintain such standards as those for which the settlement strives have never been wanting, but they have generally been literary and philosophical in their expression, rather than experimental and social. For this reason any formulation of the faith out of which the movement grows, is full of familiar phrases and truisms, while continued activity in the settlement itself, and actual absorption of its animus, suggest new possibilities for both individual and social life, even under present external conditions. Granting that profession is always in advance of practice, and conception of action, much can be done inside the boundaries of existing laws and forms before we have secured to ourselves all the benefits within our reach. Some of these benefits it is the aim of the settlement to bring to its residents, neighborhood and friends — the benefits of mutual acquaintance, enlightened sympathies and tolerant co-operation among people of widely varying education, possessions, surroundings and traditions.

To endeavor to justify one's faith in settlement by enumerating the achievements of Hull-House would be, as one Frenchwoman has said, worse than a crime; it would be silly. But to illustrate the manner in which one

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settlement has thus far worked itself out, by telling something of its growth during the last year, may have a secondary value.

As one grows accustomed to the turmoil of the very active life at Hull-House, and begins to hear harmonies among the instruments that seemed to the untutored ear so confusing, one distinguishes the various groups which in an organized institution would be styled departments. By far the greatest amount of time and energy goes into the social channel, and its broad sweep carries forward most if not quite all the people who come to the House to the number of a thousand a week, whether or not they ostensibly come for the sake of mere acquaintance. Many things that would sink of their own weight are borne along by the current of good-fellowship. From the sewing of the small girls and debating of the young boys to the street-cleaning of the Nineteenth Ward Improvement Club and the stumping for honest politics by the Men's Club, the pill of *duty done* goes down easier for the gelatine coating of pleasant association at a genial soul's fireside.

But while nearly everything is mixed and surrounded with sociability, some features are social pure and simple — receptions and dancing-parties, tea-drinkings and musicals, German circles, calling, entertaining with games, charades and every form of amusement — these fill an important place in Hull-House life.

The college extension courses, attended by some two hundred students, and branching into a Students' Association of eighty members, with debating, musical, dramatic and literary sections, as well as leading to gymnastic work, form a focus for the educational interest. The gymnasium is used by all clubs meeting at Hull-House, as well as by students, and there, every Sunday afternoon, is given a concert or lecture open to the public, while a People's Chorus sings in the same hall every Friday evening, four hundred strong, under the leadership of Mr. Tomlins. The public reading-room in the Butler Gallery, and the delivery station for books from the Chicago public library might be called educational, but the building is of course public, and frequented by many who are not students. The kindergarten is both educational and humanitarian, as the expense of teaching the children is not defrayed by their families, and here the way is opened to the charge of pauperizing the poor. I suppose if Mr. Rockefeller should present the little people with a stray million or two, and the friends who now contribute

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from year to year as their interest dictates should withdraw their gifts, the kindergarten would flourish as an Affiliated Younger Branch, or a similar endowed Samethingity, and drop the notion that it was supported by charity. As yet, however, it is associated with the Crèche, playground, relief work and diet kitchen as among the gifts from people with a surplus to people with a deficit. Descriptions of three of these gifts, together with accounts of some of the other things here mentioned as belonging to the tangible side of Hull-House, will be found in "The Objective Value of Social Settlements." The playground is of later date than the paper referred to, and is a large open space, about 325x125 feet, cleared of rotten and foul tenements, last spring, filled with sand, and furnished with swings, turning poles, etc., and given rent free for the children's use.

Relief work has never been a chief feature at Hull-House, but during this winter of appalling misery and destitution it has assumed such proportions as to burden and almost defy the united forces of the House. Among the friends who have contributed money for the very poor in the district are the Jane Club, composed of working-girls, the Young Men's Debating Club, the Hull-House Women's Club and the Jolly Boys' Club, all made up of neighborhood people and meeting regularly at the House. Temporary rooms, used as lodging-places for the stranded and destitute, have been fitted up near by, and it has been imperatively necessary to visit a very great many of the poor, and spend an unusual amount of time assisting the indigent to reach the ear of organized charity. Miss Lathrop, who had, during long residence at Hull-House, established cordial relations with many city and State institutions, was last spring asked to act on the Illinois State Board of Charities, and since that time has served as a member of that body, while continuing in the settlement.

The coffee-house and Hull-House kitchen would perhaps be called industrial. They supply nutritious and well-cooked viands to the public at the lowest rates possible, and hope to compete with cheap restaurants and saloons as far as possible. Selling soups and coffee in quantities for consumption in factories has been successfully inaugurated, and an effort is now being made to serve ten and fifteen-cent dinners and suppers. Perhaps the only temperance work done by the House beyond that of providing as many clubs and entertainments as can be arranged, to eclipse "the

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workingman's club-house," and furnishing the coffee-house to the general public and the billiard-room overhead to the Hull-House Men's Club of nearly one hundred and fifty members, is what is indirectly accomplished by giving the large gymnasium for balls, and furnishing hot suppers and "soft drinks" to the dancers, many of whom are generally very drunk at the close of a similar affair held over a saloon. The members of the Jane Club have been largely instrumental in banishing liquors from the Trades and Labor Assembly parties, although the fact that the hall is given free of charge may have, in the Halsted street vernacular, "its in*floonce*." Hull-House residents are usually invited to the dances, and received warmly and courteously.

I cannot better describe the Jane Club and Coal Association than by the word co-operative. They are both industrial, for they enable members to save money and gain substantial benefits, besides a sense of responsibility and a knowledge of business methods. The former has grown to a membership of fifty, and during the past month one hundred and thirty have joined the latter. By buying coal in quantity from one dealer, the members get wholesale rates and full measure. Arrangements are also made for delivering bushels and smaller quantities at almost the same rates. In a poor district, less than in any other in the world, can a man afford to stand alone. In co-operation with others is his only salvation, and one of the boasts of a settlement is that it is a rallying point around which men of common interests may unite for individual and collective safety.

The Labor Bureau belongs also among the efforts to promote industry, although it has neither income nor expense.

Through the agency of Mrs. Florence Kelley, resident at the House, a bill was last winter prepared and presented to the State Legislature, providing for the restriction of the term of labor in factories to eight hours a day for women and minors; for the further protection of minors; for the exclusion of children under fourteen from factories and workshops; and for the sanitation of manufactured articles. When the bill became a law, Mrs. Kelley was appointed factory inspector for the State, and now has her office in the neighborhood, which abounds with employees and manufactories affected by the law. Considerable statistical work has been and is being done in this connection, as well as in another line. A careful canvass of

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part of the neighborhood was last spring undertaken by the resident who is now factory inspector, and some of the facts ascertained by five people during three months, as well as comments by different residents on special subjects, which have crystallized as the most definite results of the sociological investigation carried on from the House, will be published soon under the title "Hull-House Maps and Papers."

To an outsider these accounts may sound more satisfactory than vague descriptions of the House, but to a resident they mean less than those intangible things it is hard to chronicle. Perhaps the initial attraction to the casual visitor, and the most unfailing charm to the old-timer is the abounding hospitality of the place and the free and genial attitude of all who come to Hull-House habitually. Leaders and inquirers, advisers and followers, teachers and students are alike well-wishers and assured friends. As one tries to put into a nut-shell the value and character of this settlement, there are three words that come to one's mind — enthusiasm, permanence, adaptability; enthusiasm of purpose, permanence of work, adaptability of method. The first comers to Hull-House were possessed by the spontaneous desire to know the lives of working people, and fired with faith in the proletariat — their interest was no trumped-up interest, no forced or artificial thing, stuffed with a mistaken sense of duty. Miss Addams and Miss Starr came to Halstead street because they could not keep away, as one reaches out his hand to find a friend in the dark. And they came for good. They threw in their lot with the nineteenth ward, to reside, to "settle," not to experiment or to test. The neighborhood counts on them as it counts on its own needs, and this fact alone gives Hull-House its strongest hold. And then the place grows. There is no fixed programme, no unyielding line. If, one year, the children flock in thick and fast the settlement starts kindergarten and *creche*. If another time the parents come often and admire the pictures on the walls, loan exhibitions of the best art in the city are opened in the Butler Gallery. If, again, the neighborhood clamors for sports, a gymnasium goes up. This year the whole town is weighed down with want, the nineteenth and adjoining wards most of all. The House opens a relief office and dispenses clothing, food and money, not in proportion to the need, but to its own resources. When demands are too great, and they always are, the most insistent are met, and those things that can wait are dropped until the pressure lightens somewhere.

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The powerful personality directing the lines along which Hull-House has grown for four years is undoubtedly the only adequate explanation of the vigor and breadth attained, but if one should attempt to translate that personality into abstract qualities, one would say strong social instinct and glowing faith in men, welded together with human love and vivified with a spark of divine fire. Miss Addams herself says, "The best speculative philosophy sets forth the solidarity of the human race; the highest moralists have taught that without the advance and improvement of the whole no man can hope for any lasting improvement in his own moral or material individual condition. The subjective necessity for social settlements is identical with that necessity which urges us toward social and individual salvation."

Being so broad a thing, settlement appeals, it would seem, to any who have a vision of its possibilities. One who believes in it is, I think, always a trifle discouraged to have it regarded as a thing apart. To him it seems, like labor, to be "broad as earth, with its summit in Heaven," If it could only go unnamed, and not be harnessed to the details that are its manifestations but not its essence — if it could be separated in the minds of some from missions and industrial schools, in the minds of others from charities and philanthropies, and in the minds of still others from even such excellent things as universities and colleges — if it could be *déclassé*, and to be apprehended as something of no sort but its own — that of free, generous, manifold living — perhaps its future would be swift as well as sure.

One is asked what is most essential in a resident. When there are so many opportunities for the play of every kind of individual strength, it is difficult to single out certain qualities as the most indispensable. Generally, it is necessary, however, to be ready to learn as well as to teach, to follow as well as to lead, to accept and develop new ideas as well as test one's own. All effort to force unsuitable methods upon those whose traditions are already formed, is sure to be thankless, and the conviction that one knows exactly what to do, and just how to do it, if it sustains the shocks of a few weeks of settlement life, is apt to prove fatal to any great effectiveness. But people who differ utterly in attainments and experience may be equally useful, and of two apparently alike in character and tastes, one may be invaluable and the other only in the way. There is an intangible something, known as settle-

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ment "temperament," which sometimes exists. Its secret probably lies in quality of motive — nowhere is the wheat of unselfishness more relentlessly sifted, and the metal of self-sacrifice more severely tried, than in such a place as Hull-House.

The danger of ambition, warranted to corrupt any growing power that is vulgarly thought "to pay"; the danger of institutionalism, tending to supplant life with mechanism; the danger of false sentimentality and faddism, resulting through its barren tears and idle trifling in the disintegration of the very backbone of purpose — these three enemies and other minor menaces surround the settlement. It may be that by steering clear of these, and by following out the simple and natural plan of giving people where we have too long given things, and of contributing the best available powers and gifts to leaven the toil of those upon whom the world's work falls heavily, the settlement will determine whether or not it shall become a powerful and permanent feature of civilization.

NOTE.—For fuller accounts of the clubs and other organizations connected with Hull-Houre, the reader is referred to two papers by Miss Jane Addams, one on "The Subjective Necessity for Social Settlements," and the other on "The Objective Value of Social Settlements." These papers were first read before the School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth, then published in the October and November numbers of "The Forum" for '92, and appear with other papers in book form under the title of "Philanthropy and Social Progress," published by T. Y. Crowell, Boston. I have aimed, in writing on "Hull-House," to present mainly the development of the past year, and have almost presupposed familiarity with Miss Addams' account, as well as some knowledge of settlement work in general.

AGNES SINCLAIR HOLBROOK.

SONNET.

God's earth is hung with pearls to-day. Heaven bends
  Close, close above, with tenderest caress,
  And smiles her gray, soft smile. The fleecy dress
In which the fields are clad, in beauty blends
With Heaven's gray, where the horizon ends;
  And 'gainst the sky, in airy daintiness,
  The feathery birches, pearl-strung, thronging press.
The day, like God's own peace, all words transcends.

The noise and fret of life are wrapped so deep
  Within the silence of the fallen snow,
  That God's breath o'er the whole world seems to blow.
O, fair day, in thy beauty thou dost steep
  My senses and my mind! I only know
Thy perfectness doth almost make me weep.

M. G. McC., '92.

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THE MEDIÆVAL INFLUENCE AS SEEN IN TENNYSON'S SIR GALAHAD.

THE tendency of the nineteenth century to revert to ideals of the past is nowhere more clearly seen than in its poetry. Our restlessness and eagerness hope to find satisfaction in the experiences of previous generations. Hence our modern poets attempt to translate these experiences into the terms of the nineteenth century. In some cases this translation is accomplished with a startling perfection. Then again we find our own times dominating the age which the artist tries to set before us.

The three epochs of the past which have the greatest interest to the modern poets are the classical or Hellenic period, the mediæval period, and the period of the Renascence. In one of these three nearly every one of the modern poets takes an intense interest. Often he feels the influence of more than one period, being differently affected at different times of his life.

Tennyson is a good illustration of this fact. While we find him showing the classical influence in "Ulysses," the life of the Middle Ages influences "St. Agnes' Eve" and "Sir Galahad," and a very perfect reproduction of the Renascence period is given in the Palace of Art.

Though poetry and prose can hardly be judged by the same canon, yet a comparison between Sir Thomas Mallory's story of Sir Galahad, the inspiration of the modern poet, and Tennyson's stirring lyric may suggest the similarities and differences of the two ages. As the story of Sir Galahad, his quest of the Holy Grail and his success through purity, is so familiar I will not linger on it.

We find the two predominant elements of Mediævalism to be asceticism and chivalry. These are very marked in the Morte d'Arthur and in the Galahad story.

The whole scene of King Arthur's court, with the knights enjoying their good fellowship suggests the chivalrous spirit. Our introduction to Sir Galahad is on the occasion of his receiving the order of knighthood from the hand of his father, Sir Launcelot. Mallory's quaint little description of Sir Galahad gives us at once an inkling of his character. "He was seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he weened of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form."

The element of chivalry is again given prominence in the tournament held by the Knights of the Round Table before they started on their quest

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of the Holy Grail. "Then Sir Galahad, by the prayer of the King and Queen, did upon him a noble jesserance, and also he did on his helm. And the Queen was in a tower with all her ladies to behold that tournament."

The element of chivalry is far more prominent in Malory than the ascetic element. But in the course of their adventures the knights are constantly being wounded, and a hermit always appears most opportunely and dresses the wound and cares for the knight in his cave. There are many abbeys at which the knights have strange adventures and hear wonderful stories from the monks.

The delight in the marvellous, a lesser feature of the old romance of chivalry, Malory sets before us in a most interesting way. The simplicity of the belief in the mysteries adds greatly to the charm of the tale. Listen to this account of the mysterious presence of the Holy Grail. "And after that they went to supper, and every knight sat in their place as they were beforehand, then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that they thought the place should all to rive. In the midst of the blast entered a sunbeam more clear by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. . . . Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none that might see it, nor who bare it, and there was all the hall fulfilled with great odours, and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in the world, and when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became."

The wonderful story of Sir Galahad's sword and that of the white shield, with many others equally delightful and mysterious, show this same simple belief in the marvellous.

As the knights start on the quest of the Holy Grail, their evident sincerity of purpose strikes a note entirely foreign to any preceding period, the note of spiritual aspiration. The one supreme desire of the noblest knight was not mere adventure for the glory and success in arms, but a life of purity that he might be found worthy of obtaining the Holy Grail. Sir Launcelot, who is described as the best knight of any sinful man in the world, is led to try to expiate his sins in order that he might obtain the purity through which alone the Grail would be revealed to him. Sir Galahad shows this note of spiritual aspiration by the efforts he makes to

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preserve his purity in his quest. He hears mass frequently, and is confessed before starting on his journey to insure him against temptation.

It seems somewhat incongruous to find the modern poet, amid all the stirrings in the scientific world and the hard realism which pervades the nineteenth century, turning back to this childlike mystery. We see in Tennyson's conception of Sir Galahad the passion for chivalry, the ascetic motif less strongly, the mystery, and the note of spiritual aspiration.

The element of chivalry running throughout the whole poem is especially brought to notice in these lines:

> "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
> The hard brands shiver on the steel,
> The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
> The horse and rider reel;
> They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
> And, when the tide of combat stands,
> Perfume and flowers fall in showers
> That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
> How sweet are looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favors fall!
> For them I battle till the end,
> To save from shame and thrall."

The treatment of this element is here more from the æsthetic side than the more serious treatment in the mediæval romance. Notice how Tennyson dwells on the "Perfume and flowers that lightly rain from ladies' hands." The paramount interest in the old romance lies in the valour of the knight for its own sake, not for the sake of some fair lady. Yet we cannot deny the influence of the mediæval ideal on Tennyson's work. The interest of the poem lies in the deeds prompted by the knighthood of Sir Galahad. In all his wanderings our attention is fixed on the youthful knight in his purity, meeting with one adventure after another in which his skill in arms may prove of service.

The element of asceticism is less marked than the chivalrous element, but that phase of mediæval life is suggested:

> "But all my heart is drawn above,
> My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine;
> I never felt the kiss of love,
> Nor maiden's hand in mine.

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More bounteous aspects on me beam,
The mightier transports move and thrill,
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

The purity of Sir Galahad's life, withdrawn from "the kiss of love," presents a strong contrast to Sir Launcelot, whose sin with Guinevere prevented him from obtaining the Holy Grail. Sir Galahad rides by "secret shrines," where he hears mysterious voices:

"A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air."

These lines breathe the simple purity of a life lived apart from men, in consecration to a holy purpose. It is a less constrained conception of asceticism than Malory's, due to the broader ideas of the times. All that is revolting in asceticism is left out, giving us a softened and spiritualized view of it.

We do not read Tennyson's lyric with the same wide-eyed wonder with which the mysteries in Malory inspire us. Tennyson gives us idealized views of the marvellous.

"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark,
I leap on board, no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars."

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This picture has not the simple, crude setting of Malory's, and though it has a more elegant and finished beauty, it has not the spontaneous charm of the old romance.

It remains to see what note of spiritual aspiration we find in the modern poem. In the lines already quoted:

> "I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
> That often meet me here,"

the soul aspires to reach beyond and above to that which is only dimly foreshadowed here. In the closing lines of the poem we feel that this reaching forward into the eternal future is not in vain:

> "O just and faithful knight of God,
> Ride on! the prize is near;
> So pass I hostel, hall and grange;
> By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
> All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
> Until I find the Holy Grail."

Tennyson's reproduction is genuine in the prominence given to the chivalrous and ascetic motifs. His treatment of the marvellous is far more studied and has less of the reverent acceptance of the mysterious than the genuine work of the mediæval period.

The setting of the story is given much more care than the older tale. Our modern poet is touched by the æsthetic movement to give his story a beautiful idyllic presentation, contrasting strongly with the broken, crude form of the older period.

In the modern work the reflective tone presents an entirely different phase from the fresh, breezy spirit of adventure in the Morte d'Arthur. Though the reproduction has a charm for us, the spontaneity and simplicity which breathe from the old romance are lacking. The modern work is more artistically conceived than Malory's simple tale, and it bears the marks of the reflective critical work of our modern literature. The germ sprang from the Middle Ages, but the presentation is of the nineteenth century.

GERTRUDE BIGELOW, '93.

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AT SILENT TIME.

At silent time, departing day,
Thy busy care awhile delay.
How restful, and how sweetly still
The peace that everywhere doth fill!
And heavy weariness allay,
At silent time.

The vagrant winds no longer stray,
Nor falling leaves with zephyrs play.
A soft cloud rests on yonder hill
At silent time.

The waters calm 'neath mists of gray
Their murmurs hush. In silence pray
All things created by His will,
And with one thought of promise thrill
At silent time.

EDITH SAWYER.

ARE THE SOCIAL TEACHINGS OF CHRIST PRACTICAL?

IT is hard to avoid a slight tinge of cynicism as one grows older, but of all its different forms which one would so gladly avoid, none seems quite so hopeless as that which an agnostic is apt to experience if he is brought much into contact with Christians, and the singular point is that the better the Christians he meets, the deeper the shadow of the cynicism which he cannot escape. For consider the position of an honest agnostic who is led to study carefully the teachings of Christ. If he has been accustomed to the study of other religions, to searching out what Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster really taught, and if he tries to apply the same methods of work to the records of the life of the Nazarene, it will be but a short time before he discovers a painful discrepancy between the principles and the practice of modern Christianity. It is not that the characters of Christians fall short of Christ's standards — that might be set down to human weakness — but that no effort is made toward that standard. In regard to social matters, that is; there is a sufficiency of effort in other directions, and the texts enforcing spiritual truths have been so long dwelt on that the world has forgotten there is a social side to Christ's teachings. Ours is a Christian

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civilization, but its material prosperity depends on the continued existence of a surplus labor class, and if some thought of the miseries of this class seems likely to trouble for a moment the virtuous complacency of the well-to-do, there is no lack of Christian philosophers to assure us that it is only through the struggle for existence that the standard of the race can be maintained, and that any relaxation of the fierce competition would mean immediate retrogression. The Teacher from whom our churches take their name bids His followers give to those who ask, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, saying that whatever is done to the poorest is done to Him; so by way of showing our devotion to His precepts, we minister to Him by proxy and maintain a network of societies and organizations and local and general boards, as well as an army of salaried officials, to perform for us the neighborly duties which Christ inculcated; and when it becomes apparent that this method of dealing with poverty is sadly ineffectual, then, with a blind fatuity which if shown in any matter of business would be instantly exposed and swept aside, Jesus' mournful enunciation of a terrible fact is construed into an authorization, almost a benediction, of that fact, and Christian ministers and Christian hymnologists unite in assuring us that

> "He has placed us side by side
> In this wide world of ill,
> And that his followers may be tried,
> The poor are with us still."

It is hard to think of the difference between the teachings of Christ and the practice of Christians without becoming bitter, perhaps unfair, but certainly our agnostic would be justified in concluding that, by some curious process of mental or moral substitution, the words of his Master concerning social relations either mean absolutely nothing to the average believer, or else that their meaning is diluted into a vague, general direction to be as honest, as straightforward and as kindly as is quite consistent with his own private advantage. Some few noble exceptions to this generalization there are, great souls who kindle anew one's faith in human nature, but since these are almost invariably spoken of, by those who should most appreciate their lives, with mild contempt as being "well-meaning, but enthusiasts," "extremists," or "fanatics," I am afraid the Church in general cannot be given the credit for their departure from her established customs.

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But are these things so of necessity? Are the teachings of Christ absolutely impracticable? Those from whom faith in His divinity is gone apparently think not so, and from one at least of them we have a picture of his ideal of life, a state of society in which, with a few modifications, the precepts of Jesus are obeyed, not from any belief in their divine origin, not from any thought of virtue gained or sin avoided by submission to them, but simply because the mind of man, freed from the crushing weight of centuries of ignorance and injustice, recognizes that in these short and simple sayings lies the secret of all true happiness and noble living. But before we decide that his ideal is impracticable, let us see definitely what are the social teachings of Christ.

Accepting the New Testament story of the life of Christ as true, we find the keynote of his work struck before his birth, when the message of his advent was brought to Mary. Not from the wealthy and educated was he to spring; the message he brought was not to be intrusted to the thinkers, to the polished, broad-minded, refined men of his nation, and through their efforts at last to trickle down to the great mass of the lower orders. No, the vivifying impulse was to come from below. Christ was born of a family of working-people, and the first human beings to whom His birth was announced were poor shepherds busied about their common occupations. Of his boyhood and youth we know too little to judge whether this affiliation with the poor was manifested throughout; it is only legend which assures us that He himself worked at His father's trade. But of the tenor of His teachings there can be no doubt. To examine fully His injunctions as to man's social relations, and His own practice in this respect is quite too extensive a work for our present inquiry, but we may perhaps consider some of His leading principles. His social teachings seem to centre about two great themes, non-resistance to evil, and love to one's neighbor.

First, as to non-resistance to evil, which is, possibly, the harder doctrine for us to accept, though we make no better shift at practising the other than this. If we take Christ's words at their face value we must admit that He teaches us that resistance to evil is wrong, no matter what ill may result from submission. This doctrine is taught not only by the proof texts on which Count Tolstoi lays so much stress, but by the whole tenor of Christ's life. It is not only that Jesus explicitly commands us to resist not evil, to

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turn the other cheek, to forgive unto seventy times seven; He also gives us the example of doing this. Throughout His life, from the time when He met the anger roused by His first sermon at Nazareth by simply withdrawing himself from the excited throng up to the time when, brought as a lamb to the slaughter, He opened not His mouth before His judges, He calmly accepted whatever ill His enemies might seek to work Him. There is only one exception to this attitude of non-resistance, and that is found in Christ's cleansing the Temple. It is to be noted that in this case the evil was not directed against himself, and, further, that the act stands alone. In no case does Christ forcibly resist any evil wrought against Him or His followers, and when His disciples urge Him to show some such opposition, His rebuke is sharp and unmistakable. There is one passage which seems to contradict this general tone of His teachings: "But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise a wallet, and he that hath no sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one." What this means is hard to understand; it does not seem to involve an abrogation of His previous teachings, for His practice remains unchanged. But taking the words in their literal sense as a command to arm and resist violence, we still have only this one passage against the whole weight of Christ's life and teachings, before and after, for which reason I think it may fairly be disregarded. In considering this question of non-resistance, we may notice that it does not involve non-recognition or non-condemnation of evil; Jesus is unsparing in His denunciation of wrong wherever He finds it; what is does involve is the prohibition of any attempt to restrain evil by force. We may condemn evil, but the only way in which we may seek to overcome it is by good.

Since the second principle is closely allied to the first, let us consider it before discussing the practicability of either. Love to one's neighbor! What this love means Christ shows in the parable of the good Samaritan. Not a mere sentiment of generous good-will, not an abstract regard for the spiritual welfare of the world, not even a philanthropic desire to help mankind as far as one's own convenience and pleasure will permit, but a warm, loving, human sympathy which will make us look on all men as verily brothers, and convince us that if one human being is to our knowledge cold or hungry or cramped by poverty while we are warm and comfortable, then, though we may be thoroughly orthodox on all points of doctrine, though

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we may lead pure and holy lives and cherish high ideals, we are disobeying Christ's plain injunctions and have no right to call ourselves followers of the Nazarene. Nor can we escape from the strenuousness of His teaching by any plea of the evil results of relieving the weak or the wicked from the consequences of their own acts. It is rather remarkable how entirely Christ disregards the economic results of brotherly sympathy. "Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." There is no hint here of giving only to those who deserve help, and we are expressly told to strive to become sons of that Father who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. And it is also noticeable how heavy is Christ's condemnation of those whose offences have been, as we should think, of a negative character, who have simply failed to exercise this spirit of brotherly love. He denounces, indeed, the Scribes and the Pharisees, but in the parable of the Last Judgment it is not those who have been self-seeking and self-righteous who are to go away into everlasting punishment, but those who may have been very respectable citizens otherwise, yet who failed to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We are not told that Dives was guilty of any sin of commission, and it is to be feared that most of the wealthy Christians of to-day, if put to the test of the rich young man, would meet it even as he did.

There are two objections drawn from Christ's teachings against the giving up of all worldly wealth. The first is that by accepting the hospitality of the wealthy, by going to the feasts of the Pharisees, by visiting the home of Mary and Martha, Jesus authorizes the possession of wealth and the enjoyment of the comforts it brings, even while others are in absolute want. This seems to me on a par with saying that because Christ permitted the woman who was a sinner to anoint his feet with the spikenard "which had been one of the instruments of her unhallowed arts," and even commended her for doing so, he thereby sanctioned her way of life. The second is, that since the beloved disciple took Mary to "his own home," he could not have understood that Christ's teachings forbade the enjoyment of private means while others are in want. In regard to this we must observe that the word "home" as used here is purely conjectural, the Greek expression meaning simply "his own," and referring with equal propriety to friends or possessions; also that there is no reason whatever to suppose that St. John, if he

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did possess such property, is excluded from the statement that "as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and parted them to all, according as any man had need."

Such are the two great principles which we may fairly deduce from Christ's social teachings, which indeed we can hardly avoid deducing if we read the Gospels as we would read the discourses of any other great teacher. We may say that His language is figurative and must not be taken as a scientific statement of facts. It is conceivable that this may be so, but in that case we are logically bound to believe that His moral teachings are also figurative, and that He had no serious intention of forbidding theft and covetousness and adultery. But granting that these principles are taught by Jesus, what are we to think of them? Are they, or are they not practical?

That depends on what we mean by practical. If we mean, can they be made the rule of life, we must reply in the affirmative, for in every age there are a few strong souls who adopt them and act upon them. Tolstoi does it to a very large degree; the slum sisters of the Salvation Army approach more nearly to perfection in this line; and more than one obscure and uneducated anarchist or socialist or labor agitator comes rather near this standard of living, not from any desire to follow Christ, but because the love of humanity has been kindled in his heart, and has rendered forever impossible to him the selfish, non-human life which satisfies the majority of us. Nor does there seem any good reason why we should consider these teachings impossible of acceptance. It is true that any one adopting them would be looked upon as a fanatic, and accused of bringing his cause into disrepute, but we nowhere find any warning of Christ's, "Take heed that thou be not deemed an enthusiast." It is not the Master but the apostle who bids us let our moderation be known to all men, and when we consider what St. Paul's own life was, it is evident that we might radically alter our present mode of living without stepping outside the bounds of moderation as he understood it. It is also true that any one attempting to follow these teachings must give up much that makes life pleasant, but "Whoso loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall find it"; he may have to cut himself off from friends and family, but "Whoso hateth not father and mother for My sake is not worthy of Me"; and he must lead a life of hardship and pri-

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vation and continual self-denial, but "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

If, however, by practical we mean, are they practiced, our answer must be as unhesitatingly a negative. We all know that with very few exceptions Christians pay no attention to these teachings. Some, realizing how strenuous are their demands, openly declare that Christ's precepts cannot be obeyed; more take it for granted that they inculcate only a general kindliness which is by no means to interfere with the important concerns of modern life; while a still greater number apparently give no thought whatever to the matter; for them these teachings do not exist. Considered in their social relations, I do not think we can find any difference between a respectable Christian and a respectable worldling; each lives up to the conventional standard of his times and circumstances, and neither dreams of going beyond it. Of course, this does not apply to all Christians, but the mere fact that our civilization is what it is, proves conclusively that exceptions to this rule are rare.

Are we to confess, then, that the teachings of Christ are pitched too high for poor human nature, that they are a beautiful vision, incapable of realization? But His teachings offer the only avenue of escape from the injustice and wrong which so far have characterized all social relations, the way to which all great minds and true hearts have pointed us for ages past. Most miserable are we, most bitter and futile this life, if what is now must always be, if man can never rise above his nature as we know it now, to the height and beauty of the Christ life. Science brings us a more hopeful message. Looking back through the dim haze of geologic ages, she tells us that whole eons ago physical evolution reached its highest point, and in the perfected animal dawned the first glimmerings of a soul. Feeble indeed was the divine spark, and slow has been the growth of the psychical nature, handicapped by its brute inheritance, but little does that matter if once we are sure that growth is there. What if eighteen hundred years have passed since Christ spake by Galilee, and to-day His words still fall on deaf ears? What is that to the unnumbered centuries of painful development which separate our Anglo-Saxon race from the Australian savage, almost as bestial as the gorillas, from which he is yet differentiated by ages of progress? And looking at the advance moral evolution has already made, science points us

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to a distant future when the sympathies, the moral and spiritual nature of man shall be developed equally with his intellect and quickwittedness; a time when public oppression and private injustice shall have fallen into disuse as the wanton destruction of barbarian warfare has among us; when the solidarity of the race is recognized as that of the family is now, and when the rule that might makes right will be given up in the sphere of mental power as it is even now falling into disrepute in connection with physical strength. No, He was no dreamer, no idle visionary, the Man of Nazareth. A prophet, rather, and the son of a prophet, who, looking far into the future, saw, looming through the mists of error and the fogs of earthliness, the blue hills of promise; one who had insight to see and faith to declare that the time must come when men shall outgrow the greed of gain and lust of power, and love shall be the law of life. Somehow, some time, it must come to pass; ages, eons hence it may be, but toward it the whole creation tends, and knowing this we can wait patiently, sure that long after our eyes are closed the light shall shine for others, and that the long sowing and tending shall at last be crowned with fruition.

"What if the vision tarry?
God's time is always best;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed."

M. K. CONYNGTON.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

It was that they loved the children,
The children used to say,
For there was no doubt
That when school was out,
At the same time every day,
Down by the wall,
Where the grass grew tall,
Under the hedge of the holly-hocks,
One by one,
At the touch of the sun,
There opened the four-o'clocks.

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It was that they loved the children,—
But the children have gone away,
And somebody goes
When nobody knows,
At the same time every day,
To see by the wall,
Where the grass grows tall,
Under the hedge of the holly-hocks,
How, one by one,
At the touch of the sun,
Still open the four-o'clocks.

L. B., '94.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT.

WITH eyesight dimmed from the patient watching of small, bright-colored squares of paper, with whirring head, with a faint sense that the ways of color sensation are not unsearchable, but truly undiscoverable, and that no earthly object can be depended upon, with a general feeling of fatigue, disconsolation, skepticism, despair, the student of Physiological Psychology departed from the cold, darkling laboratory, and climbed the narrow winding stair to his room. He dropped into a large rocker and gazed purposelessly at the window. His eyelids drooped and a series of quadrilateral negative after-images glided past his vision in broken succession.

"In what a state of contrasted color is my mind!" came floating down upon his stream of thought. "First I am filled with rapturous delight over these delicious shades of red, blue and yellow. Then hatred overpowers me; for quickly follow the gloomy shadows of the theories of Helmholtz, Herring and Franklin." He was not analytic and allowed this atrocious simile to pass intact.

The last image melted into a mystic gray and faded away. And gradually the student was conscious of passing through a region of sombre grayness into one of more ethereous gray. It softly welled and throbbed, and carried him onward to a massive stone wall. In the wall there was a door, which opened noiselessly before him. He walked through the opening into a small, stone-walled apartment, where a misty form, seated in a corner, addressed him. "Tell me what thou desirest for all thy future existence, and thou shalt have thy desire," said the form in sepulchral tones. The

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student gasped at this stupendous proposition, and would have asked for time to deliberate; but the voice sounded formidable, and in its tone was a demand for immediate reply. "I desire," tremblingly answered the student, "I desire, for all my future existence, a true friend — one who can be depended upon," with peculiar emphasis upon the last two words. "And thou shalt have thy desire," replied the lifeless voice, and motioned him toward an inner doorway.

As in dreams one flies down-stairs, so moved the student into the space beyond and mingled with an innumerable company of etherealized men and women, who inhabited a large celestial area, which, he felt sure, was bounded, although he could not see the boundaries. The entire company seemed like a piece of well-oiled machinery. Its chief characteristic was amiability, and upon each countenance was a Mona Lisa smile. Soon the student was smiling too, and slipping around as a part of the great machinery. But he became tired of sliding in and out and around so smoothly and amiably, and finally, with some exertion, withdrew to a sequestered spot. There he sat and waited in hope of falling in with some one who would remain stationary for a few minutes and converse with him. Before long a radiant and smiling young woman drew near and seated herself beside him on what appeared to be a moss-grown rock. "Am I not in what is commonly called 'the future existence?'" he asked her. "You are," she replied. "But I do not seem to have found a true friend, and the voice in the — the vestibule said I should," he proceeded. "Sit here," she answered, "sit here long enough and you shall have your desire." But he sat there and pondered and wondered why he had given so foolish an answer to the one of sepulchral tones. "What is a whole universe of true friends compared to an eternal life of exploring, of seeking and finding the truth?" mused he.

So he arose and, pushing backward into the dark ante-room, grew courageous, and addressed the mysterious form. "Reverend sire, I have desired rashly and now, with due reverence to thy dignity, I humbly beseech thee for an eternal existence devoted to exploring, to seeking and finding the truth; for I judge the revelations of truth to be inexhaustible." After a long silence, the voice replied, "Son, I perceive that thou hast an unsatiable disposition, and art fickle. But since thou seekest, so far as thy

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understanding permits thee, for the highest good, thou mayest have thy desire. And although it will not hinder thee from finding a true friend, yet, in thy quest, thou shalt meet countless foes." The student bowed low, and a second time joined the company beyond; but he did not feel as one of them, and, unimpeded, he again floated off into gray space.

He had not gone far, however, when he met a being of his own kind, with stern brow and massive locks, and eagle eye. "Friend," said the student, "we appear to be in what is called 'the future existence.' I have been here for some time and confess with shame that now, for the first time, I think to inquire for God. Canst thou tell me where I shall find Him?" The stranger elevated his brow and, with measured accent, replied, coldly, "Thou hast, no doubt, that old time notion of a personal God, who sits visibly enthroned in this, called 'the next world.' Reform thy ideas. There exists no such thing as a personal God. God is the controlling force of the universe for good." A very disheartened and dissatisfied expression crossed the face of the student. He framed his mouth to answer, "Prove thy statement," but instantly, with a soft, rocking motion, he and the stranger began to drift apart.

The rocking motion became more distinct, so distinct that he was rocked out of the land of mystic gray, and opened his eyes to see his chum leaning over the back of his chair. "You have been enjoying a roaring sound sleep," said the chum, "and I just woke you to say that we have performed those little bright paper experiments exactly in the wrong way."

The student rubbed his eyes and looked indifferent. "You don't take the news so hard as I expected," grumbled the chum.

"What's the use," drowsily drawled the student. "This little matter of colored bits of paper is one of our explorations in the great search for truth. And for what better pastime can you ask?"

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

TWO hundred years and more have rolled away since Eliot began his missionary labors in this neighborhood, and founded his villages of praying Indians. Eliot himself is still remembered and reverenced, but what of his dusky converts? Who knows or cares who they were, or what

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struggles they underwent before they renounced the religion of their people and the freedom of their woodland life to submit to the comprehensive requirements of this new faith? They have utterly passed away and yet, at times, from the pages of some volume of local history or from some package of old letters one of them will start forth, will take on a shadowy existence and haunt our memories and imaginations until we ourselves cannot tell whether he did or did not the things of which we dream; we only know he might have done them. Listen to the story of such a one.

Sassamon, one of the Narragansetts, was converted by Eliot's efforts, and applied himself with such zeal to the study of English and the Bible that he was soon employed as a teacher of the other praying Indians in and around Natick. In the eyes of the good Puritans about him such a position was an honor sufficient to satisfy the wildest ambition, and the work delightful enough to fill the heart and mind of any man. But, alas for Sassamon! All around lay the illimitable forests, tempting him with their vistas of freedom, and day by day he saw, in his own people, who had not yet come under the spell of the white man's faith, living reminders of all that he had renounced. The forest winds called him, the petty routine of his civilized life grew daily more intolerable, the savage longing for liberty and for the old free, wild life stirred mightily within him, and Sassamon fled back to the wilderness, to the barbarian delights he had relinquished and the fierce superstitions he had abjured.

But Eliot was not the man to let one of his flock stray away to destruction. Into the forest he followed Sassamon, prayed for him, pled with him, left no stone unturned to win him again, and at last prevailed. Sassamon returned, meekly accepted the weary round of work and study his spiritual pastors marked out for him, and cast from him as a temptation of the Evil One all thought of the life he might have lived, the life which was still within his grasp if he chose to put forth his hand and take it. So faithful and zealous was he, so self-denying, so full of good works, that the sternest Puritan among them forgave his apostasy and looked upon him with favor.

But a harder trial than he had yet known awaited Sassamon. The chief of the Narragansetts was preparing for that heroic and desperate struggle against the power of the English known as King Philip's war. Philip saw plainly the advantage of having Sassamon enrolled on his side. In spite of

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his affiliation with the English he was still respected and influential in his tribe; his knowledge of the English language and customs, added to his natural gifts, would render him of the greatest value to Philip in the coming contest, while if he cast in his lot with the colonists he would be a proportionately dangerous foe. Moreover, his connection with his own people was still too close for Philip's preparations to be long hidden from him. At any cost his alliance must be gained. So Sassamon was invited to a solemn feast and afterwards, when the wise men of the tribe gathered for a council and the sacred pipe passed from mouth to mouth, Philip told his guest all the plan and asked his aid, or, if that might not be, at least his neutrality. Sassamon evaded a direct reply, and professing his need of time to consider the question, he succeeded in returning to Natick, whence, shortly after, he sent Philip his refusal to join in the scheme. But his position was not an enviable one. He knew the secret of Philip's plans; he alone could warn the colonists of their danger and enable them to meet it. Every day that he kept silent increased the likelihood of Philip's success, the probability that the white men who had received him as a brother would be swept away and the villages Eliot had founded utterly destroyed. On the one hand were his own people; the ties of blood, the strength of old attachments, the whole force of his earlier training drew him to them. The old longing for a life of freedom, the old savage delight in warfare pointed him to their side. And then — Philip had trusted him; how could he betray his confidence? But, on the other hand, Eliot, too, trusted him; Eliot, who had sought him and reclaimed him once and again from the wilderness, who had taught him this strange new religion of love and gentleness, and given him this firm, precious hope for the future; Eliot, who had loved him and made him his friend, and who was now away, confident that as far as in him lay Sassamon would guard from all harm the villages his teacher held so dear. Whether he spoke or whether he kept silence he must betray some one; which should it be? The decision must be reached quickly, too, — and it was. Making a secret trip to Boston, Sassamon disclosed the matter to Eliot and then went dejectedly back to Natick.

We all know how the colonists, warned in time, foiled Philip's attempt, but how fared it with Sassamon? His after history was brief. "Thereafter," says the old story, "was he very sad and sorry, and prayed greatly."

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But not for long. In betraying Philip's counsel to the English, Sassamon had taken his life in his hand, and Indian vengeance is neither slow nor uncertain. Shortly after his return from Boston he was found murdered, and though his assassins were never discovered there was little doubt that they were Indians of his tribe. One cannot but feel that death must have been a relief to him; surely after such a decision as that to which he had been forced life could have held little pleasure for him.

What was the right solution of the puzzling conflict of duties which confronted him, or was there no honorable way out? It is hard to say. Whatever he should have done, certainly it was well for the colonists, well for the after history of New England that he decided as he did. And for himself? He had deserted his own tribe, but he had been loyal to the English. He had ruined the cause of his own people, but he had saved the colonists. He had broken the ties of a lifetime, he had been false to those of his own blood and speech, he had betrayed the confidence of Philip, but —he had been true to Eliot. "Greater love than this hath no one, that a man lay down his life to save his friend," but Sassamon did more; he laid down his honor and his conscience.

RONDEAU—"AT NEW YEAR'S TIME."

At New Year's time! Yes, that's the day
When everybody mends his way,
And muses on his wickedness
And little traits he should suppress,
Before they gain too potent sway.
But now the year is growing gray,
I'd best be careless while I may,
For I shall everything confess
"At New Year's time!"

You'll wonder, then, when you survey
Those rare new virtues I'll display.
But have you doubts if such success
Is won so soon? You're right, and — yes,
It's far too easy now to say,
"At New Year's time!"

S. B.

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Editorial.

I.

IN all the discussion of the Hawaiian affair which has been going on with so much acrimony for months past, the surprising feature is the absence of consideration for the rights of the native Hawaiians. We hear a great deal about the claims of Liliuokalani and the young princess; the respective merits of Mr. Blount and Mr. Stevens are debated *ad nauseam;* the virtues, statesmanship, prudence and magnanimity of the Provisional Government are extolled to the utmost; but only at long intervals do we hear the slightest reference to the natives, and when we do, they are usually introduced and dismissed with the remark that they "are quite incapable of self-government and need a strong administration, which can be given them only by foreigners." Even those who dwell most on the moral aspect of the case, laud or condemn Mr. Cleveland's action solely from the point of view of the queen or president, not with any reference to the claims the native population has to consideration.

This neglect is especially singular as found among a people who have always upheld the divine right of majorities, and taught that a poor government administered by the people is better than the best rule forced upon them from outside. Whether Queen Liliuokalani or President Dole holds the reins of power should make little difference to Americans, but one might have supposed that the question of whether the natives wished the change of rulers, whether they took any share in the revolution, or were even consulted about it, might be a matter of some moment to our champions of democracy. Instead of this, it never seems to have occurred to the majority of our press and our public that the government of Hawaii is a subject with which the natives have any real concern; it is something to be adjusted between the ex-queen, the provisional government and our own country, and the Hawaiians are expected to accept meekly whatever may prove satisfactory to these.

What makes this indifference more remarkable is the contrast it presents to the strong sympathy shown by many of these same journals and readers for another race in a similar position. In many respects the relation between

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the native Hawaiians and the upholders of the provisional government resembles that existing between the negroes and the whites in the black belt of the South. In both cases there is a majority, weak, ignorant, untrained mentally and morally, unfit for power of any kind, a menace, in so far as they have any political strength, to all good government; in both there is a minority, capable, educated, intelligent, able and determined to rule with the strong hand for the good of all concerned. Why is the result in the one case looked upon with such reprobation, and in the other with such approval? Why is the disregard of the rights of the majority so much worse in South Carolina than in Honolulu? Why is the suppression of the negro vote in the Gulf States a menace to republican institutions, while the disregard of the Hawaiian vote is the sole guarantee of good government in the islands? Why is the rule of an Anglo-Saxon minority lauded to the skies when it is established in Hawaii, while no words can be found strong enough to condemn the same policy pursued in our own country? Is it a case in which distance lends enchantment, or is it the result of a profound modesty convincing us that though an act done by ourselves is evil, the same act performed by another people becomes at once wholly good? or is it, can it be possible, that the legislators and editors, who for years past have been enunciating such lofty moral views on the negro question are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, after all, and care nothing for the "suppression of the political rights of a whole race" when there is no danger that such a course will endanger their own party interests?

II.

IT is extremely gratifying to note that Smith and Wellesley are at last drawing a little nearer together. We certainly feel much better acquainted with the girls at Northampton since the visit of Miss Atwood and Miss Barrows, and the account which we heard of the Christian work at Smith. The delegates from our Association, too, who went to Smith, returned with most friendly and enthusiastic reports of their visit there. Undoubtedly a more friendly feeling exists between the two colleges than ever before. This is as it should be, and we trust that before long other points of common interest will be discovered which will bring Smith and Wellesley together. College journalism may perhaps be one of them.

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III.

ANY one looking over the publications of the women's colleges might well say with Hamlet: "They have a plentiful lack of wit!" They are even more "exceedingly solemn" than the men's journalistic efforts. If he did not know the contributors of these articles, solemn, sentimental, or learned, the critic might assume that they were incapable of producing anything with a sparkle to it. But we who know them think it true of them as it was of Hudibras:

> "We grant, altho' he had much wit,
> He was very shy of using it."

It is an indisputable fact that girls can be funny; our class-histories, our farces and parodies prove it no less than the girl whose mission it seems to be to keep the whole table on a grin through every meal-time. But when it comes to writing for the college paper the girl whose eyes are always dancing with fun, whose tongue is ever ready with a jest, if she consents to write at all, sits down, wrinkles up her forehead and writes an article on Greek sculpture or some topic equally light and amusing. Why could she not have jotted down some bright fancy as it flitted through her head, or have expended her labor on some verses that would show the world that a woman can be funny? She would not have to work half as hard as she does over her Greek marbles, and the average mortal would find the bit of nonsense far more palatable. Let's have some fun, now! For the honor of the feminine mind, let the wits of our college world come forward.

IV.

IN all probability the eye of those august persons under whose direction are issued the great dailies, which count their circulation by thousands and hundreds of thousands, will never fall upon an editorial in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. Nevertheless, we wish to raise our humble protest against the action of those aforesaid august persons. Why do so many of the large journals have one page conspicuously headed, "Women's Page"? Must a woman needs confine her reading to the newest creations of the Paris modistes and the latest cut in skirts, seasoned here and there with a bit of gossip about the Prince of Wales or some other titled European? Those things have their place, but they are certainly not the one object of attention of even the most frivolous of women. You might as well have a men's

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page devoted to new suitings and the latest news of Mr. J. L. Sullivan and his peers. It is not in keeping with the progress of the age to thus imply so narrow a limit to our interests. Women may and do read the rest of the paper, even to the editorials, and that title has no real meaning, except as a relic of a narrower and bygone age. Why retain it, then, O noble editor?

V.

IN our sheltered little corner of the world we heard reports of the poverty and misery which have come to so many this winter; we shook our heads; we said it was dreadful; yet to many of us it meant little more than the account of the Black Death of the fourteenth century does. But the vacation has scattered us far and wide over the country, north, south, east and west; and it is doubtful if one of us has found a spot so fortunate as to be free from the universal distress. It now means something to us; we have seen it in the concrete; and every womanly heart is eager to help the suffering. Cannot Wellesley do something as a whole? There have been contributions of money and clothing made by small groups or by individual houses; money has been sent to the city missionaries; but we want some organized plan that shall include every girl in college.

It is suggested that the college settlements might be our best agents in distributing funds; the residents are personally acquainted with their neighbors, who are of just the class to feel the distress most, and the help would then undoubtedly be given to the most deserving. But whatever method we take, let us make a systematic and earnest effort to do what we can for those around us, who need, more than we can ever know, every cent which we can give them.

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The Free Press.

I.

Every student has some purpose in entering college. In some cases this purpose is a vague and indefinite thought of some benefit to be received from such a course, with but slight conception of the reciprocal nature of a college education. These are the students who pass in and out of the college life without realizing its full significance; without realizing that it might have been for them to have taken a personal and active part in furthering the broadest and noblest that was to be found in the college life, and in putting aside that which was trivial and narrow.

With the majority, however, the question of a college education has been one of careful consideration. A definite purpose has been marked out, the college chosen that will best further that purpose, and entered with the full determination to exert one's best powers in accomplishing that which is desired.

After a year or two in college a student has more or less acquired the trend of that institution and is ready to inquire whether or not she is receiving that for which she entered. By this time she has discovered many of the peculiar advantages and is becoming cognizant of the various questions and phases of college life that should command the attention of every college woman. If she have the truest conception of the character and worth of a college education, she has gone a step farther, and in her recognition of existent problems has questioned her own personal responsibility to them.

To the Wellesley student who holds worthy purposes for herself and high ideals for the college which she represents; who realizes with the keenness of affection and loyalty the various advantages and problems of the college life, any question which deals with the advancement and broadening of the individual or the college as a whole has a pertinent interest. As such a question the consideration of our college government appeals to every thinking Wellesley student as a problem to which she stands in an individual relation.

The first step in dealing with any question, before change is to be suggested, is an attempt to understand as thoroughly as may be the existing conditions; and to discover wherein they fail to accomplish what is desired. In considering the present condition of our college government, the striking feature is the entire

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separation of the governing and governed bodies. This separation gives rise to two objectionable features: the governing body, no matter how great their wisdom, are hindered in their legislative functions by not knowing the desires, the attitude and fitness of the students as a body. The students on their part, being obliged to give no personal thought to the matter of government, lose the feeling of individual responsibility, a loss which gives rise to some of the most objectionable features of our college life.

It has been said that every student who goes to college enters into a contract between the college faculty on the one hand, and the student body on the other. By this contract the student is bound to submit herself to all the college rules and regulations, but with the understanding that these rules are not unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and that, if she is dissatisfied with her part of the contract, she has the right to protest, and, of course, if the grievance should go too far, a right to annul that contract as far as it concerns herself. She can withdraw from college. As the understanding appears, the student does not promise any mere blind, unquestioning observance of rules; she reserves to herself the privilege of negotiating a change or modification if so minded, and inasmuch as it is the duty of every person to secure for himself the best conditions of life compatible with his highest interests, this latter may be viewed in the light of a duty just as much as the former. Properly to perform either of these duties requires a lively interest in the purposes of college government, and an intelligent understanding of the same, and in both of these are the Wellesley students lacking. Take the matter of the ignorance of the average student as to the purposes of government; ask the first student you meet why compulsory chapel is insisted on, or why a conditioned student must, under certain circumstances, withdraw from all outside work. She will not know. Ten to one the answer will be a careless, "Crankiness, I suppose," or words to that effect. And just the same with other cases. Of course this ignorance is largely the fault of the student. It must arise from a lack of interest; rather from a perfect indifference as to the purposes of government. As long as the average student does not suffer any great annoyance from the rules; as long as she can with but little discomfort evade or submit to them; as long as they are not matters of immediate importance, she will very probably, in this busy life of ours, not quickly interest herself in them. And we cannot entirely blame her as an individual. It would take much time and careful thought, both of which could be ill-spared by our student for no appreciable result, to investigate properly the rules. Besides, to whom could the inquiring student apply for information?

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Of course, with the prevailing indifference as to the general purposes of the various rules, there is a wide-spread feeling of irritation. Harshness and injustice must attend the workings of every human law, just as friction must be present in every machine; but where any governed body does not realize the general justice and expediency of a certain law, the particular cases of harshness and injustice are sure to cause much irritation and anger, for there is nothing under which one so smarts as a feeling of being treated with unnecessary injustice. But this feeling, though very general, is yet largely individual. You may often, after dinner, hear one or two students discussing certain cases, but desultory and superficial discussion has not as yet led to anything further; it has brought about no broadening of interests; no determination to get at the reasons for, say, the decision talked over; no united attempt to alter that decision. There seems to be at present absolutely no co-operation among the students in this direction.

It is but natural and right, in dealing with this question, to consider the position of the governing body as regards any action on the part of the students to remedy these evils. As heads of an institution that seeks the highest development of women, their attitude must ever be one of ready recognition of every indication on the part of the students that they are becoming fitted for larger responsibilities. Were it otherwise, they defeat the very end they are seeking to secure. From past experience, from the sympathy shown, and the desire they have expressed for the advancement of the highest interests of the college, the conviction is irresistible that the faculty would meet with hearty co-operation any movement on the part of the students to show that they were beginning to take a personal interest in remedying the undesirable features of the college. A little careful thought on our part is enough to convince us to our shame that the narrowness and lack we feel in our present state of government, must, since we have made no effort to understand and change it, be blamed upon ourselves. We must realize that we have not been as ready to assume responsibilities, to assert ourselves as women, as the faculty—we judge from what has been said and written by members of that body—have been willing and anxious to have us.

It is not hard to point out the faults in any system, but it is quite a different matter to suggest a remedy. It is in no wise the intention of the writers of this article to bring forward a plan for the perfect government of Wellesley College. Far from it. They acknowledge frankly that they would hesitate to declare evil things which seem to them unquestionably so. And this hesitation arises from the fact that they realize they know only one side, the student and local side of

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the question. Still we do not hesitate to say something is wrong, if not with the government, if not with the exclusion of the students from that government, then with the student attitude. Wherever this evil may lie, it seems to us the remedy must begin in one and the same way — a movement which comes from the students themselves.

Many of us believe that the conditions of life are not the most favorable for mental and physical development. Very well, let us find out just why we think so, and then we may be able to suggest a remedy, or we may find that none is needed, except in our own attitude. Let us get a clear understanding of what we wish, an appreciation of what we need.

We cannot expect the faculty to do all this for us. They must look at things from a different standpoint. Many things which to us seem wrong and unreasonable, from another point of view may be just and reasonable. The right may lie with either one side or the other — more probably it lies between them, but we cannot understand how one side, the faculty, could be supposed to see clearly both sides, or even to feel as we do, that there should be but one, the college — composed of faculty and student — side. And even if the faculty are perfectly willing to grant us certain privileges, might not this question arise, "If the students are worthy of these additional privileges, if they are competent to exercise them, would they not have shown some disposition to ask for them?" Almost any one, we think, would answer in the affirmative.

Surely, if we, the students of Wellesley College, believe that one part of the contract is not fair to us, it is our place, as a student body, to find out what is the matter, or what seems to us to be the matter; then, having done so, let us carry the result of our investigation to the college authorities, sure, if not of gaining our point, at least of a courteous reception and explanation, which will show us that we are in the wrong or justify our attitude of opposition.

There are, doubtless, many in college who have long felt the desirability of arousing the student body to their responsibility in this matter; those who have felt that if the students would but act together intelligently and with a practical understanding of the matter, that much might be accomplished in the way of broadening the condition of our college life. It remains for them to realize that the only way for this to come about is for them to make action the result of thought. To realize that a thing ought to be done, and that it is a wise thing to do, is the best preparation and guarantee that one can possibly have for doing it. Personal interest is to be awakened. Careful agitation and discussion should precede any action in the matter. Before we can act wisely and well, a thor-

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ough understanding is necessary; this can only come from a careful consideration of our government as it exists and the changes that it would be wise to effect. We may find, when we come to understand more clearly the conditions of our college life, that it may not be wise to change greatly the present system, provided co-operation between the governing and governed bodies be established. It may be that more radical changes will be found advantageous. The only way in which this movement can be successful is for it to come from the students as a body. It is not a class matter, or a matter that a portion can decide without the concurrence of the whole. To this end, as soon as the matter has been sufficiently agitated to awaken general interest, some kind of a students' organization should be formed in order to deal with this question in the wisest way. In this way only is it possible to make known as a student body our views and our desires and to show that as college women we are capable of dealing with the deeper problems of the college life.

E. B. H., '94.
S. C. W., '95.

II.

THE NEGATIVE OF THE SELF-GOVERNMENT QUESTION.

A question is a question only so long as it admits of more than one answer. One important question repeatedly presents itself to us as students of the college: Is it advisable to attempt to gain larger powers in the direction of self-government? The affirmative answer has been forcibly stated in a series of previous Free Press articles. In attempting to reply in the negative, I shall be able to do no more than point out certain omissions rather than fallacies in the line of reasoning adopted by "F. H. L." By supplying such omissions I hope to show that we, as a body, could not use full powers of self-government to advantage, that we are not in a position to claim them as a right, and that we do not desire them because the gain to us would be by no means worth the trouble involved.

In the first place, F. H. L., in her recent article, founds her leading argument upon the assertion, "The student who comes to Wellesley is considered able to choose her own courses of study." F. H. L. omits to except the freshman class, and to limit the remark with reference to the other classes; that is, supposing the "is considered" to refer to the faculty or the faculty and students in conjunction. For the attitude of the former we need only refer to the present regulations. That the students as a whole are hostile to a thorough-going elective system is shown by two facts, which I am sure have only to be mentioned in order to receive

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acknowledgment. First, the ideas of a girl in her freshman and sophomore years with regard to the special studies for which she is by nature fitted, are generally shadowy and subject to almost certain change within two years. Secondly, it is common to hear seniors declare their gratification at having been earlier forced to take certain courses of study which they would never have elected, but which they now recognize as eminently beneficial. Persons of mature mind are seldom grateful for being coerced into uncongenial intellectual pursuits. If, therefore, F. H. L.'s first premises will not stand, her first conclusion is invalidated. The student is not, as a consequence of such premises, "mature enough and wise enough to regulate her conduct." But let us come at it from another direction. "Wellesley is no girls' school, it is a women's college." Outside of college, females of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen years, in the higher ranks of society, are not dignified by the appellation "young women." At home they are "girls," very possibly "children." They braid their hair, wear short dresses, are not yet "out," regulate their social and financial affairs, if at all, only as delegated powers and subject to supervision, are least of all held capable of passing judgment upon matters of general health. Further, F. H. L. omits to tell us why the student has no claim to control in certain academic matters, but an undeniable right in regard to student affairs. She goes on to say that the reason for college rules is the maintenance of a high college standard, and advises, as a shorter means to the end, that class-room requirements be made stricter. We are forced to reply, in the name of mercy and humanity do not suggest any further raising of the standard. Lower the standard twenty-five degrees, and you might abolish the ten-o'clock rule. Raise it, and you but open further opportunities for the display of that terrible ability inherent in the feminine nature to sacrifice completely herself and her happiness in the performance of what she considers duty. As a remedy for this very difficulty which F. H. L. partially apprehends, she suggests an annual physical test, but burning the midnight oil results less in weak muscles than injured nerves, and there is no adequate and practical test by which the nervous condition can be ascertained and regulated. The fact that the ten-o'clock rule is relaxed in certain instances does not deny its usefulness in others, but simply admits the very reasonable position that iron-clad laws are not desirable. If the power to grant exceptions is abused, that is an argument not against the rule, but against the administration. From the above arguments I conclude, not that all rules are necessarily beneficial, nor that the abolition of any particular rule would necessarily be injurious, but that the student is yet of too immature an age to assume safely all regulations of her own conduct, while in respect to the ten-o'clock rule loss would result from the substitutes suggested by F. H. L.

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Secondly, the "right and justice" of student representation in legislation upon student affairs is declared undeniable. The good policy of such representations may be admitted, but its inherent right and justice, hardly. Indeed, F. H. L. has already held as undeniably correct the theory that "from neither point of view has the student body any right analogous to that of a notion to assert and enforce its claim to self-government." Representative government or even individual liberty was not advocated in the case of minors, even by Mill, ardent upholder of individual liberty as he was. The warmest woman suffragist would in no State accord the ballot to the majority of Wellesley students. So far, indeed, as the present year is concerned, no change can be demanded, since the contract which was legally and voluntarily entered into supposes existing conditions, so far as succeeding years are concerned, if the above objection regarding the age of the majority of students were overcome, another principle must be taken into account. Every self-governing body of men must also be collectively self-supporting, and this is true probably of no body of college students in the country. Finally, F. H. L., while half admitting that no collective rights can be claimed, affirms inherent individual rights and liberties. But now, even in the case of adults, thinkers are beginning to deny the old French theory of natural rights. Many authorities calmly assert that a man has no natural rights, but only such as society and environment accord him. So that from whatever standpoint we view it, I do not see that we can lay any claim to the right of self-government.

Thirdly, F. H. L. omits to give her proof that we as a body desire self-government. Self-government would in practice involve a great deal of work. For, presumably, F. H. L., when she advocates liberty, does not mean to uphold anarchy. If the faculty abdicate the throne, then we must mount and suffer the uneasiness of other crowned heads. There must be more college organizations, more mass meetings, more committee meetings, more red tape. The very thought of it makes a Wellesley student turn pale. At present, I do not think that we suffer seriously from the despotism under which we live. I am ready to assert, and I think past experience proves that only the most urgent considerations would deter the college authorities from granting any wish whatever, if expressed by the students, not necessarily in any organized way, but with sufficient unanimity. If as a body we earnestly wish anything, there is not much doubt that we can get it without even the trouble of unitedly asking for it. I will not state any reason for this, although I believe the reason to be an exceedingly pleasant and admirable one. The fact holds that our governing body stands very close to us, and that any pressure brought to bear upon it tells with wonderful effect. We

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have not time to govern ourselves, we have not time to elect a government, but we have time for a vast amount of desultory conversation, and that is all that is necessary. To my mind, no situation could be more delightful — some one else to take all the trouble, do all the work, attend all the committee meetings, assume all the responsibility, get all the blame, and yet to be ourselves the power behind the throne. It is gloriously ideal when compared with ordinary governments. Finally, I am personally of the opinion that any change to student self-government would lead to a disastrous limitation of liberty. We should be much stricter with ourselves than the faculty are with us, the new sense of responsibility would lessen the present range of freedom which I am heartily ready to agree with F. H. L. would be a most lamentable result.

A. B. T., '93.

Exchanges.

We fully realize the importance of our large Exchange Department. To keep in touch with the thought of other colleges, as expressed in their publications, is essential to the highest welfare of one's own, and it is something more than a duty,— it is a real delight.

The editorial sanctum, flooded with Christmas editions, wears for once a truly holiday aspect. The crackling of Yule logs, traditions and associations of the mistletoe, ghost stories in moderation and Christmas greetings *ad libitum* appear on page after page, yet not to the utter exclusion of sterner stuff. We heartily congratulate these hard-working editors all over the land for their steady efforts to cultivate a strong, worthy and progressive college spirit to remedy abuses and to extend their readers' field of vision far beyond college walls and magazine columns. In such editorials we feel a healthy college pulse.

An appreciable diminution in these and other so-called "heavy" articles affords us time to thoroughly read and therefore enjoy the quality of such as do appear, particularly "The New Rome," by Prof. H. T. Peck, in the "Columbia Lit."

The short story is rampant and boasts every shade of plot and style "The Harvard Monthly" contains three, which are quite strikingly different. "The Hame Bringin'" in "The Mt. Holyoke"; "A Violin Obligato" and "An Unfinished Statue," in "The Vassar Miscellany," touch most skilfully the ever respondent

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chords of human sympathy. "The Heel of a Slipper," in "The Yale Lit.," is a good specimen of that rather surprisingly rare article,— a distinctively "college" story. "How I Proposed," in "The Michigan University Inlander," is a humorous tale of a co-ed.

The one real poem of the month is "The Song of the River," in the "Nassau Lit." "The Oneontan," "Vassar Miscellany," "Dartmouth Lit." and "Michigan University Inlander" vie with each other in graceful lines and bright *vers de societé*.

The number of readable articles containing more or less pithy advice is noticeable. "In Reiteration," from "The Vassar Miscellany," could be perused without injury by all young college writers; "The University Review" treats of "Temporary Specialization" in the choice of one's electives; "The Yale Lit." draws a lesson from "Macaulay's University Life," and also gives an amusing, erudite account of college slang, discoursing on its important part in the ordinary conversation of the educated young man, and obligingly interpreting the more obscure phrases, especially the curiosities indigenous to Yale. "If I were in Tufts College now," by an alumnus of '67, in "The Tuftonian," is well worth remembering. We take satisfaction in the fact that the "Wesleyan Argus" is no longer "lashing the faculty," but is exhibiting a happy spirit of contentment.

"The Williams Lit." has the honor of "From an Enthusiast's Note Book," whose thought and graceful expression we commend to all perpetrators of Daily Themes.

"The Dartmouth Lit." and "Michigan University Inlander" are unique among the monthlies, their clever illustrations adding not a little to the attractive reading matter.

We clip the following, as representative of the month's verse:

UNFORTUNATE.

A poet once wrote in an ode to Spring,
  Which he sent to the "Weekly Drum,"
"My heart it throbs with a soulful joy
  Each year when the crocuses come."

Thought he, "That couplet is grave and deep,"
  But he somewhat made things hum,
When his favorite line appeared in print,
  "Each year when the *circuses* come!"

—*Col. Lit. Monthly.*

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Mehr Licht!

Mehr Licht! — to find life's pearls,
Hidden away;
Mehr Licht! — to guide our feet,—
So oft astray.

Mehr Licht! — to seek for truth,
To banish wrong;
Mehr Licht! — to win the day,
Stand and be strong.

Mehr Licht! — till eventide
Falleth o'er life;
"Mehr Licht!" — we softly pray,
"To end the strife."

—*The Mt. Holyoke.*

Alone.

The radiant day of gladness slowly fades.
An echo soft flits back, faint glimmers crown
The rising dusk, and then the dark steals down,
The old, dead, sober dark that stills and shades.
Search not, the light has fled within the glades,
Nor court low echoes night and distance drown,
Alone and hid beneath the falling frown —
So darkening mood its solitude upbraids.

Alone and hid — 'tis then reflection wakes,
And whispers to the mind her counsel wise —
He has not heard the sweetest sound or known
The beauty of the sunlight when it breaks,
The pleasure that endures and satisfies,
Who has not learned the meaning of Alone.

— *The Williams Lit. Monthly.*

Rondeau: *Où sont les neiges?*

(The lady at her harp.)

"*Où sont les neiges?*" Full softly rings
The smitten harp. The old air brings
Sweet spectres surging back once more,
Fair faces loved when young Life wore
Gay robes and sang of pleasant things.

Ay! as she plays, pale Memory flings
Her gold gates wide. The broad white wings
Of Love flash forth and upward soar —
Où sont les neiges?

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Full softly sound the stricken strings,
As into words my musing springs:
"Ah me! where is the love we swore
In those glad, golden years of yore?" —
Où sont les neiges d'antau?" she sings.
Où sont les neiges?

— *Trinity Tablet.*

IN SOLITUDE.

Alone, far from the scenes of student life,
One summer night I drifted on the lake,—
Leaving behind all struggling and all strife,—
And let the gentle winds of evening take
My craft where'er they willed. The silence deep
Was broken only by the sighing pines;
The white mist clouds, like myriad ghosts, did creep
Across the water's face in solemn lines;
While the full moon, climbing the eastern height,
Bathed all around in soft and silvery light.

How far away seemed all our world of care,
In realms of books and city's din, now spurned!
What whispered of the nobler lessons learned
From Nature's book,— her trees, her stars, her air?
Love, beauty, peace, alike are here discerned;
Each one a step in life's dim winding stair.
Perhaps 'tis in such moments that we feel
How far our souls may rise above the clod
And mire of life; such moments may reveal
How we through Nature meet with Nature's God,
And how the mysteries of our life may
Be but a fog cloud, soon to pass away.

—*The Tech.*

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College Notes.

Monday afternoon, December 11, President Shafer gave a reception to the faculty and the seniors in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, who were visiting the college. Among those present from a distance were Prof. and Mrs Palmer, Mrs. William Claflin, Mrs. James T. Fields, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Coffin, Madam Blanc, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Herbert D. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Dike, Dr. Hartwell, Professor Van Daill and Professor Grandgent. In the evening Mr. Gilder gave a most interesting address on "Lincoln's Literary Growth."

Miss Ruth Clark, Sp. '92-'93, visited the college a few days before vacation.

Madame Bourget visited the college with Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer on Thursday, December 14. It is possible that Wellesley was looked at from a literary point of view, for Madame Bourget and her husband are writing a novel of American life.

The number of students remaining at college in the Christmas holidays was fifty-nine.

During the vacation the skating was fine on Lake Waban.

There was a rumor during the vacation that the college would be honored by a visit from a certain Russian princess. But all expectations were disappointed, as the princess did not appear.

Miss Anna Husted, formerly of '95, has been visiting the college for the last few days.

The last daily theme in the first semester course has been written. The girls are now "glad and lightsome," and speak with as merry a heart as did Bunyan, when the load fell from his back.

Miss Edith Whitlock, '95, is to spend the remainder of the year at College Station, Bravos County, Texas. Her brother is the president of the college located there.

Miss Frances Stuart of '94 has been obliged to leave college on account of serious trouble with her eyes.

Miss Lucy Freeman, '96, and Miss Julia Stevenson, Sp., will not return to college this term.

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We regret to learn that Miss Dennison's mother is ill again.

Associate Professor Kendal has moved into Boston for a few weeks. Her address is 11 Irvington St.

President Hyde preached in the college chapel Sunday, January 7, his text being "The seed growing secretly," Mark 4: 26, 27.

The vesper service on the first Sunday of the term was especially enjoyable. The following selections were played in a most appreciative manner by Mrs. Stovall: "Andante in C minor," Wely; "Christmas Pastoral," Handel; "Slumber Song," Hauser-Dunham; "Largo," Handel; "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel.

Thursday, January 9, the inmates of Simpson Cottage spent a very enjoyable hour in listening to the reading of the circular letter that had made its journey from one to another during the vacation. The audience was a most sympathetic one.

The eager and excited crowd about the general bulletin board at noon of January 9, made evident the fact that the list of mid-year examinations was posted. The following are the dates: Saturday, Jan. 13, French; A. B., 1, 2, 3, 4; English Literature, 3, 4. Tuesday, Jan. 16, English, 1; Geology; German, A. B. C., 2, 3, 4, 6.15. Wednesday, Jan. 17, History, 1, 3; Junior, 4; Economics, 1, 3; Philosophy, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10. Thursday, Jan. 18, Chemistry, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Physics, 1, 2. Friday, Jan. 19, English Literature, 1, 2, 7, 8; Bible, 1, 2, 3, 4; Greek Testament; Hebrew. Saturday, Jan. 20, Greek, 1, 2, 3, 10, 4, 5, A. B. C. D.; Italian; Mathematics. Tuesday, Jan. 23, Latin, 1, 3, 4; Philosophy, 2; History of Art, 1, 3. Wednesday, Jan. 24, Botany, 1, 2, 3, 5, Zoölogy, 1, 2, 3, 5; Physiology. In the following courses theses take the place of examinations; German, 13, 16; Philosophy, 8, 9, b; Literature, 5, 6 and 9; History, 5, 9.

Since the opening of the term there have been a number of changes in the occupants of one or two of the college houses. Removals from Norumbega: Miss Wyckoff, '94, to College Hall; Miss Cushing, '92, to Stone Hall; Miss Cass, Sp., to College Hall; Miss Brotherton, '97, to College Hall. Removals to Norumbega from College Hall: Miss Forbes, '95; Miss E. Jones, '95; Miss Alethea Ledyard, '95; Miss Helen Foss, '94; Miss Gertrude Angell, '94; Miss Harriet Blake, '94.

Miss Lillian Brandt of '95 has removed from Wood Cottage to College Hall.

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Miss Edith Sawyer, Sp., has removed from Stone Hall to Freeman.

At a meeting of the Special Organization, Wednesday, January 10, Miss Lucy B. E. Willcox was elected president in place of Miss Louise B. Richardson, resigned. Miss Delle Maude Smith was chosen treasurer in place of Miss Rogers, who has been obliged to leave college.

Twenty-one books and a few files of the "Youth's Companion" have been recently added to the servants' library.

The Factotums are again seen on their search for quorums. Class meetings have begun.

The class crews began their gymnasium work on January 11.

The personnel of the college Glee Club has been much changed. Miss May Belle Willis, '95, and Miss Artie Stone, '94, take the places of Miss Gertrude Angell, '94, and Miss Harriet Friday, '94, banjeaurines, resigned. Miss Ethel Hasbrook, '96, becomes second banjo in place of Miss Willis.

Miss Helen Eager, '93, spent Sunday, Jan. 7, '94, at the college.

Miss Louise Hannum, '91, spent a few days at Wellesley at the opening of the term.

Miss M. Emogene Hazeltine, '91, has been appointed librarian in the James Prendergast Free Library of Jamestown, N. Y. Since leaving Wellesley she has taught in the high school of Danielsonville, Conn., where she assisted in establishing a free library, and has taken a special library course.

Denison House, Boston College Settlement.

The Denison House is greatly indebted to Miss Grace Dewey, '85, and assistants at the college, who furnished the children's Saturday party with twelve beautiful dolls. Miss Florence Tobey, '94, was good enough to add three dolls to this number.

Miss Annie S. Montague, '79, provided a large box of the "best" candy for the Christmas parties at Denison House.

Miss May D. Newcomb, '91, spent her Christmas vacation at the Boston College Settlement.

Prof. Mary A. Willcox spent three days at Denison House during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Montgomery, Miss Tobey and Miss Graves have been present at Christmas parties at Denison House.

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Miss Helen Holmes, '89, and Miss Daggatt, Sp., '91-'93, assist regularly with the children on Saturday afternoon.

Prof. Sophie Jewett has recently given the Boston College Settlement a number of books for the children's library.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, has added to the children's library.

Denison House has opened a workroom, in which 120 of the unemployed women of Boston find employment for three days in the week.

Prof. Whiting and Miss Louise M. Hodgkins have visited Denison House during the vacation.

Fraulein Habermeyer has been recently elected a member of the New England Woman's Club of Boston, of which Mrs. Julia Warde Howe is president.

We are sorry to announce the serious illness of President Shafer.

Miss Scudder will address the seniors Sunday evening, January 21, in Stone Hall Parlor.

Mrs. Newman has delegated to the girls in Norumbega the enforcement of the college rules in that house.

Miss Frances Stuart, '94, has been visiting at Freeman for a few days.

The Wellesley girls are again indebted to Harvard for a great pleasure, fifty tickets to the Yale-Harvard debate of January 19 having been received by the societies. Wellesley is asked to give her aid in the formation of an Intercollegiate Debating Union.

Dr. Eldridge Mix of Worcester preached in the college chapel the second Sunday of the term. He took for his text the words of John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

Miss Marion Wilcox, '93; Miss Mix, Sp., '91-'93; Miss Mary Barrows, '90, and Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91, visited friends at college, Sunday, Jan. 14th.

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Society Notes.

At the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, January 13, the following programme was presented:

Merry Wives of Windsor.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . J. Juliet Duxbury.
II. Talk:
The Relation between the First and Second Periods of Shakespeare's Writings . Elizabeth Bartholomew.
III. The Merry Wives of Windsor."
A Comparative Study . . . . . Sarah Ellen Caps.
IV. Talk:
Falstaff . . . . . Levenia Dugan Smith.
V. Dramatic Representation. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act III. Scene III.
VI. The Merry Wives . . . . . Edith Ray Crapo.
VII. Dramatic Representation. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act I. Scene III.

Those who could spare the time from studying for examinations, to attend the concert, Monday evening, Jannary 15, were well repaid. The members of the Boston Instrumental Club, composed of players from the Symphony Orchestra, were the artists of the evening. The training of Mr. Nikish and Mr. Paur was evident in the perfect ensemble of the performers under the baton of Mr. Swornsbourne, the conductor of the club. The following was the programme presented:

Overture: Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . . Nicolai.
Italian Symphony . . . . . Mendelssohn.
a. Andante. b. Scherzo.
Entr'Acte from "Philemon et Baucis . . . . . Gounod.
Romance, for clarinet . . . . . German.
Mr. C. L. Staats.
Selections from "Lohengrin" . . . . . Wagner
Narcissus . . . . . Nevin.
"La Cinquantaine" . . . . . Gabriel-Marie.
Valse, "Les Lointains" . . . . . Waldteufel.
Serenade (cello solo) . . . . . Schubert.
Mr. E. Loeffler.

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"Sonntagreuhe," Melodie . . . . . Witt.

String Quartette.

Overture, "Le Roi d'Yoetot" . . . . . Adams

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held January 13. The programme presented was the last in the Semester's course.

Studies in Contemporary American Life.

V.

The Patriotic American.

I. The Days we Celebrate.
   1. Thanksgiving Day . . . . . Emily Hunter Brown.
   2. Independence Day . . . . . Elizabeth Morris Wood.
   3. Washington's Birthday.
   4. Decoration Day . . . . . M. Denison Wilt.

II. Woman's Patriotism . . . . . Helen Noyes Blakeslee.

III. Growth of the Proletariat . . . . Mary Katherine Conyngton.

IV. Conversation. Patriotism.
   Past and Present.
   "Mistress Fullerton, 1776" . . . . Edith La Rue Jones.
   "Wellesley, '94" . . . . . Mary Keyt Isham.

V. Our Patriotic Songs.
   1. Their History and Significance . . . Winifred Augsbury.
   2. Rendition by the Society, led by . . Kate Winthrop Nelson.

The presence of the stars and stripes, a shot-riddled Connecticut battle-flag, and a war stained soldier's sash contributed to the subject's reality. The alumnæ members present were: — Mary Barrows, '90, Marion Newell Wilcox, '93, and Grace Eldredge Mix.

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Alumnae Notes.

(Open Letter.)

Greatest truths are often taught by illustration — we regret that the pages reserved for Alumnæ Notes in this issue of the MAGAZINE must teach a sad truth. Owing to the illness of the alumnæ editor, she has been unable to go out on her monthly quest for news and notes. In times of war, when rations were scarce, the soldiers went on "foraging" expeditions. These were often attended by — let us call them difficulties, and the results were varied. This, to be sure, is a time of peace, and at the beginning of each month the alumnæ editor wishes that she might share this peace — but the rations are very scarce. Unless we desire to hear the complaint which surely ought to have worn itself out, or sered itself — "There is too little news in the MAGAZINE," — it is necessary to set out on our weary quest month after month.

Do you ask what is the truth illustrated in this issue? Surely, after your course in logic at Wellesley, you can deduce it. However, if you prefer it in an easy, declarative sentence, it is simply this: The alumnæ of Wellesley do not do their share in supporting their own columns. This does not include every member of the alumnæ. There are TWO out of the whole number, nine hundred forty-seven, who never fail to send any item that comes to their notice. Indeed, to one of these TWO the alumnæ owe a large percentage of the news in each issue of the MAGAZINE. We had fondly but vainly hoped for generous contributions to the January number; we are, therefore, forced to send it out with meagre pages, since we dare not run the risk of filling them with purely imaginary items. Where are your New Year resolutions, or when you made the others, did you forget the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE? If you did, may we not have a little of your thought next year?

A meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was held at the home of Miss Louise Pope, '91, on the Wednesday after Christmas. The officers chosen for the year were: President, Miss Louise Pope; vice-president, Miss Clara Walton; secretary, Miss Netta Stockwell; treasurer, Miss Faith Barkwell. A pleasant afternoon was passed, new members of the club becoming better acquainted with the old. After light refreshments the club adjourned, to meet in January at the home of Miss Lydia Pennington, '93.

Miss Tuck, '83, of New Britain, Conn., with her sister (Sp.) visited in Kansas City, Mo., in December.

Miss Jessie Van Vliet, '85, is teaching at Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, is secretary of junior work of the Woman's Home Missionary Association. She has, in addition, some editorial duties in connection with the paper published by the association, and has arranged to give "Talks" to junior societies in the neighborhood. On Sunday, January 21, she speaks on patriotism in Danvers. Her Boston address is 32 Congregational House, corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets.

Miss Caro Drew, '89, and Miss Ruth Abbott, '89 are both teaching in Brookfield Centre, Conn.

Miss Charlotte A. Whitney, '89, is at home in Oakland, Cal.

Miss Mary L. Stevens, '89, is teaching in the high school at San Bernardino, Cal.

The Misses Foster, Specials, '88–'89, are spending the winter in Los Angeles.

Miss Lucia G. Grieves has removed from Thomasville, Ga., to 157 E. 49th St., N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Mary Tyler Jones, '90, is Summit Ave., Wakefield, Mass.

Miss Josie Holley, '90, is teaching at her home in Selina, Ala.

Mrs. Mary Fitch Fuller, '90, is at home Thursday evenings in February, at the Grand Union, New York.

Miss Bertha Lebus, '91, is at home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Emma Squires, '91, who is teaching in the Santa Barbara, Cal., high school, spent Christmas with Miss Bertha Lebus, '91, in Los Angeles.

Miss Katharine Gleason, '91, is teaching in the high school, Redlands, Cal.

Miss Mae Tripp, '91, is studying at Boston University this winter. Her address is 23 Hencock St., Boston.

Miss Grace H. Underwood, '92, is traveling in the Southwestern States.

Miss Ermina Ferris, '92, is teaching in the high school at San Bernardino, Cal.

Miss Florence Wing, '92, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry N. Castle, 49 Packard St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The address of Miss Calla M. Osgood, '88–'92, is, for the present, 1222 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Fan Sanderson, '93, is assistant principal in the Lawrence School, Brookline, Mass. Address, 66 Clarendon St., Boston.

Miss Ida E. Woods, '93, is assistant in the Harvard College Observatory. Address, Natick, Mass.

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College Bulletin.

Jan. 25.	Day of Prayer for Colleges.
	Dr. Henry A. Stimson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.
Feb. 3.	Senate by class in Constitutional History.
Feb. 5.	Concert.
Feb. 12.	Dr. H. H. Furniss from Philadelphia.
	Reading of "As You Like It."
Feb. 19.	Concert.

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Marriages.

CARPENTER-HALE. At Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 21, 1893, Rev. Ernest Charles Carpenter, Wesleyan, '94, and Nettie J. Hale, Wellesley, '90. Address, 30 Baldwin Hill, Waterbury, Conn.

STARRETT-MORRILL. Dec. 28, 1893. Conway, N. H., Ruth Eastman Morrill to Mr. Milton Gerry Starrett. At home, The Regent, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FROST-KENNADY. In Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 26, 1893, Miss Mary A. Kennady, '90-91, to Mr. Thomas Gold Frost. At home, 701 S. Tenth St., Minneapolis, Minn.

WEBB-KENNEY. On Dec. 19, 1893, Jenny Raphael Kenney, '92, to Mr. Gerald Bertram Webb. Address, 19 Tivoli Place, Cheltenham, Eng.

DOUGLASS-MILLER. On Sept. 28, 1893, Isabelle Youngs Miller, '93, to Dr. Harry J. Douglass of New York City. At home after January 1, Glenbrook, Stamford, Conn.

JONES-SHEDD. At Somerville, Mass., Oct. 12, 1893, Alice Mabel Jones, '93, and William Edmund Shedd. Address, 85 Orchard St., Somerville, Mass.

BEECHER-EWING. At St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Christmas night, 1893, Miss Frances Ewing, '92-'93, to Bayliss B. Beecher of Memphis, Tenn.

Births.

Born, Nov. 23, 1893, a daughter, Dorothea, to Mrs. Mary L. Bean-Jones, '89.

Born on Dec. 23, 1893, a son to Mrs. Nelson M. Brooks of Newton Centre, who was for one year a member of '89.

Deaths.

Died, Jan. 12, in Baltimore, Md., Rebekah Boyd Hensel, class of '89.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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MISS SHAFER IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

IT is seldom that the president who brings a college to the beginning of its nineteenth year is personally known to all the alumnæ. Yet I believe there is no one of the nine hundred and fifty-seven women who hold the degree of Wellesley to-day who was not acquainted with Miss Shafer. To the great majority of these she was known only as the Professor of Mathematics or as the President of the College, but there is a much smaller number who were so fortunate as to know Miss Shafer in the class-room. Doubtless there was no one of these who did not receive the news of her appointment as President with something of regret. No one probably doubted the wisdom of the choice, but all were unwilling that the inspiration of Miss Shafer's teaching should be lost to the future Wellesley stu-

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dent. Her record as President leaves unquestioned her power in administrative work, yet all her students, I believe, would say that Miss Shafer was pre-eminently a teacher. It is fitting, then, in reviewing Miss Shafer's life at Wellesley, that her influence in the class-room should receive first mention.

It was my privilege to be one of a class of ten or more students who, during the last two years of their college life, elected Miss Shafer's course in mathematics. It is difficult to give adequate expression to the impression which Miss Shafer made as a teacher. There was a friendly graciousness in her manner of meeting a class which established at once a feeling of sympathy between student and teacher. This sympathy was to her one of the essentials of successful teaching, and nowhere was her wonderful tact more displayed than in the freedom with which she would alter the usual presentation of a subject to one better adapted to the feeling of a particular class. We saw at once that she expected from us conscientious work as a matter of course, but we soon learned that she looked for more than this. She taught us to aim at clearness of thought and elegance of method, in short, to attempt to give to our work a certain finish which belongs only to the scholar. It is needless to say that we failed to reach this high ideal which she set before us, but she was appreciative of our attempts, always charitable when we failed, and when a word of commendation was merited and given, the satisfaction of the student was as complete as the occasion was rare, and the whole class felt honored by the success of the individual.

It was seldom that Miss Shafer occupied much of the recitation hour. If possible, she would make the student clear up the difficulties, and she rarely offered an explanation except when she could persuade no member of the class to undertake it. As a result, she developed in her classes the power of concentration, and they left the class-room with every faculty more alert and active than when they entered, and the subsequent recitations profited thereby. Not perceptibly, perhaps, but none the less rigidly did she hold her students to steady work. She expected so much of them that they were ashamed to give her less than their best. She roused them to the keenest activity by the absolute confidence which she showed in their intentions to work. Her words of commendation were rare, but the class was always sensible of her appreciation of good work. Miss Shafer was quick to detect the strong points of any student and to make the most of them.

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The student scarcely ever failed to respond to this appreciation by making the greatest effort to fulfil her expectations. I believe that it has often been the experience of a Wellesley girl, that once on her feet in Miss Shafer's class-room, she has surprised herself by treating a subject more clearly than she would have thought possible before the recitation. The explanation of this, I think, lay in the fact that Miss Shafer inspired her students with her own confidence in their intellectual powers.

As I look back to those recitations in room G, and recall that friendly sympathy, that keen appreciation of scholarly work, that just criticism which stimulated and never discouraged, it no longer seems wonderful that I never knew or never heard of any student who knew Miss Shafer in the class-room who did not ever after give to her loyalty without stint.

ELLEN F. PENDLETON, '86.

MISS SHAFER IN HER OFFICE.

IT was my privilege for three years to be one of a class of favored girls to whom Miss Shafer represented the ideal teacher, and it is natural for me to think of her in the class-room, yet I find that the image which comes to me most often now is that of the President at her desk in her office, her eager, alert face aglow with the interest with which each new problem was always met. It was in this office that the plans for the better organization of the college were steadily matured during the years of her presidency. Her influential position as professor of mathematics and her great care for the best development of the college from the beginning of her connection with it made it easy for her to gather up all its varied concerns and to hold them firmly. While keeping this steady hand on all the interests in her charge, she gave especial attention, one by one, to those phases of the work in which reorganization seemed most essential. Her perceptions were remarkably swift and clear, yet she rarely acted until she had laid a solid foundation of testimony upon which to build. Thus she moved slowly, deliberately and firmly, and seldom took a false step. It would be too much to contend that she never made a mistake; she did better than this; she knew how to meet defeat, to "organize victory out of mistakes," and to

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gather up her forces for future successes.

The many with whom she had discussed plans for the future knew that her work in organization had only begun. She looked into the future with clear insight and planned largely. Much of her success as an organizer lay in her power to see that any scheme had outlived its usefulness, also in her willingness to acknowledge this, and her readiness to make any changes for the better.

Miss Shafer's insight into character enabled her to select wisely those to whom responsibilities were to be intrusted, while her own sterling qualities and high ideals called forth in turn loyal service. Those who worked with her felt that their plans and suggestions would meet with full consideration and that all which was available in them would be used. As when a teacher she had the rare power of bringing out all that the student knew, and, we sometimes thought, even more, so she aroused to keenest activity the minds of those connected with her in her work. She was peculiarly happy in thus calling out their best efforts, making them originators as well as executors. Was any flaw in the working of a scheme brought to her attention, quick as a flash came the question: "What would you suggest to remedy it?"

Miss Shafer's thoroughness was extreme. Her mathematical training led her to respect details, and her remarkable memory enabled her to become familiar with many which seemed unimportant in themselves and yet which aided her in carrying out her ideal for the executive officer of a college. She believed that the president should be thoroughly familiar with all matters of government and policy whether connected with the internal administration of the college or its relations with the outside world. However, this did not prevent her from leaving to each branch of the organization the utmost freedom and giving to each large responsibilities.

Miss Shafer was by nature and by training too well rounded to insist upon precision for the sake of precision. Yet in her busiest time her desk would be in perfect order. Her willingness to take pains was something sublime. She did not grudge the three or four interviews necessary to convince a persistent freshman that she ought not to take music as an extra. When some one marvelled at her patience, "O, I liked that," she said; "her points were clearly and reasonably taken. I was really pleased with her, but it was necessary to convince her all the same."

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How numerous and varying were the interests which were brought to President Shafer in that little office few of us realize. I well remember that not long ago she spoke of this laughingly and said that during the morning among other matters she had discussed a weighty question in regard to the intellectual work, had considered a matter of class interests, comforted a homesick, discouraged girl, and finally given her attention to the purity of our food supplies. Notwithstanding these multiplied calls upon her time and thought, each one who went to her found her alert and interested. Miss Shafer's mind seemed always to seize first upon the obstacles to the attainment of one's desires or the achievement of one's purposes. These were so carefully considered that sometimes one went away with a slight feeling of discouragement and the thought that her pet scheme had been treated somewhat slightingly. Miss Shafer was always better than her promises, however, and in the end if there was not entire satisfaction there was usually an appreciation of the reasonableness of her decision. On the other hand, to the tired and discouraged our President was a tower of strength. Many went to her weighed down by the burden of the day and the coming days, and came from her presence calm and buoyant, rejoicing in the new inspiration which they had drawn from her. She was always thoughtful for those who worked with her, even to the sacrifice of her own convenience. Her comfort for the sorrowing was boundless; her sympathy was ever ready; her charity never failed, and seldom did one in sober second thought ever question her justice. Her power of self-command was great and she had so lost sight of herself in her work that she never quailed before any task however severe. It never occurred to her to consider whether the task before her was to be difficult or the interview to be painful, or, if it did occur to her, no one knew it.

She was naturally fond of beauty and grace in every appointment and of personal ease and luxury, yet in her working life she was content with the simplest surroundings. Her natural buoyancy of spirit lightened the atmosphere whenever it was heavy with depression, and her keen sense of humor led us to keep for her delight the best stories which we heard.

As has been well said, the one controlling thought of Miss Shafer's life was duty, and her loyalty to duty was so complete as to be unconscious. Her devotion to our college was entire; thoughts of its interest and its

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needs were always with her. It might almost be said, though with the broadest interpretation, that she had no other interests, so entirely did she subordinate all else to this. However deeply she felt the burden and heat of the day, she had boundless faith in the future of the college for which she worked and which was her life.

Truer words were never spoken than those of the honored president of our board of trustees, "All who knew her, and chiefly those who were nearest to her life, will give thanks at every thought of her, and her friendship will be lasting wealth."

SARAH WOODMAN PAUL.

MISS SHAFER IN THE COLLEGE LIFE AND AMONG COLLEGE FRIENDS.

NO account of Miss Shafer's life and work can be complete which deals only with her official relations to those associated with her in the college life. Fully to estimate the strength and beauty and sweetness of her character one needed to know something of her in the informal meeting of daily intercourse or in personal friendship. Up to the time of coming to Wellesley Miss Shafer's life had been chiefly spent in co-educational institutions, and in these she always believed, but on coming among us she manifested at once an appreciation of our life and its best features which showed her largeness of nature and breadth of sympathy. Never were we reminded that, in her opinion, we ought to be something different, that we could of course never hope to be other than one-sided and incomplete. There is no reason to think that she ever so regarded it; to her the special conditions on which our life was constructed were not of so much importance as the spirit which animated it, and her sound and healthful influence has done much to make the characteristic Wellesley life develop on fine, true lines. From the first she felt a genuine interest in all sides of the social life of the students, sympathized with their ambitions and understood the bearing of them on the development of the right spirit in the college life. Many could add their testimony to mine on this point and speak heartily of the openness of mind, the impartial yet sympathetic consideration, the dispassionate judgment always manifested by her when later in her administrative capacity questions of this nature were brought before her.

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To Miss Shafer her classes were always the most valued means of contact with the students, and often since she became president has she been heard to express deep regret that her heavy cares no longer permitted her meeting them in this way. For a time she cherished the dream that it might not always be so, but the hope faded with accumulated cares. In this respect her life as president did not afford her the satisfaction that that of the teacher had done. Her talks to the freshmen were doubtless inspired, in part at least, by the wish to know them and be known by them from the beginning of their course. "I miss the friendship of the girls," she said once, in speaking of her regret at laying aside entirely the work of teaching, and of the way in which her multifarious cares prevented her becoming acquainted as she wished with individual students. Those whose privilege it had been to know her in the class-room and in the friendships growing out of that intellectual contact never on their part ceased to regret that the students of the later day could never know, except as a tradition, that supreme power of instructing and stimulating other minds which made her the ideal teacher, nor come much into that personal relation in which was revealed the unfaltering loyalty of nature which made her the truest of friends. Change was impossible to her steadfast soul. "Once your friend, always your friend," was true of her in a degree few are able to attain to. Nor was she subject to those changes of mood which so often mar the harmony and satisfaction of friendship. She possessed a singular power of forgetfulness of self, of being always the same, the source of which lay in a greatness of soul which made itself felt in all relations. To her all pettiness, narrowness, self-seeking were utterly foreign, but a ready sympathy with all that is noble, an unfailing charitableness towards the shortcomings of others and in interpreting their motives, and a generous appreciation of all that was best in them was the ever-present atmosphere of her life. She read character with an exact yet kindly discrimination and was quick to see the possibilities in her friends and pupils. Many a one of those who were so fortunate as to come under her influence owes to her guidance and inspiration life-long in its enduring power. Those who have been associated with her in the work of teaching or of administration have felt in her always animating the business relation a friendliness of spirit, a reaching out after the true human touch, that gave unerring evidence of her womanly nature.

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These were the more serious aspects of that noble character so deeply appreciated and loved by Miss Shafer's friends; but who can hope adequately to portray the thousand lighter traits which lent such sparkle and charm to her intercourse with them. The social nature was strong in her; she dearly loved the companionship of her friends and found in it rest and refreshment of spirit. Who of them can forget the sincerity of cordial welcome received from her, or the leisurely, friendly chat which followed, in which she threw aside the burden of official cares and restraints and permitted her genial, fun-loving nature to have full play. Those who chanced, in the earlier days, to spend a holiday or Easter vacation at the college at the same time with Miss Shafer will remember how her presence brightened the whole great building, and recall with an unforgotten pleasure the delightful social evenings spent by the little household in the parlor, when was revealed to them a dramatic power in her never otherwise suspected. Those days have seemed far away in these later years, which brought upon her so great a burden of care and work, but this has had no power to take anything from the steadfast loyalty of her friendship, to wither those finer traits which flourish less easily in a more public life. Her influence had become wider and more far-reaching; it could make itself felt less upon individuals. But the life of our great college, pulsating as if with one heart, has had a permanent impress left upon it by her molding hand, and in the hearts of those who loved her she is forever enshrined.

ELLEN L. BURRELL.

IN MEMORIAM: HELEN A. SHAFER.

Our world had need of her, but God unrolled
  His larger plan, and without word or stir,
  Answering glad the Voice that cannot err,
She passed into the silence and His fold.
Soft, mellow sunshine filled the earth with gold
  The day she left it. We that dare aver
  We live in deeds, not hours, know life, in her,
Was nobly lived ere Psalmists' years were told.

Father, Thy will be done! All things are good
  Thou sendest us, altho' we think them ill;
And what seems ill, Thy plan misunderstood.
  We know she walks in brighter, happier ways
  To-day than yesterday, so give Thee praise,
And smile thro' tears that mourn our leader still.

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A STUDENT VIEW.

IT is with great reluctance that we, who have known Miss Shafer for so short a time, attempt to tell what she has been to the students of Wellesley. Our two years and a half of college life, spent more or less closely associated with our president, have revealed to us much of her value, but have led us to feel that the friendly relations developed in this little while were only a promise of the deeper friendship which would have grown with a longer acquaintance. And yet, insufficient as must be anything that we can say, it is still a pleasure to tell what our relations with Miss Shafer have come to mean to us.

Every one remembers her first impressions of college life, and perhaps the most vivid recollections are those connected with the first chapel services. In our idea of the president whom we knew in those earliest days merely from the chapel service, the great dignity of her office stood out most prominently.

Later came the occasional talks with the freshmen, talks of advice and encouragement, when some of the dark paths in our new life were lightened, and the hard places made easier. The perfect willingness with which every question was answered, the interested attention given to each individual difficulty brought before her, a difficulty which, although it seemed real to us then, was often only imaginary, the cordial invitations to visit her in her room — all this soon led us to know that the president of the college was also the friend of every member of the college.

Those who took advantage of this opportunity to see Miss Shafer in a social way knew how sincere an interest she took in each student, in her home, her family, her aims both for the college life and for the more distant life of the future. At such times all suggestions of her office were laid aside. The student's interest became her own, and she discussed plans for work or for play with as much enthusiasm as the student herself could have felt. With a rare sense of humor, she was quick to appreciate and enter into the fun of the girls. She seemed eager to enter wholly into the college life, from which, for a time, her absence had separated her. That she did not know more of us better was a matter of regret to Miss Shafer herself. The exacting duties committed to her taxed her time and strength to the utmost, and perhaps we do not realize how great her effort must have been

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to find time for even the few personal acquaintances she did make among the students.

Those who were fortunate enough to meet Miss Shafer often found her always interested and impartial. Every matter that came before her was considered with the greatest carefulness. She had a broad way of looking at questions, trying to see each matter from every side, and especially from the side of the student. No decision was hastily given and each argument was carefully weighed. If a request was granted, it was granted cordially; if refused, the reasons were clearly given and the student generally was made to see the wisdom and justice of the decision. Her judgments were the more cheerfully accepted because we could not help feeling that Miss Shafer's one object was the highest welfare of the college. Although there was a business-like firmness in all her dealings with the students, it was never felt that Miss Shafer was unwilling to reconsider a matter upon which a decision had been given, if any new conditions arose, or any fresh light could be thrown upon the subject.

It was this sense of fairness, as well as her rare depth of sympathy, which led the students to talk freely upon matters which in any way affected them. She was ever eager to learn their opinions in matters of college interest, and constantly invited suggestions from them, thus winning an unrestrained confidence which to a less broad-minded person could hardly have been given. In short, Miss Shafer's attitude toward us was always frank and friendly. Her desire, it seemed, was to bring her girls to a deeper realization of their opportunities and responsibilities not only as students but as women.

Although the students feel how great a loss her death has been, those of them who esteemed her most highly and will feel this loss most keenly rejoice that the noble work which we but in part appreciated has received its reward.

SARAH E. CAPPS.
WINIFRED AUGSBURY.

Her final summer was it,
  And yet we guessed it not;
If tenderer industriousness
  Pervaded her, we thought
A further force of life
  Developed from within,—
When Death lit all the shortness up,
  And made the hurry plain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

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AN ALUMNÆ VIEW.

"I HAVE never known of a trial however severe through which she has had to pass from which she has not emerged more nobly than I had dared to hope even of her. I have never seen her in any relationship which she did not dignify, nor can I imagine her in any which she would not exalt."

These words, in praise of her to whom our hearts now turn in longing, were uttered by one who came in hourly contact with Miss Shafer, in the close intercourse which would, if possible, betray every weakness and failing. To have known one life so full of power and growth and progress, so empty of self and self-seeking, so grand in perfect simplicity, so humble amid marvellous success, to have been granted the vision of a heart so true and unfaltering that one's loftiest aspirations for that heart were all fulfilled, is to have established beyond all power of overthrow the belief in the infinite possibilities of human nature.

Such has been the experience of those who have closely known Miss Shafer in any relationship. It is well-nigh impossible to speak of her in any relationship without including all. One secret of her power has been the wonderful simplicity of her nature. As Professor, Counsellor, President, Leader of Thought, or as friend and guide, she was ever the same, doing what fell to her to do with absolute unconsciousness of self, seeking the Truth only, whether in scholarship, in the administration of large interests or in the simpler, sweeter relations of life.

Of her as instructor, it is not my right to speak, yet it was in the close intercourse of the class-room that were formed the strongest ties between her and the student as the latter grew to see that the generous scholarship and wide learning went hand in hand with a delicate fancy, a delicious sense of humor and a sympathy so large that it comprehended not only the needs but the possibilities of each student. Entering her class-room as she did her parlor, never too hurried for the most exquisite courtesy, she brought to the student the realization that it was a pleasure to guide as it was a privilege to follow in the path that led towards a fuller knowledge of truth in any of its myriad forms. Absolutely fair in her judgment, just in her treatment and wise in her use of educational methods, she aroused in the

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student a self-respect so great that unworthy work became impossible. Grasping with perfect comprehension the subject she treated, she revealed to the student glimpses of knowledge so alluring that the pursuit of it became only a delight. And, revealing as she did her subject with such power and completeness, she unconsciously revealed a personality of inexpressible charm.

But, however the ties were formed, whether in the class-room, at the table, or in the exercise of any of the duties of her position, they became of the strongest and most enduring character. Expecting to receive, as she gave, perfect sincerity, she lifted all to the plane of her own loftiness of purpose and revealed to each one with whom she came in contact that one's own highest possibilities. No effort towards stronger living was too feeble for her notice and encouragement. There was no struggle in which she could not somewhat share, no tiniest victory in which she would not rejoice. No prejudice or affection blinded her to the truest course of action, and she desired for others as for herself the highest good.

What the force of this influence will be can never be estimated. Only the fruition of lives strengthened, guided, some spiritually begun in her, can testify at the end to the mighty force of her virtues.

And after graduation came and Wellesley granted to the student her pledge of adoption, there arose a new and closer relationship. Wellesley's acknowledged daughters had new claims on this devoted friend of Wellesley. However close the personal relationship had become, it received added force from this new bond of a common interest, dear beyond expression to both hearts. Seeking by reference to the experience of the Alumnæ to gain new insight into student life, and recognizing the sincerity of their affection for the college, she made each one feel that the avenue was open for the presentation of any plan for its advancement.

What words can express the power of her influence! Each heart found its own needs met. Reverencing her loftiness of achievement, admiring her power of intellect, sure of her unfailing wisdom and justice, amazed by glimpses of her humility and self-unconsciousness, never doubting her sympathy and support in any worthy effort, each graduate of Wellesley went forth feeling that wherever her own life lay, by whatever path she should be guided, she had had an example of simple strength and beautiful life from which her own might take pattern.

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Great as has been the gain to Wellesley that she should stand at its head and guide its interests during these past six years, there has been a corresponding loss in the greater distance necessarily placed between her and the students. That she could not know them more familiarly during that time has been a source of deep regret to her.

This faltering tribute is laid at her feet by a heart in which there is no realization of the change wrought by her removal to the freer life of the Eternal City. All words are inadequate. At this time language fails. We can only bow our heads in thanks for the unspeakable goodness of God, praying that the agony and tears may not blind us to the glory of the privilege granted to us who knew her.

SOPHONISBA P. BRECKENRIDGE, '88.

I would be satisfied if I might tell,
Before I go,
That one warm word — how I have loved them well
Could they but know!
And would have gained for them some gleam of good,
Have sought it long; still seek — if but I could!
Before I go.

E. R. SILL.

PRESIDENT SHAFER'S OFFICIAL CAREER.

I.

THERE are few persons who so thoroughly appreciate President Shafer's work and worth as the Wellesley alumnæ. Many of them remember her advent at the college in the autumn of 1877, and the quickness with which her character and ability impressed themselves upon the life of the place. Even a surface observer could hardly fail to notice in her the dignity and poise of highly developed power, together with the finished ladyhood which sometimes comes slowly in the evolution of strong women, but which in Miss Shafer's case had already blossomed into distinction of manner. The large proportion of the alumnæ who came into direct contact with her in the class-room soon realized that she was a teacher of transcendent skill. Recitations under her dexterous control lost their hard lines of formality, and became pleasant social gatherings, where each guest was made welcome

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by the graceful tact of the hostess. But under this film of courtesy the students were always held firmly to the subject under discussion, and were guided in its unfolding with remarkable accuracy, breadth and ease. How many of her former pupils recall with tender amusement not only her incisive questions, but also the dry, quiet humor which lent force to her suggestions and carried conviction with her good-natured rebukes. She co-operated cordially with the rest of the faculty in whatever was calculated to advance the best interests of Wellesley. But she was heartily wedded to her own specialty, and mainly engrossed in that. She succeeded in bringing her department up to a very strict standard, with entrance requirements as high as those of any college in the country, and courses of study which were at once extensive and thorough. She trained her average pupils to accurate and scholarly work; and infected with her own enthusiasm not a few whose talents lay in the same line with hers, and who followed her with delight into the "diviner air" of higher mathematics. President Freeman's report of 1883 remarks: "I know of no American college where more intelligent or advanced undergraduate work has been undertaken in mathematics than that accomplished by those seniors who have been reading Dostor's Determinants, Howison's Analytics of Three Dimensions, Watson's Theoretical Astronomy, and calculating the orbit of the new comet from data obtained at the Harvard Observatory."

When, in 1888, Miss Shafer accepted the presidency, it was with real, homesick regret for her beloved science, as well as with cheerful willingness to answer what she felt to be a higher call. Her career up to this time had been so unobtrusive, that many persons outside of Wellesley expressed grave doubts of her ability to carry on Miss Freeman's illustrious and masterly achievement. But no such doubt was felt by her host of friends among the alumnæ. They had already recognized in her that judicial power, that capacity for making decisions unbiased by personal feeling, which is said to be rare among women, but which would naturally be fostered by long mathematical study, and which is one of the greatest requisites for administrative success.

Miss Shafer's record as president of Wellesley College nobly justifies this confidence. Under her care the institution has steadily advanced. She has united two sorts of wisdom which are too often antagonistic. She has been

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wisely conservative in her unshaken loyalty to the primary ideals of the founders, and wisely progressive in her constant effort to keep herself and her charge abreast of the important educational movements of the day.

She has brought to a high degree of perfection the great task of internal organization so ably carried on by Miss Freeman. This may be seen, for example, in the increased efficiency of the two legislative bodies at the college,—the academic council and the faculty. It is especially to be noted in the very complete system of committees through which the members of the faculty aid in the administrative work. It is largely because of this thorough organization that the institution is now passing so calmly and successfully through the crisis caused by its sudden bereavement.

President Shafer has wrought nobly to extend the range of scholarship at Wellesley. Under her fostering care sixty-seven new courses have been opened to the students, and many of these have marked new departures of special significance. The great subject of English composition and rhetoric, so strangely neglected in most of our colleges, has been placed upon an entirely fresh footing. More time has been allotted to it; the course has been systematized and connected to some extent with its sister course in English literature; the latest improved methods of study have been adopted; and the ablest instructors that could be secured have been added to its teaching corps. The important work in pedagogics, which was started towards the end of the previous administration, has been encouraged and increased. A department of Philology has been established, under the honored leadership of Dr. Helen L. Webster. Recent progress in philosophy has been illustrated in the interesting course in physiological psychology. The widening application of the laboratory method to subjects which formerly were not supposed to admit of it, has been shown in a popular course in the history of art. A most valuable course in domestic science, in which for the first time, as the writer believes, young women have beem taught systematically to apply the principles of the physical sciences to the housing and care of the family, has been pursued with marked success, and discontinued only because its able conductor was called elsewhere, and no one could be found to take her place. The difficult question of Bible study, which takes such rightful precedence at Wellesley, has received much thought and care, and has taken a decided step towards solution in the open-

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ing of elective courses, and the appointment of an associate professor of Hebrew and Old Testament. Graduate work has been wisely stimulated and regulated. The college is especially to be congratulated on the number of noble women, of the most enlightened scholarship and the most consecrated Christianity, who have been added to the faculty.

The crowning achievement of President Shafer's administration is the adoption by the trustees of the new curriculum, which she presented to them as the result of three years' earnest discussion in the Academic Council. This curriculum, which is already partially in effect, differs radically from the former one. It gives the students a much greater opportunity for elective work, makes an important change in the requirements for admission, and simplifies the matter of degrees. It maintains for Wellesley her place in the front rank of progressive American colleges.

President Shafer has shown an unflagging interest in the physical training of the students, as the basis of all intellectual success. Over and over again she has urged her plea for a new gymnasium. In the meantime she has co-operated with the zealous director of the present gymnasium in her efforts to utilize every possible means of eking out her insufficient equipment. The new and valuable work in anthropometry which has been done at Wellesley has received Miss Shafer's enthusiastic support.

In the social life of the institution she has shown strong sympathy with the young women. It has been her policy to increase their freedom of action by throwing upon them more and more the responsibility of their own government, and the result has amply justified the wisdom of this method. She has aided them cordially in the re-establishment of the Greek-letter societies and the evolution of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and in many ways has shown them that her heart was with them.

She has cherished a steadfast attachment for the alumnæ. In her report presented in June, 1892, she earnestly recommended that they be represented upon the board of trustees. This representation, which is destined to affect the college so powerfully in years to come, is now secured; and Miss Shafer's name should always be gratefully associated with its history.

She has striven with constant devotion to deepen and purify the religious life of the place. The president of Wellesley is to some extent the chaplain of Wellesley; and all who have watched her in that sacred office must real-

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ize something of the devout consecration she has carried to it. She has been untiring in her efforts to bring to the students men and women who would feed their souls, and lead them in the noblest paths of thought and work. Her admirable yearly reports are eloquent of the earnestness with which she has watched for every sign of healthy spiritual growth in her flock, not only as expressed through organizations and charities, but also in individual conduct.

Her sudden death is a great blow to the college; but her faithful life is a greater inspiration. We thank God for all which that life has been and is to us. We thank Him for her sake that she was permitted to pass so quickly and peacefully from the midst of a high usefulness and honor here to the higher usefulness and honor which we believe He has prepared for her in the more abundant life beyond.

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80.

A THANKSGIVING.

(In memory of our beloved president.)

Dear Father, unto Thee who gavest life,
And calleth it unto Thyself again,
We offer thanks that this true life has been,
Bringing Thy word of love to still our strife.

We offer thanks that Thou thy words didst send
By one who, living ever in Thy praise,
Taught us to walk in nobler, higher ways,
To hope and labor for the perfect end.

With hearts bereaved, we thank Thee earnestly,
For all the love she spent along the way
In leading us toward the fuller Day;
For all the toil glad given for us, for Thee.
We thank Thee that to us she is not dead,
Since in Thy love her life is perfected.

J. P. S., '93.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF MISS SHAFER.

HELEN SHAFER was, with myself, a member of the class graduated in 1863 at Oberlin College. There were two courses of study,—the regular four-year college course, and a parallel course of four years for young women, in which Latin and Greek received a much smaller allotment of time. Women were also admitted to pursue the college course, but only a few availed themselves of this privilege. Miss Shafer was not one of these. The faculty kept the two courses pretty distinct, the Commencement solemnities for the two being, for instance, on different days; but the recitations and lectures were in common when the studies were the same, and this was increasingly the case during the last three years of the four. My first remembrance of Miss Shafer is in connection with the mathematical recitations of, I should say, the sophomore year. I do not know whether she had been in the class from the outset or not. But I have an impression that at the time of which I am writing her parents had recently removed to Oberlin. Afterwards we were together in many other courses,—in chemistry under the venerable Dr. Dascomb, in logic under Professor Monroe, and so on, to say nothing of the weekly gathering at which English compositions were read. I can recall perfectly her delicately outlined, intelligent face and her clear utterance as she stood up to demonstrate her problem or "recite" from Whately or Butler. She was an excellent student, certainly the best among the women of her class, and in particular her written essays showed maturity of thought and power of apt expression. Her character was then what it always was. Absolute simplicity, frankness and good nature, lively appreciation of the humorous, ready sympathy with all sorts of people. She was a great favorite among her classmates; I cannot remember that any one else was so universally liked and well spoken of. I think most of us looked up to her a little, but she seemed herself wholly unconscious of her own rare gifts. In fact, hers was a thoroughly companionable nature; nothing was more characteristic of her. In the course of the last college year we were thrown more together and became fast friends, and I recall with pleasure the ready zest with which she entered into the not always serious humor of a set of boys and girls a shade younger than herself.

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At the graduation exercises Miss Shafer read an essay entitled "Human Isomerics," but I have not the least idea of what it was about. I cannot remember what she did in the years immediately following 1863, but I think she went almost directly to St. Louis. At any rate she was there in the winter of 1865–66, teaching in the Olive Street High School, a post which she occupied about ten years, until forced by ill-health to give it up.

FREDERIC D. ALLEN.

CAMBRIDGE, January 29, 1894.

II.

In 1865, an important place as teacher in the St. Louis High School, was to be filled, and application was sent to Oberlin for a suitable person. Miss Shafer was warmly recommended by the faculty who remembered her conscientious faithfulness as a student, her fine mental ability and her social gifts, which were especially adapted to make her widely useful. So, although she had had only two years' experience in teaching, she went to St. Louis and remained there ten years. At that time, just after the war, the St. Louis public schools were coming into great strength and prominence under the superintendence of Hon. William T. Harris, whose success has since attracted the attention of all educators, and who is now our United States Commissioner of Education. He had gathered around him a company of rare teachers who were enthusiastic in carrying out his larger plans. The guidance and inspiration of Superintendent Harris, and the influence of her associate teachers was very helpful to Miss Shafer.

She was asked to teach classes in branches of higher mathematics, which she had never studied. She prepared herself day by day for her teaching, successfully mastering the subjects, and inspiring her pupils with enthusiastic love of the work. This was the beginning of her reputation as a teacher of mathematics.

Commissioner Harris says "Her methods of instruction produced the best results I have ever known, and her personal influence over youth, to secure earnest work, was remarkable."

She had a large circle of acquaintances in St. Louis, and many valued friends. She was one of the charter members of Pilgrim Church.

LOUISE ALLEN KELLOGG.

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III.

Miss Shafer was for several years teacher of mathematics and sometimes of other branches in the public high school in St. Louis while I was superintendent in that city. I noticed that students made remarkable progress in algebra and the branches of mathematics which follow algebra in course. The results were so interesting that I took pains to discover the methods that she employed in teaching. She seemed to have an unerring instinct with regard to the parts and portions of the algebra that should be thoroughly mastered in order to make rapid and sure progress in the higher branches of mathematics. One thing I noticed was that she gave a very thorough drill in manipulating complex and compound literate quantities, thus familiarizing the pupils with the appearance of algebraic numbers, and giving them an ability to analyze at sight complex expressions. There were no pupils in her classes that did not do full justice to their powers. They were all kept at work, and on such topics as were most profitable. Her disciplinary control over her pupils was of the highest order that I have known. She controlled her pupils by a subtle appeal to the manliness of the boys and the dignity and self-respect of the girls, and managed with ease the most brittle tempers and the most wayward characters. Miss Shafer was very modest and never paraded her claims for recognition, although she had sufficient self-respect.

W. T. HARRIS, *Commissioner of Education.*

ADDRESS BY DR. McKENZIE, JAN. 22.

This is a day she would have loved,—

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The union of the earth and sky—"

In this clear light, with no cloud above us, in the clear air, it is easy to believe that between heaven and earth angels are ascending and descending. Not alone do "the armies of the ransomed saints throng up the steeps of light," but down the steeps of light come the messengers of God with comfort, hope and triumph. Another victor has entered in at the golden gates. Even now the prayer is answered, which has prevailed above our own:

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"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory; and the glory which thou gavest me I have given them." We can be partakers of His joy, so of her joy, though she has gone from our sight. Some day, not now, but when our thoughts have become quiet and we can speak more calmly, we will tell of her life, give thanks for her friendship, and for all which her hands have wrought, and will speak of the honor and delight to which she has been advanced. Even now, surprised and saddened though we are, we can rejoice with her.

She is with us still — the friend, genial, helpful, affectionate. It is written on a stone at Mount Auburn where a beloved one rests, "She was so pleasant." We repeat the simple tribute, waiting here — "She was so pleasant."

She was the scholar, accurate, earnest, believing; and the teacher, instructing, inspiring, ennobling. She brought to the high office she adorned the wisdom and genius of ability which have made these brief crowning years illustrious. She was happy in the conditions of her life. She came into a home full of intelligence, learning, piety. She was able to foster her tastes, to give free range to her powers, to become wise in the science which allured and rewarded her, to rise in her chastened imagination above the world where the heavens declared to her the glory of God. With such thoughts of Him and of His works and of His truths, she could carry with her the privileged spirits who were akin in their desire, and bring them into the realms of truth and life. Her line went out into all the earth, and her words to the end of the world. She came with her rare endowment of mind and heart to the young college in whose hope she entered. It was the formative period, when all she knew was needed, and all she was would find its unexampled opportunity. She knew the day of her visitation and made the life of the college her life, till she sat in its highest seat, wearing the honor with dignity and grace, fulfilling the duties with cheerful fidelity. She was in the highest place in all the land held by a woman, and the place steadily grew higher for her presence. Her science was her minister, and brought to her counsels and her work the freshness, the accuracy, the aspiration which gave strength and beauty to her rule. In the mathematics wherein she revelled she kept a heart full of all gentleness and friendliness.

She has gone to the increasing company of our elect who live in God. She has rejoined him, the founder of our college. She is with him who

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took counsel with her, being here, and on a New Year's day went on to his reward — the second father of our college. She is in the excellent glory with the preacher, the bishop, who knew her thoughts, who was widening his care for the college, when suddenly the summons reached him. She went approved, holding the cross. She is with the gracious woman who loved the college and gave of her life for its enrichment. She broke her alabaster box and poured out the costly spikenard and made the house fragrant forever more. Do they talk together of the things they cared for here? We believe in the communion of saints on earth and in heaven, and the communion is enlarged now that another has gone up on high. We have treasure in heaven, of those with whom we have shared life here, and who behold the face of Him in whose school we live. They were His while they were here, and well were they doing His service, and His approval was their recompense. He called them, for that there was service there they could best do. They had been trained for it here. Something was to be done, and she who has gone from us was needed for the doing of it; she who had learned so well to do his bidding. Everything she knew will find its larger use. Her study of the laws of God; her ability to understand Him; her power to teach others His ways among the worlds, her skill in leading, guiding, helping younger lives; all which drew to her our admiration and held our confidence and love; all which made us pray that her days might be prolonged among us,— for all there is ample exercise and grandest opportunity, where there will be no need of rest, and the night will not interrupt the day, and they do not count the years; and in immortal life the free spirit lives and reigns forever. Let us think for our comfort on our college work and life extended to the skies.

She is with God. The vision she saw from the earth is about her, in glory she had not seen. She knows immortality. She has seen the Lord. The word of promise is fulfilled in her; there is a divine word for us who wait,—"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." "All Hail and Farewell!" Blessed are they who live and die in the Lord. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

We know not when, we know not where,
  We know not what that world will be,
But this we know: it will be fair
  To see.

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With heart athirst and thirsty face
  We know and know not what shall be: —
Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
  To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of His grace,
  Beyond all prayers our hope can pray,
One day to see Him face to face,—
  One day.

CHRISTIANA ROSSETTI.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY.

THROUGH the kindness of various members of the faculty we are enabled to publish some of the telegrams and letters of sympathy for Wellesley and respect for Miss Shafer which have come from all quarters.

From President Harper and Dean Talbot of Chicago University:

We mourn Wellesley's loss of a wise leader and true friend.

From President Taylor of Vassar:

We send our deepest sympathy. The work has lost an admirable woman, an able and wise administrator.

From President Gates of Amherst:

We send assurances of the sincere sympathy of Amherst College in your great loss.

From President Carter of Williams:

Am deeply sorry for the loss to learning and education.

From President Andrews of Brown:

President Shafer was deeply respected by all who knew her, and will be widely missed. The friends, faculty and pupils of Wellesley have my sincerest sympathy in this their deep bereavment.

From President Dwight of Yale:

I desire to express to the officers of your college my deep regret for the loss which they have sustained in the death of President Shafer,—a loss which will be felt and appreciated by all who are interested in the cause of education in our country. . . . The life and work of your president have been full of kindly service to all who have been under her charge, and her

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memory will be cherished with great affection. She has passed to higher work and service in a better life. Her influence for good, I am sure, must continue for long years.

From Prof. J. M. Peirce, Harvard University:

I am deeply grieved to hear of the loss which has befallen Wellesley College and the whole community. I had only a slight personal acquaintance with Miss Shafer. But I had occasion several years ago to know something of her work in her department of mathematics, and I formed a very high estimate of her ability and character. I beg to express my profound sympathy with the faculty and students of Wellesley College in the loss they have sustained, and in the severe personal affliction which I know it is to them.

From Mrs. Horker, principal of Sage College, Cornell University:

The women of Sage College are thinking of the faculty and students at Wellesley very sympathetically and tenderly during these days of bereavement. Personally, I experience a sense of loss in the death of President Shafer which I cannot justify in words."

From H. W. Mabie of "The Outlook":

The announcement of Miss Shafer's death was a great shock to me. I can well understand the sorrow which has come to the college because I think I knew something of Miss Shafer's admirable character and of her fine aims and spirit.

From Bishop Lawrence:

All those interested in the welfare of the college have suffered a great loss, for her ability, her simplicity, her personal charm and true character made her not only a force in the college, but in the community at large. Those of us who have been occasional visitors will sadly miss her face and welcome.

From the Rev. Dr. Shinn of Newton:

I wish it were possible to testify how sincerely I respected the fine character and appreciated the noble work of Miss Shafer. God be praised for the good examples of all these His saints, who, having fulfilled their course here in faith, do now rest, in joy and felicity, from their labors.

From Judson Smith, Secretary A. B. C. F. M.:

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President Shafer fell in the midst of her years and services and renown; and we have no philosophy that will explain such a loss. He has done it whose wisdom never errs, whose goodness never fails; and *therefore* it is well. But to our judgment, what a loss, what a disappointment of hopes! To a rare degree Miss Shafer commanded the respect and confidence of faculty, trustees and students; and her lasting monument is in the college whose affairs she guided so wisely, and in the students whom she helped to train.

The following extracts from the letters of two Wellesley alumnæ, the one written before Miss Shafer's illness, the other after her death, will be of interest as voicing the feelings of many:

"I hope Miss Shafer is better this year than she has been sometimes. I always felt about her that she saw through me, and that it would be useless to try to conceal what was bad, but that she still had a real interest in me, and was perfectly true and wise in advising me. And I want other girls to have her help and inspiration for years and years."

. . . . . .

"It has come so suddenly that I cannot realize yet all that it means. The inspiration of her confidence in me has been such a constant presence that it seems impossible I can never drink it in again afresh. I have felt for some years that my college life brought me nothing better than the privilege of knowing her, and I am thankful that from the beginning of my college days it was one that was highly prized."

The letters received from the first and second presidents of Wellesley will be of such general interest that they are given in full:

"A letter from Mrs. Ransom, written on Friday, prepared me for the sorrowful tidings of your telegram, received Saturday evening. In spirit I am with you in profound sympathy, and sincerely regret that I cannot be present in person at the last sad rites. I have been under the cloud with you all through the long Sunday, and felt the silence and holy hush that pervades the college.

"The Lord is surely with us all, in peculiar nearness, as we still strive to gain glimpses of our dear friend so quickly passed beyond our sight. We think she cannot be spared from our college; perhaps she could not longer be spared from the Wellesley circle in heaven.

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"In a very dark day, Mr. Durant once said with a quiet faith, 'The Lord will take care of His college.' The words come down the years with peculiar emphasis in this trying hour.

"Rest assured of my earnest prayers and unvarying interest and affection.

"Faithfully yours,

"ADA L. HOWARD, Jan. 21, 1894."

. . . . . .

I am glad to learn that the next number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will contain accounts of Miss Shafer. There should be many of them. A character so distinct, and in some respects so heroic, should move many to its praise. Undergraduates will tell what she did for them as their stately and considerate President; members of the faculty how sagacious, just and equitable she was as their head; my thoughts go back to the days when I leaned upon her, the eight and a half years when she and I worked side by side.

When I entered the college in 1879, she had already held the professorship of mathematics two years. I learned at once that she had the high regard of her colleagues and students, that she was an admirable teacher, a fair-minded debater of college questions, a witty and cultivated woman. But during the years of my companionship with her I was drawn to study her character somewhat closely, and there grew in me an ever-increasing respect for her exact scholarship, her judicial temper of mind, her sober sympathies, her rational affection for the college, and her steadfast loyalty to its ideals.

When the time came for a new president, my thoughts naturally turned to her. The trustees, knowing the heavy responsibilities which the growing college must put upon its president, were determined to find the woman best able to bear them, wherever she might be. That they unanimously chose their own frail professor of mathematics was the highest tribute they could have paid to her trustworthy qualities, and she justified the choice. Though much of the time in delicate health, her courage never faltered, nor her devotion to the work she loved. With her, duty was a passion. The sight of her loyalty to it must have steadied many a girl. Where other women would have easily sunk into invalidism, she guided herself discreetly, and quietly bore for the sake of many the heaviest of burdens. She died

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as she would have wished, in the midst of her work, with all its perplexities upon her heart, fresh dreams of its future growth in her active brain, and, drawn up in long ranks beside her, the girls she had toiled for and blessed.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

RESOLUTIONS OF REGRET.

FROM THE TRUSTEES OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

The Trustees of Wellesley College, in the presence of the great sorrow which has come to them and the great loss which the college has sustained, desire to make permanent expression of their admiration of the character and the work of the president, Helen A. Shafer, who has now entered into rest.

She came to the college when it was yet very young, and was entering upon its career, bringing a rich endowment of wisdom and learning, and joining with others to preserve and extend the spirit and the method which were to make a new way for themselves beyond all precedents, and were to give to the school founded in Christian faith its own place among the highest institutions of the land. She enlarged its strength within its walls and its influence and fame abroad. For more than sixteen years her life has been one with the life of the college. When she was called to its highest place she responded cheerfully, leaving the familiar ways of her professorship for the more difficult office which would demand the entire force of her mind and heart.

She has served and ruled the college with all her powers; not seeking to be ministered unto, she has ministered with her rare training, her instructive experience, her spiritual insight, her broad vision, her full devotion, her delight in her place and her contact with its ample opportunities. By gentleness and firmness, by patience and discretion, she has advanced the interests of the college in every line, and has strengthened in purpose and in will the teachers and the scholars who have entered the gates.

Her administration, quiet, steady, intelligent, has been illustrious, and has been most esteemed by those who most carefully watched its daily

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course, and felt the gracious sincerity of its intent. Her name will be kept in honor. Her example will be an inspiration and her work will advance. Her desire will be fulfilled. She has taken to herself, being here, the power of an endless life.

The above is a copy from the minutes of the meeting of the trustees, February first, eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

PAULINE A. DURANT, *Secretary.*

FROM THE FACULTY OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

God, our Heavenly Father, has suddenly taken from us our revered and beloved president, at a time when it would have seemed to us that the college could least spare her presence.

But we know that His goodness, His wisdom and His power are ever the same, and that His compassions fail not.

We therefore rejoice in His blessed will. We give Him thanks for the life that has been ours for a time, for the enduring work which He enabled His servant to do for this college, for the confidence and affection which His grace in her inspired in her associates, for the years which she was spared to her work and her friends, and now that He has taken her to her reward, nor left us comfortless; that we have her work, which remains, the memory of her leadership, companionship and friendship, her example of intelligent devotion to duty, and our joy in her joy as she enters into rest and begins upon the more immediate knowledge of our glorious redemption.

We desire as a body to express to the family of Miss Shafer the love and honor in which we hold our departed president, our grateful recognition of the abiding nature of her work for Wellesley College, and our deep sense of loss in this great bereavement. We would offer them the sympathy of a sorrow akin to their sorrow, while we unite our rejoicing with theirs over the blessedness of her whom God has taken.

For the Faculty,

FRANCES E. LORD
SUSAN M. HALLOWELL
KATHARINE LEE BATES } *Committee.*
ELLEN F. PENDLETON
MARGARETTE MULLER

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Whereas, it has seemed best to our Heavenly Father, in His mercy and providence, to remove from among us our honored president and beloved friend, Helen A. Shafer, be it

Resolved, that we, the students of Wellesley College, would hereby express our sorrow for the great loss which we have suffered, and offer our deepest sympathy to her family and friends in their bereavement; and

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of her work for us and of the inspiration which her life has been to us; and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, to the faculty of Wellesley College and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

HELEN M. KELSEY
HARRIET MANNING BLAKE } *Committee.*
JOANNA S. PARKER

Jan. 24, 1894.

FROM THE CLASS OF 1891.

Whereas, God in His mysterious providence has removed by death Miss Helen A. Shafer, president of Wellesley College since 1888, and a member of its faculty since 1877, it is hereby

Resolved, by the class of 1891, of which President Shafer was an honorary member and a beloved friend, that this class hereby testifies its high appreciation of Miss Shafer's elevated character, her broad education, her power as a teacher, and her great value as the executive head of Wellesley College.

Resolved, that the class of 1891 hereby tenders its sympathy to the bereaved family of Miss Shafer, and also to the undergraduates now deprived of her inspiring leadership.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Miss Shafer, and that a copy be sent for publication in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Signed, BERTHA PALMER, *President.*
E. JULIETTE WALL, *Secretary.*
MARY W. CARTER, *Treasurer.*
For the class of 1891.

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FROM THE WELLESLEY ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

Whereas, God in His perfect wisdom has summoned into the secret of His presence the beloved president of Wellesley College, we, the alumnæ, to every one of whom the vanished face has been familiar, would put on record and communicate to those with whom we mourn the following resolutions:

That we are unutterably grateful for the high service our lamented professor, president and friend has rendered Wellesley, first as a teacher of rare mathematical scholarship and yet rarer power to call forth from her classes sustained enthusiasm and the best exertion of individual thought; in these later years as a leader and administrator, prudent, just and generous, whose deed was ever better than her word, and whose word was founded in wisdom, truth and honor; and always as the noble Christian woman of purpose, pure and steadfast, of charities broad and sweet;

That we do especially recognize the graciousness of her bearing toward us as the alumnæ association, in that she was wont to meet us with unfeigned warmth of welcome on our annual return to college halls, to confide to us what she in due discretion might of her cares and plans for Wellesley, to draw us near her in fellowship of labor and of hope, and to strengthen in us by illustrious example an intelligent and conscientious loyalty to the college in furtherance of whose great work her very life was given;

That we would express our heartfelt sympathy with all who bow beneath the pain of this most sudden blow,—with the trustees and faculty of Wellesley, who mourn so strong a colleague, so able a leader and so dear an associate, with the community of students whose interests were precious in her sight, with the wide circle of personal friends who will not cease to miss her, and, most tenderly, with those of her own household, to whom, in their deep bereavement, may God be merciful.

Signed, KATHARINE LEE BATES.
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS.
ELIZABETH M. BLAKESLEE.

FROM THE CHICAGO WELLESLEY CLUB.

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take home our beloved president, Miss Helen Almira Shafer, whose, departure, while causing widespread and heartfelt grief, must nevertheless be recognized as a happy

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release for her from a life of self-forgetful toil and constant struggle against physical frailty, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the Chicago Wellesley Club, express our deep sympathy with the sorrowing relatives, and therefore desire to testify our appreciation of her invaluable services to Wellesley College, of the broad, progressive spirit shown by her in the solution of educational problems, and of the ennobling influence of her womanly character upon all those with whom she had to do. Furthermore, be it

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to Miss Mary Shafer of Oberlin and Mr. J. J. Shafer of Cleveland, and that a third copy be sent for publication to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

LAURA A. JONES, '82
ELIZABETH WALLACE, '86
EDITH WILKINSON, '88
LILLIAN V. PIKE, '92
} *Committee.*

FROM THE WASHINGTON WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

We of the Washington Wellesley Association desire to express in some measure our sense of the great sorrow which the death of Miss Shafer has brought to all who know and love the College Beautiful. We recognize the loss to the educational world of an able leader, and to Wellesley of a wise and strong guiding hand. Those who knew her both as professor and as president mourn the going away of a helpful and inspiring friend.

In every relation with her, both as students and as alumnæ, we always found Miss Shafer glad and eager to strengthen and beautify life for us in college and beyond the college halls. The power of that endless life, which was and is hers, must ever remain an inspiration to us all, bidding us realize as we may the ideal woman of our time, one whose rarely trained intellectual powers and keenly sympathetic nature were consecrated to the continuous service of our Father and His children.

MABEL GODFREY SWORMSTEDT, *President.*
JULIA GREEN, *Secretary.*

Jan. 29, 1894.

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THE SERVICES AT WELLESLEY.

THE funeral services at Wellesley were held on the morning of the 22d. The students, with the exception of the seniors, assembled in the chapel by half-past ten. At that hour the senior class entered in double column, taking the centre seats. The class presidents followed. Edwin H. Abbott, Horace E. Scudder, Prof. G. H. Palmer and Dr. Judson Smith preceded the casket, borne by Mr. Crawford and his corps of assistants, the long line of trustees and faculty following to their places on the platform.

A member of the class of '88, the year in which Miss Shafer had assumed the presidency, strewed violets upon the bier. A member of '91, the class of which Miss Shafer had been an honorary member, laid ferns by their side. The class presidents placed with these the offerings of their classes. From the seniors, pink roses, in token of those pink roses which colored, as it were, with their beauty, the days of her brief illness; white roses from the juniors, cream roses from the sophomores, lilies of the valley from the freshmen, and white carnations from the specials.

The services opened with the chant, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," by the college Glee Club; prayer by President Warren of Boston University was followed by the latter part of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, read by Dr. Willcox. After all had united in the triumphant hymn, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," Dr. McKenzie uplifted all hearts by words whose key-note was joy for those who had entered into their rest. After the hymn, "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling," the benediction was pronounced by Dr. N. G. Clark.

. . . . . .

At half-past one in the afternoon, the casket was borne through the waiting lines of freshmen and sophomores, to the hearse. The juniors preceded the cortege as far as the East Lodge, where they stood in double ranks to let it pass. The seniors, in cap and gown, walking on either side, accompanied it all the way to the station. Miss Stratton, representing the academic council, Miss Burrill and Miss Pendleton the faculty, and Miss Angell the students, accompanied the brother and sister, and were present at the services in Oberlin.

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Editorial.

I.

EARTH can show nothing greater anywhere than a human life lived with strength, dignity, fidelity, patience. That the sphere has been large or small, the work well known or obscure, matters little, the real nobility of life being independent of these factors; yet, when beneficial influence has been far-reaching, and that "fierce light which beats on thrones" has illumined all the hard task's long accomplishment, the life-lesson is best read, most widely known. And when, of a sudden, such life is swept from the range of earthly vision, and one can, with a clear insight and true perspective impossible before, discern new symmetry of outline and harmony of purpose, thrilled afresh with the sense of mighty power, he passes on his way, more earnest in aspiration, less faint-hearted in endeavor.

II.

IT would seem a fitting thing, if a memorial of Dr. Helen A. Shafer could take the form of a permanent endowment for the Department of Mathematics at Wellesley. When one remembers her life-long active interest in mathematics, her delight in the rare collection of works upon the subject, selected for the library under her own supervision, and her pride in the constant strength of that department in the college, one can but be sure such gift would find peculiar favor in her eyes.

III.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, as a representative of Wellesley College, desires to express to the friends in the village, the Smith College Association, and all who have by telegram and letter, by deed and spoken word, made known their sympathy in the great loss so recently sustained, most heartfelt appreciation of their courtesy and kindness.

IV.

THE world still asks, as the world has always asked the college training of woman, whether or no it is in truth preparing her for life's most plain duties and most sober realities. With no more forceful argument can the college-bred woman reply, than by cheerily taking up the homely problems of

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difference between them collapses. Neither the individualist nor the socialist would think the ideal to be attained, until each man, of his own will, under the guidance of his own intelligence, carries out the common will, which itself, in this ideal state, must be the intelligent will for the free development of each. We may begin by saying that each must be left to do what he will; but the various wills clash and must therefore be mutually restrained. The more we study the matter the more we see that there is no such thing as conduct affecting the actor alone, and that if society is to protect the liberty of one of its members it must govern all the acts of all the others. Hence this position is self-contradic-

every-day living, as they come to her hour by hour, not scorning them as uninteresting, or unworthy attention, but employing in each petty detail some part of the keen insight, firm grasp and iron self-control, wrought out at the forge of intellectual discipline, with the heat of a kindled enthusiasm. When college women everywhere, in the small as well as the large corners of the land, are beheld quietly simplifying fretting difficulties by the directed energy of an educated will, glorifying humble tasks with beautiful thoughts, and ennobling all life because in some larger measure understanding life, the world will ask no more, for his question will have been answered.

V.

AS a student looks back over the weary stretch of semi-annual examinations, from which she has emerged breathless but unscathed, what wonder if she ponder the old question, as to whether it has been worth while? Anxiety and nervous tension, be they present to never so small an extent, are cheerless companions enough, yet they follow in the wake of what is more desirable. The student must acknowledge that she would seldom turn back to the first pages of her semi-illegible note-book, under other incitement than the stirring call of necessity, and she surely takes a certain unique satisfaction in this phase of the situation. To gather up the trailing threads of a comprehensive half-year's course, to sift out the gold-grains of essential truth, to see clearly, for once, the end from the beginning, to value aright each step of the toilsome and intricate journey, this is to her a recompense well worthy the weary labor of a "systematic review."

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The Free Press.

I.

A student said to me the other day, "You know the faculty have had the experience of being students, but the students have never had a chance to be faculty." Perhaps, then, it will be helpful to a better understanding if a member of the faculty explains how certain problems look through her eyes. Several thoughtful and interesting communications have appeared within a year in the "Free Press" column of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, discussing college government from the student's point of view; some general comments upon these I should like to make in this article, and if the MAGAZINE will kindly open its pages to me again, I will, in another number, touch upon a few special points, such as the ten-o'clock rule and compulsory attendance at chapel.

In trying to reach a community of feeling between faculty and students, we have this great advantage, that there is not even a seeming opposition of interests such as exists between different sections of the country, different races, different classes of society. The faculty exists for the students; no interests at variance with those of the students could possibly obtain a moment's hearing in any discussion in which members of the faculty participate; consequently, any strife for opposing ends is out of the question. There can be at most only a difference of opinion as to the best means of obtaining the end; and the most obvious way of getting rid of such a difference as that is by frank and candid discussion. Now the fundamental rule of argument, — argument that is really meant to persuade somebody, — is that you must understand and enter into the mind of your opponent. When both parties seek to follow this method, the opposition often vanishes altogether; in any case the gulf is sure to be perceptibly narrowed. Such a spirit animates the articles to which I referred above; in such a spirit I wrote last year and am writing now; such, I confidently trust, will be the spirit of those who read.

That there is no serious difference of opinion as to the direction in which the college should move is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the December number of the MAGAZINE contained on one page a plea for the extension of certain senior privileges to juniors; on another the announcement that the council had already voted unanimously to grant such extension. This action, I suppose, was no tardy afterthought, but had been contemplated from the time when the plan was adopted for seniors; at any rate, the movement was made spontaneously, and not as the result of agitation on the part of the students.

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Why, then, was it not done before? Here we are brought face to face with the whole question of the rate of progress, a question that it would be Utopian to expect twenty years and forty always to answer just alike. There must be brakemen as well as firemen, I suppose; but the journey, however tedious, will be accomplished at last, unless the brakes bring the engine to a standstill, or the boiler explodes, or the train runs off the track. Those of us who observed the resentment aroused by the restoration of chapel monitorships, or the years of chaos that followed a relaxation of the stringency of the study-hour rule, are surely not wholly without excuse for believing that responsibilities should be committed to the students gradually, and that we must at all hazards avoid the danger of reaction.

Yet, if I were writing a forensic in defense of the faculty, I could maintain with a good deal of force that the charge of dilatory action ought to be laid at the door of the students. It has often happened, to be sure, that some measure has been advocated in the columns of the college paper, and has presently been passed by the faculty; but nearly all of these cases are analogous to that of the recently accorded junior privileges,—the faculty had already practically decided upon them before the articles appeared. I know of but one exception,—the drawing of books from the library for Sunday was presumably brought about by the discussion in the "Prelude."

The students would see more clearly what possibilities are open to them if they laid more stress upon the distinction between individual self-government and collective self-government. There are two ideals at war with one another all over the civilized world to-day,—the individualistic, according to which the conduct of the individual is to be determined by himself, and the socialistic, according to which his conduct is to be determined by society. The opposition is merely seeming, for if one will only think out the theories to their completion the tory unless we rise to a conception that shall include both sides, the conception of a state in which the enlightened will of society is reflected in that of each individual. Or we may proceed more historically and think first of the individual as born into a community already possessed of rights that he may not violate. But what are these rights for? The community has no existence apart from its members, and its rights are simply a means for them to satisfy the demands of their own nature. But again, what is that nature? Man is what he is only in relation to other men, and finds that he can be satisfied only in that unity of life which love is, a unity in which all discord of opposing wills and clashing ideals is resolved into harmony.

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The actual progress toward this "divine event" is along both lines. Here in Wellesley College the development of self-government has been almost exclusively in the direction of individualism. Are we not ready for a little socialism? So the council evidently thought when it was voted nearly two years ago to invite conference with the students upon practical questions of college life. How much response has there been to this overture? It opens the way to boundless possibilities of self-government, yet the offer excited so little notice that most students do not even know that it was ever made.

What is the reason for this? Is it because the students already have all the self-government they want? I hope not, I cannot quite agree with A. B. T.; in fact, I half suspect that she is presenting rather one side of the case than her own whole thought. It is true that almost everything generally desired by the students could probably be obtained, but how is that general desire to be created and efficiently expressed? In other words, the students have power enough over the faculty; have they power over the student community? One need not be strenuous for a formal organization, but there ought to be some way of arousing the great mass of students from a mere blind chafing against rules or a still more fatal lethargy to thoughtful consideration of college interests and effective shaping of college life. That would be genuine, wholesome socialism. It might not take the form of coercion and restriction; these are always evil, though they are often necessary. The true office of socialism lies not in them, but in educating every member of society through the intelligence and will of every other member to know and seek the common welfare.

"Liberty for the individual!" Yes, but not until he thinks. The plea of lack of time is never sufficient; if there is time for anything there is time to be free, and while freedom begins in blind submission to rightful authority it cannot end there. It dies unless it grows.

MARY S. CASE.

II.

Why are the girls all so prosaic? It seems as if they turn their backs on whatever was beautiful, and will not take time to even glance at it. They shrug their shoulders, they look with suspicion on any one who thinks that life is beautiful, and with wrinkled brows turn away from the cheery individual, and mutter their own feelings out in the expression, "Life's a grind." It seems as if these self-persecuted people were preparing for a life of voluntary invalidism, for there is certainly nothing more wearing to the constitution than to fret an hour over things that might be done in half the time, by a little cheerful application and

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thought. Then, too, this disease of fretting is very contagious, and is likely to become epidemic. The careworn apparitions, that make their appearance in chapel each morning, testify that something is wrong somewhere. We all desire to do well in our work, we all have some ideal to look up to, if it is nothing more than that we may write a fine paper or do hard problems, but we make our limit of existence too narrow, and if any one once looks over the limit and gets the true essence and beauty from life, it is with a sigh that so much time has been wasted, in which some question in some lesson might have been dolefully thought out. Our lessons are really beautiful too, but we only see the hard, cold words, we refuse to see the inspiration in them. There is so much beauty in literature, in the thoughts of all ages, there is beauty in history, there is beauty in science; yes, even in mathematics there is some beauty. It is too bad that it must be lost. Why can we not get at the spirit that is within them? And then there is so much beauty that we should see wherever we look. Just take time to look at the sky, at the clouds, fantastic in shape; at the sunsets, glorious with color. Take time to look at ever-changing nature, marvellous in her moods, and you will be glad that you are alive. Take time, when you have eight or ten things to do at one and the same time, to go to the library and read some exquisite poem. Do something that you feel like doing, and be happy. After that the work will vanish as by a magic hand.

Did you ever think how many of our fellow men and women have had beautiful thoughts? They have expressed them in literature, they have expressed them in art, and have felt even more than could be expressed. Just open your eyes, see some beauty in something, and your motto will change from "Life's a grind," to "Life is beautiful." M., '94.

III.

THE SECOND PERIODICAL AT WELLESLEY.

Those of us who have a love both for the college life and for the literary life are always made supremely happy at any attempt to bring our two interests together. And so, when the old, though of late scarcely discussed question of giving expression to the college life at Wellesley through another form of literary life, is once more brought to our attention, we, at least, are ready to answer without hesitation: "By all means, and next September, if possible." Why not? As our editor has suggested in a previous number, Wellesley, with her eight hundred students, is abundantly able to support two publications. The matter of expense may be easily settled by making the second publication, which should

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appear each week, a mere news sheet. The MAGAZINE would of course remain as before.

Moreover, current events at the college could be discussed in greater detail in the weekly publication. Those of us who are "without" and who recall "The Week" and similar columns in the "Prelude," with their accounts of lectures and addresses, and their interesting descriptions of social events at the college, cannot feel satisfied with the exceedingly brief mention of such matters among the "College Notes" of the MAGAZINE. It is far more interesting to those who are far away from our *alma mater* at the time of the dramatics of the Shakespeare Society, for instance, to read a more or less detailed account of that occasion, than to be furnished merely with a statement to the effect that such an event took place.

Also, by supporting two publications, a greater variety of subjects and far more news may be discussed. There are some phases of our college life which may not with propriety be treated in our present publication. The MAGAZINE is essentially literary; the best endeavor of the students is there represented. But there is a side to Wellesley life, the social and recreative side, which does not there appear, and which it is not within the scope of the MAGAZINE to depict. That is the side which a second periodical would portray.

Then, too, those of us who are "without" long for news of those who were in college with us, and are interested to know whenever any such revisit Wellesley. News of such a nature is with propriety ruled out of the MAGAZINE, but may with equal propriety form part of a weekly news sheet, which would be more purely local in interest than is our present publication.

Another advantage to be gained from a second periodical lies in the fact that the members of the lower classes would be brought into editorial work. A college publication, in order to strictly represent the institution, should not be in the hands of a single class. Although unquestionably better work can be done upon a periodical when the board of editors is chosen from the senior class alone, we feel that the literary gain is compensated by a loss in the support of the college as a whole; that there is a tendency among the students of the three lower classes to think: "The MAGAZINE is a senior affair. Let the seniors take care of it."

If, however, we establish a second paper, whose editors are to be chosen from all classes, each student will, it is hoped, become more directly interested. The college publication and literary work in general are not sufficiently popular at Wellesley. By this I must not be understood to wish the whole body of students to make literature a fad, and to flood the editorial sanctum with inferior contributions, but I do wish that those who know that they can write, and that those who

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think they can, but who have not yet tried, shall make the attempt, which it is clearly their duty to make. Let us have for the girls who write the same regard which we have for our class officers, our crew and our glee club. I am sure that we want literature to flourish at Wellesley, just as we want athletics, music and class fellowship.

As to the contents of the new periodical, by all means let it abound in fun. Give us some genuine Wellesley jokes — there are plenty of them every day — as well as some from outside the college halls. We must have our funny column once more. Why may we not have some illustrations also? That Wellesley has good amateur artists our "Legendas" and our dainty souvenirs of entertainments show. This feature has been adopted in other college publications, why not here?

Let others speak on this subject; it should interest every student, past and present. By all means, let us have the second periodical at Wellesley

BLANCHE L. CLAY, '92.

Exchanges.

That college people as well as the rest of the world have entered upon the work of a new year is evident from the numerous allusions in our Exchanges to the turning of leaves and the making of resolutions. These reformers have our best wishes for the success of their efforts.

The "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" comes to us with a very attractive table of contents. Among the articles deserving special notice are "American Literature's Debt to the College," "At the Feet of Rudyard Kipling," and "How Gambetta Became Famous." The "Bric-a-Brac" department is especially good.

We welcome to our table the New Year's number of "The Smith College Monthly," and congratulate the editors upon their success in maintaining a high standard of literary work. The opening article is an interesting discussion of Plato's philosophy entitled, "Suggested by Plato's Republic."

The plea in "The Yale Courant" for originality in writing should be scattered broadcast. We quote from the editorial: "No better example could be found as to what college writing should be than the 'Harvard Stories,' lately published by Mr. Post. They are college tales, yet bright, original and readable. Read them and then try and write something different."

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The defense of the "Chirography of the Harvard Instructors of English" in "The Harvard Advocate" of January 11 is very effective. And although Wellesley students have no need for a like justification, they can sympathize with those who were reduced to such extremities. The conclusion of the article is very suggestive. "The chirography of the instructors of English is justifiable because their criticisms are not written for any one to read, because the instructors have neither the time, strength nor education to write better, and because the chirography, by surrounding them with awe and mystery, adds to their already impressive dignity, and also greatly increases the respect that we, the students, have for them."

"The Williams Literary Monthly" is largely devoted to the short story this month. The light and delicate handling of "Morning-Glory" shows that the unknown author is no apprentice in story-writing. "'Lige's Angel" and "A Summer Philosopher" are also good, the latter especially for the symplicity of the young "Philosopher's" egotism.

"The Yale Lit." opens with a plea for a broader outlook, for less of narrow specialization in life, and for a truer appreciation of the meaning of the beauty in art and nature. "A Glimpse of Old Cambridge" is delightful in its description, from a new point of view — the seat of a bicycle — of that fascinating college town.

"The Vassar Miscellany" is, as usual, full of interest. "Ultima Thule" is a tale of beautiful self-sacrifice. Of the heavier articles, "The Calm of the Poets," comparing Tennyson, Arnold and Sidney Lanier, is most inviting.

The following, clipped from "The Mount Holyoke," will be appreciated in more colleges than one, we are sure.

O to be a senior,
  And wear the cap and gown!
The glory of the college,
  The wonder of the town!

How the freshmen envy!
  How the juniors frown!
How the sophomores admire
  The senior cap and gown!

"Children's play and nonsense,"
  The jealous set it down,
Who in their hearts are longing
  To wear the cap and gown.

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But the day is coming,
Our labor hard to crown,
Then it will be *our* turn
To wear the cap and gown.

Apropos of the need for a broadening of the æsthetic side of the student nature, the study of Ruskin's "Præterita" in "The Mount Holyoke" is very suggestive. The "Sketches" of this number of the magazine are especially good.

We clip the following from the verse of the month:

RONDEAU.

When love's lute played Adagio,
Life was enraptured with its glow,
And danced with love a merry rout
As Cupid called the figures out
The while we revelled to and fro.
And not the shadow of a doubt
Occurred to us that fate might flout,
The tender music's silver flow,
When love's lute played.

Poor careless mortals! Could we know
That these same lips, then laughing so
Would e'er be changed into a pout,
And we would stand love's fate without,
With only memory to show
When love's lute played.

— *The Williams Lit. Monthly.*

THE AMERICAN PARTRIDGE.

Neglected minstrel of the single song,
Piping at twilight through the russet fields,
Thy two soft silver notes, one short, one long,
Rich with the careless joy that nature yields,
Rise from the stubble round the well-stocked fields,
Far from the chattering flock or warbling throng;
Bob White!

American! All hail my countryman!
Thy treble sweet or shrill, delights my ear;
A song of freedom e'er our race began,
A challenger of conquest loud and clear
Bespeaking nature pure as God's first plan,
And pride and peace and quiet ever dear;
Bob White!

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College Notes.

Miss Scudder addressed the seniors on Sunday evening, Jan. 21, in Stone Hall Parlor.

Miss Edith Sawyer, Special, has been elected leader of the Glee Club in place of Miss Florence Forbes, '95, resigned.

The Senior Day committee of '95 has been appointed.

A snow-fight was held between the classes of '96 and '97 on Monday, Feb. 5, at 1.30 P. M., on the hill in front of the Art Building. '96 held the snow-fort, upon which '97, rushing up the hill, made a mighty onset. Owing to the excessive dexterity of both sides, the umpires were unable to decide who had won the laurels.

The present board of editors of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE has sent in, to the class of '95, its choice of the next board of editors. '95 takes charge of the MAGAZINE in April.

Instead of the "Senate" which was to have been given by the class in constitutional history, on Saturday evening, Feb. 3, a private academic discussion was held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6.

Miss Louise McNair, who has not returned to college this term, has sent in a resignation of her office as chairman of the executive committee of '95.

We are sorry to announce that Miss Miriam Newcomb, '94, has been compelled to leave college on account of her health.

"Senior Day" has been given up for this year.

Saturday evening, Feb. 3, was devoted to sleigh-riding by the members of the Agora and Art Societies.

Miss Mary Lines, formerly of '94, has returned to college as a member of '95.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 4, Miss Crosby spoke very entertainingly in the chapel concerning her work in Micronesia.

The Beethoven Society, conducted by Prof. Hill and assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries, violoncellist, gave a thoroughly enjoyable concert in chapel, on Monday evening, Feb. 5. Vocal selections, adopted from the music of Rubinstein, Schweizer, Bargiel, Carl Reinecke, Handel and others, were rendered by the society. Solos for the 'cello, with piano, were given from the works of Widmor, Bach-Gounod, Lachner, Bruch, Moszkowski, by Mr. Fries and Prof. Hill. The

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"Nymphs' Song," a Neapolitan air harmonized by William Rees; the three pieces for 'cello and piano, from Widmor; and "In Old Madrid," arranged for women's voices by Pablo Garcia, from the music of H. Trotere; were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The members of the class in political economy received a special invitation to attend the Trades Union Conference held in Boston on Tuesday evening, Jan. 30; but on account of the fierce wind and snow-storm of that evening, they were unable to go.

We are glad to welcome back to the college Miss Frances Pullen, formerly of '94.

Those of the alumnæ who have visited the college since Jan. 20 are: Miss Alice Arnold, '91; Miss May Weber, '92; Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91; Miss Virginia Dodge, '92; Miss Grace Mix; Miss Margaret Hardon, '92; Miss Eleanor Green, '92; Miss Cornelia Green, '92; Mrs. Carlton, formerly Miss Blanche Whitlock, '92; Mrs. Valentine, formerly Miss Porter, '91; Miss Helen Eager, '93.

The January MAGAZINE spoke of a change in the personel of the College Glee Club. It should have said, the College Banjo Club.

The students of zoölogy received a special invitation to attend the lecture on "Evolution," given by Professor Poulton of England, at the Natural History Rooms in Boston, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7. Prof. M. A. Willcox and about thirty members of the college, interested in zoölogy, accepted the invitation.

The same company of students who, on last Thanksgiving evening, at the Women's Prison in Dedham, Mass., gave parts from "Little Women" in drama form, went into Boston to Denison House, the Boston College Settlement, on Thursday evening, Feb. 8, and reacted their "play."

An enthusiastic audience greeted Dr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia, the great Shakespeare scholar, on Monday evening, Feb. 12, in the chapel. He read the greater part of "As You Like It." Unlike other Shakespeare readers whom Wellesley has heard, Dr. Furness commented upon what he read. His remarks and explanations were much enjoyed — especially his reading of the "Seven Ages of Man" with the pronunciation of Shakespeare's time. To Dr. Furness, Wellesley is indebted for the Shakespeare readings which she has the opportunity of hearing every year.

Miss Warrene Piper, '97, Miss Bessie Finnegan, '97, and Miss Gertrude Ward, '97, entertained their friends of the freshman class in the Freeman Cottage reading-room on Saturday evening, Feb. 10.

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Miss Mabel Dodge, '94, led the senior prayer-meeting, held at Stone Hall Parlor, on Sunday evening, Feb. 11.

The class of '95 held their class prayer-meeting on Sunday evening, Feb. 11, in the parlors of Freeman Cottage.

At 2.25 P. M., on Tuesday, Feb. 13, in the Physical Lecture Room, Mrs. Joseph Cook addressed the classes in Senior Bible on the "Parliament of Religions," held at the World's Fair.

The thinned ranks of the recitation rooms on Tuesday morning, Feb. 13, testified to the sturdy blizzard which prevailed without.

Vesper service was held in the chapel on Sunday evening, Feb. 11. Mrs. Stovall played the first three movements of Beethoven's Fourth Sonata.

Saturday morning, Feb. 10, at the chapel services, Dr. Warren, president of Boston University, and a member of the board of trustees of Wellesley College, read the following communication to the members of the college: "By vote of the Board of Trustees, Feb. 1, 1894, it was resolved that, until further order of the trustees, the internal administration of the college be committed to the Academic Council, subject to the direction and supervision of the following-named officers: Miss Stratton is appointed the presiding officer of the faculty, and is charged with the religious services and the public functions of the college, together with the supervision of the general college life; Mrs. Irvine, the secretary of the Academic Council, is charged with the general administration of the college business.

Signed, ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
President Board of Trustees.
PAULINE A. DURANT, *Secretary.*

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Alumnae Notes.

The editors of the MAGAZINE are preparing a list of books written or edited by Wellesley alumnæ or faculty. They ask the alumnæ to aid in the work by sending to the associate editor the titles of such books, adding, if possible, the class of the writer or editor, the name of the publisher, and the price of the book.

After the funeral services on January 22, there was a short meeting of the alumnæ who had been present. Miss Burrell, '80, was chosen representative of the alumnæ at Oberlin, and to the college in their name. A committee was appointed by the members of the association present to draw up resolutions.

The National Association of Collegiate Alumnæ is devoting itself to the study of children. On January 20 the Boston branch was addressed by G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, who explained the different methods in use, the importance and value of the work, and its bearing upon educational methods of the future.

The regular meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held at the residence of Dr. Jameson (Ruth Howe), 767 North 40th Street, Saturday afternoon, January 20. The principal business consisted in the abolition of the committee appointed to procure circulars setting forth the needs of the college and the appointment of the secretary to act as treasurer pro tem., in the absence of Mrs. Campbell. A very interesting letter from Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, giving an account of Wellesley life during the first semester of 1893-94 was read, followed by a later enclosure, announcing the critical illness of President Shafer. The meeting was further saddened by the receipt of a telegram announcing the fatal termination of this illness. The secretary was instructed to send a telegram to the college, expressive of the universal grief and sympathy of the club with the college in this great bereavement. Further action was left in the hands of the president and secretary of the club. Owing to the third Saturday in March approaching so near to the Easter vacation, when so many members would be absent from the city, the next meeting was appointed for the first Saturday in March, at the residence of Mrs. Walter Banes (Stella Wren), 438 North 33d Street.

The sixth annual meeting of the Washington Wellesley Association was held on December 29, with Miss Julia M. Green, '93, 1738 N Street, Northwest. Thirty-one members and guests were present, including some of the college

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students who visited Washington in the holidays. The officers, elected for the coming year are: president, Mrs. Mabel Godfrey Swormstedt, '90; vice-president, Miss Carrie B. McKnight, '82-'84; secretary, Miss Julia M. Green, '93; treasurer, Miss Mary McPherson, '93; chairman of business committee, Miss Emma A. Teller, '89. During the reception which followed the business meeting, the president, Mrs. Swormstedt, welcomed new members and guests. Miss Ora W. L. Slater, '94, gave a report of changes at Wellesley during the last four years; Miss Evarts Ewing, formerly of '91, recited, and three piano solos were given by Miss Moore, Miss Julia Goodall, '95, and Miss Lulu W. Cummings, '97. Then the singing of "Alma Mater" and a tea closed the reunion. For the first time no member of the faculty could be present, and all felt the loss of a teacher's help and encouragement. There were fewer guests from the college than usual. Miss Woodford, '91, and Miss Evelyth, formerly of '93, came with Miss Saxton, '91, and Miss McDonald, '88, brought her classmate, Miss Cook. Miss Capps, '95, was present, and '97 was represented by Miss Temple Perry, Miss Stone and Miss Cummings.

The following is a list of Wellesley's representatives in the mission field:

IN INDIA:

Miss Bessie B. Noyes, '77-'82, Kodikanal, Madura District.
Mrs. Gertrude Chandler Wyckoff, '79, Tinderanam.
Mrs. Etta Readall Chandler, '86, Madura.
Mrs. Ongola Clough, '90, Ongole.
Mrs. Nellora Clough Norton, '90. Ongole.
Mrs. Ruby Harding Fairbank, '78-'81, now in Oberlin, Ohio.

Miss Julia Bissell, '86, '93-94 Women's Hospital of Phila., Pa., 22d Street and North College.

TURKEY IN ASIA:

Miss Emily Wheeler, '79-'80, Euphrates College, Harpoot.
Miss Marion E. Sheldon, '79-'81, Adabazar.
Miss Sarah H. Harlow, '91, Smyrna.
Mrs. Carrie Farnsworth Fowle, '77-'78, Cesarea.
Mrs. Hattie Childs Mead, '79-'80, Adana.
Mrs. Jennie Hill March, '79-'80, Tripoli, Syria.
Miss Cornelia S. Bartlett, '79, Cesarea.

JAPAN:

Miss Bessie Brown, '91-'92, Yamaguchi.

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Mrs. W. H. Noyes, Malbashi.
Miss Susan Searle, '75-'81, Kobe Girls' School.
Miss Cornelia Judson, '85-'87, Arima.
Miss Mary Poole, '77-'82, 25 Concession, Osaka.
Mrs. Vesta Greer Peeke, '88, Magasaki, Japan.
Mrs. Helen Hovey Parshley, '82-'84, Neururo, Hokkaido.

SOUTH AMERICA:

Miss Laura A. Chamberlin, '91-'92, Bahia, Brazil.

SOUTH AFRICA:

Miss Rose Sears, '86-'90, Huguenot Seminary, Wellington.

SPAIN:

Miss Anna Webb, '82, San Sebastian.

MEXICO:

Edna Johnson, '87-'89, Apartado, '91, Saltillo.

Miss Alice H. Luce, '83, instructor in the Girls' Latin School in Boston, and president of the Alumnæ Association, is abroad for the year

Miss Helen J. Sanborn,'84, sailed from New York, February 2, on a Raymond-Whitcomb excursion to Europe and the Holy Land. She will be gone about four months.

Miss May Cook, '88, is visiting Miss Clare McDowell, '88, in Washington, D.C.

The class of '89 has presented the class president's baby (the second class baby) with a pap bowl, an orange spoon, a tablespoon and a teaspoon, each of silver. Each article is marked "to Dorothea Bean Jones from the class of '89," and bears the letters W. C. in a monogram.

The name Louisa B. Gerl, '89, in the November MAGAZINE should be Miss Louisa Gere, '89. She is perceptress in the Hancock Union School and Academy, Hancock, N. Y.

Miss Mary Winston is of the class of '89 and not of '87, as mentioned in the December MAGAZINE.

Mrs. Clarence T. Burr, '89, who has just published a book entitled "What Shall We Have to Eat?" is better known as Blanche Amsden. Her classmates will be interested in knowing that Mrs. Burr is now living in South Framingham and has two children.

Miss Harriet Stone, '88, is studying for a Ph.D. in chemistry, and Miss Isabelle Stone, '89, in Physics at the University of Chicago.

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Miss Anita Whitney, '89, is taking a course in the Philosophy of Education under Professor Howeson at Oakland, California.

Miss Katharine Horton, '89, is at home in Windsor Locks, Conn.

Miss Edna Johnson, '87-'89, who is teaching in Saltillo, Mexico, spent he vacation in Mexico City, and adjacent towns and cities.

Miss Anna Jenks, '89, is in Zurich, with Miss Corley, studying German and Latin.

Miss Linda Puffer, '91, is in the regent's office, Albany, N. Y., with Grace Eastman, her classmate.

Miss Harriet Snell, '91, who has for two years been studying history at Cornell, is at her home at Milton, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Mayse, '92, is at her home in Washington. She is teaching the two boys of Mrs. Cazenove DuPont Lee, Special, '77, daily from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Miss Nette G. Pullen, '92, is teaching German and history at Science Hill School, Shelbyville, Ky.

Miss Margaret Hardon, '92, is studying architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Miss May G. Webber, '92, is at her home in Boston.

Miss Mary R. de Von, '92, is still at her home in Wilmington, Del., where she is taking a course of study with the New Century Club, and is engaged in the formation of a club for working-girls.

Miss Foster, '93, has been visiting friends in Wilmington, Del.

Miss Mary Hazard, '93, is teaching kindergarten near her home in Dorchester.

Miss Virginia Dodge, '92, is visiting in Boston and Wellesley.

Miss Martha G. McCaulley, '92, is preparing to go to Oxford next year.

Miss Alice Pierce, '92, is teaching in Newburyport, Mass.

The friends of Miss Evelyn E. Parker, '92, will be sorry to learn of her mother's serious illness.

Miss Harriet Elizabeth Balch,'92, has been representing the Arlington Pharmacal Co. of Yonkers in Albany and Troy, and is now representing the same firm in Washington, D. C. She expects to return to her work at the Woman's Medical College of New York next fall. Her address is 520 3d Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

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Denison House.

On Thursday evening, February 8, an entertainment, consisting of songs, recitations and scenes from "Little Women" was given by a group of Wellesley girls. After the programme was completed Miss Woods, who has taken Miss Scudder's place, gave a recitation, the girls sang college songs, and all joined in singing Morris's Socialistic Hymn to the tune of John Brown's Body. The girls present were, of the class of '94, Caroline Field, Daisy Williams, Mary Salter, Elizabeth Hardee, Mary Clemmer Tracy, Mary Isham, Julia Burgess, Caroline Randolph, Sarah Bixby and Anna Peterson; of the class of '95, Winifred Augsbury, Elizabeth Peale, and Blanche Arter.

Society Notes.

A regular programme meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held on Saturday, Jan. 6. The subject of the meeting was Tolstoi. The following programme was given:—

Tolstoi the Artist . . . . . Gertrude Carter
Tolstoi the Teacher . . . . . Mary Woodin
Music.
Tolstoi the Prophet . . . . . Louise Warren
General Discussion: Is there Justification for the Sacrifice of the Artist to the Reformer in the Case of Tolstoi?

An initiation and programme meeting was held on Wednesday, Jan. 31. Miss Mary G. Cannon, '95; Miss Theresa Huntington, '96; Miss Clara E. von Wettberg, '96; and Miss Alice Day, Special, were received into the fraternity. The following programme was given:—

Influence of Political Conditions upon the Russian Novel . . . . . Edith Judson
Russian Song . . . . . Helen Foss
Influence of Foreign Literature upon the Russian Novel . . . . . Mary B. Hill
Influence of the Russian Novel upon Foreign Literature . . . . . Emily B. Shultz
Music . . . . . Marion Mitchell

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A Comparative Study of the Development of the Russian Novel with that of the English and French Novel . . . . . May Newcomb

Miss Mary Lauderburn, '90; Miss Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, Miss Alice Clement, '91; and Miss Helen G. Eager, '93, were present at this meeting.

On the evening of Friday, Feb. 2, the members of Phi Sigma went on a sleigh-ride to Newton, where they found a warm welcome and a delicious little supper awaiting them at the home or Miss Helen Eager. Miss Mary B. Hill and the Misses Curtis assisted Miss Eager in entertaining her guests. After a delightful social hour, the Wellesley party re-embarked in their "barge," and drove merrily homeward through the frosty night.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held Jan. 27.

Programme.

Impromptu Speeches.
Effects of the Tariff
On Agriculture . . . . . Helen Bisbee
On Manufacturers . . . . Martha Waterman
On the Wage Earner . . . . . Clara Benson

The programme was followed by an informal discussion.

In place of the regular social meeting of Feb. 3, the society had a sleigh-ride.

The general subject of the society Zeta Alpha, for this semester, is "Italy." In the first meeting, held in Society Hall on Saturday evening, Feb. 10, a study of "Rome" was taken up. The following was the programme:—

I. Rome, the Capitol of Papal Christianity . Miss Alethea Ledyard
II. The Artist's Rome . . . . . Miss Winifred Augsbury
III. Music. Song . . . . . Miss Emily Hunter Brown
IV. The Architecture of Rome . . . . Miss Helen Dennis
V. The Literature of Rome . Miss Adelaide Virginia Schoonover
VI. Music. Song . . . . . Miss Mary Williams Montgomery
VII. The Rome of To-day . . . . . Miss Mary Emily Field

Miss Catherine Ross Collins, '94, Miss Cornelia S. Huntington, '95, and Miss Mary Heffron, '96, were initiated into the society's membership.

Miss Conant, '90, and Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93, were present at the meeting.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 11, the Society held Vespers in Society Hall, and listened to music rendered by Misses Schoonover, Montgomery and Wood.

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Miss Marion Willcox, '93, was present at Zeta Alpha's social meeting of Friday evening, Feb. 9.

On the evening of Feb. 2, the Art Society held its regular meeting. After the initiation of Miss Adeline Teele, Special, the following programme was presented:

Romanticism of the Nineteenth Century.

1824–1848.

A. Outline of the History of the Period . . Helen MacMillan
B. Nature of Romanticism . . . . . Alberta Welch
C. Artists.
  I. Romanticists — Delacroix and his followers
  II. Classic Romanticists . . Ary Scheffer, Grace Edwards
D. Barye and His Work . . . . . Lucy Willcox
E. Tableau — "Dante and Beatrice," by Ary Scheffer
  Dante — Alice Wood
  Beatrice — Blanche Arter.

The Classical Society held a regular meeting on Feb. 10, Saturday evening. The following was the programme: —

The Byzantine Period in Art.

1. The Mosque of St. Sophia . . . Miss Blanche Thayer
2. The Extension of Byzantine Influence over European Architecture . . . . . Miss Grace Perkins
3. The Painting and Illuminated Manuscripts of this Period . . . . . Miss Mary Chapin

The Romanesque in Art.

1. The Progress made by Romanesque Art as seen in Capitals, Piers and Vaults . . Miss Beatrice Stepanek
2. The Cathedrals of Mayence and Salamanca . Miss Annie Chute
3. St. Marco and a Typical English Cathedral . Miss Carrie Peck

The January meeting of the Shakespeare Society was postponed until Saturday evening, February 3. It was then held in the Shakespeare Hall in the Art Building at 7 o'clock. Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, and Mrs. Prince, Sp., '91-'93, were present at the meeting. Miss Elizabeth Snyder, '95, was formally received into the society. The following was the programme for the evening:—

King Henry the Fifth.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Carlotta Swett

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II. The Relation of Henry V. to the other Historical Plays . . . Harriet Manning Blake
III. Dramatic Representation. Henry V. Act V., Sc. II.
IV. Talk. Glimpses of Life at Eastcheap . S. Virginia Sherwood
V. Comparison of Shakespeare with other Great Dramatists in their treatment of Historical Subjects . . . . Christine Caryl
VI. Dramatic Representation. Goethe's Egmont, Act III., Sc. II.
VII. Discussion: Is the Character of Henry V. a Consistent Development of the Prince Hal of Henry IV.?
Leaders { Emma Christy Brooks, affirmative.
Levenia Dugan Smith, negative.

College Bulletin.

Feb. 21. Mr. Woods of Andover will address the College Settlement Chapter.
Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday.
Feb. 25. Bishop C. B. Galloway preaches.
Feb. 26. Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden speaks in chapel.
Mar. 1. Mrs. Louise S. Houghton speaks in chapel.
Mar. 5. Concert.
Mar. 8. Dr. Washington Gladden speaks in chapel at 7.30 P. M.
Mar. 19. Concert.

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Marriages.

LaFetra — Hutchins. At Santiago College, Santiago, Chili, January 1, 1894, Miss Lulu Mae Hutchins, Wellesley '87-'90, to Mr. Lylie Wolcott LaFetra.

Swormstedt — Godfrey. At Milford, Mass., October 4, 1893, Mabel Lee Godfrey, '90, to Dr. Lyman B. Swormstedt. At home, 1455 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Births.

December 23, 1893, a son to Mrs. Grace Richardson Brooks, once of the class of '89. Her address is Grey Gliff Road, Newton Centre. Mass.

January 1, 1894, a son to Mrs. Kate Hicks Brown, '89.

January 5, 1894, a daughter, Marion, to Mrs. Martha Mann Magoun, Wellesley, '85. The address of Mrs. Magoun is Oberlin, Ohio.

January 7, a daughter, Mary, to Mrs. Clara Barber McIntyre, '89.

January 12, a daughter to Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eachin, '89.

Deaths.

December 24, Mrs. Jillson, mother of Miss Mary Jillson, '85-'87.

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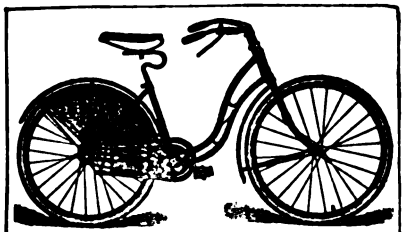

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THE SIX SCHOLAR POETS.

TAKING a little liberty with Mr. Simond's phrase, I wish, under the title of "The Six Scholar Poets," to speak of John Lyly, Robert Greene, George Peele, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Nash and Christopher Marlowe. Whoever is interested in the English drama turns back with special regard to these heralds of the daybreak, Shakespeare's immediate predecessors. The history of literature presents men-of-letters largely in groups. The age is ripe and the giants appear, gathering about them the talent that has been mysteriously waiting. These circles are of special interest, because the men who form them are united by personal friendship or mutual endeavor and reflect and interpret their times from various points of view. The study of such a circle vividly emphasizes the features of the age, while bringing out

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the characteristics of the individual author. The new life that surged through England during the sixteenth century has the charm of pageant and romance and a deeper significance in the awakening of a great people to passion and thought. The literary movement that swept with overpowering strength through the latter half of Elizabeth's reign was announced by these six scholar poets.

The new learning was at length ready to unite with passionate action and produce the English drama. The men who were the first to attempt joining these elements were trained in the universities and in London. Oxford claims John Lyly, George Peele and Thomas Lodge; Cambridge, Robert Greene, Thomas Nash and Christopher Marlowe. The poets of the Oxford group were college contemporaries. Of the Cambridge scholars, we may conjecture that a college acquaintance existed between Greene and Nash, for, when the latter went to London, he began at once to work with Greene. Marlowe took his Bachelor's degree in the same year that Greene took his degree of Master of Arts; but we do not know whether or not they met at that time. In the London life, into which all six of these men were plunged between 1579 and 1587, they were early thrown together, and in a sixteenth century Grub street fought for and against each other. The six, however, do not stand on precisely the same plane either in characteristics or in mode of life. Lyly stands apart in being attached to the court and in his entire separation from the Bohemian and dissolute life led by the others. Marlowe is made distinct by his genius and the power of his character. Lodge held himself aloof from the mad excesses of his associates, but is closely allied to Greene, Nash and Peele in general manner of life and work. The nearest friendship appears to have been between Greene and Nash. It is my purpose to differentiate the personality and achievement of these six poets.

In 1579, John Lyly, at about the age of twenty-five, issued his "Euphues." This "combination of cadenced sentences," classical allusions and commonplace reflections, is hung together by a slender narrative concerning the travels of an Athenian youth. It seems poor stuff to occupy the place of the modern novel; it was, notwithstanding, the fashionable light reading of its day, and we may imagine many fair dames in stately ruff and silk from over the seas conning these wise sayings. The popularity of the new book

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spread rapidly, and its affectations of style and thought appeared far and wide in the literature of the time.

Notwithstanding this brilliant opening of his career, Lyly's life knew many disappointments. A fellowship was denied him at *Magdalen*. Lord Burleigh withdrew his favor. Lyly entered the Martin Mar-prelate controversy, probably seeking revenge for some injury wrought him by a former friend. He devoted himself to writing plays to be acted by the court children, and dreamed of being Master of Revels; but fortune in the form of Queen Elizabeth did not smile, and he was forced at length to leave the court, reaping nothing but bitterness. Personal losses added to his grief. He died when but little past middle life.

Though Lyly did not outwardly succeed, his real achievement was much. He had extensive fame during his lifetime as the author of "Euphues," and as a dramatist. His place in our early drama is important. His adoption of prose in play-writing, Gascoigne's innovation, was an important influence in freeing dramatic form. He introduced the rapid, sparkling dialogue, although in an affected style, which Shakespeare was to perfect in his comedies. The telling use of the lyric in the drama was discovered by Lyly; and to him belong, in the construction of the drama, the uniting of the serious and poetic with the humorous, the aiding of the complication through the ambiguity of the sexes, and the pleasing suggestion of dramatic dreaming. It is safe to say that, excepting Marlowe, Shakespeare owes more to Lyly than to any other of his predecessors.

When "Euphues," was still in its early popularity, Robert Greene appeared in London, and soon became a leader among literary men. His prose works exceed in number his poetical productions, but his plays and lyrics determine his place in our literature. His novelette, "Pandosto," abounding in pleasing incident, as the original of the "Winter's Tale," must always have a special interest to Shakespearian students. The various pamphlets Greene issued, such as, "Never too Late," "A Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance," and descriptions of low life in London, have chiefly an autobiographical interest.

The sad facts in Greene's life are well known. They tell over the old story of brilliant ability, personal attractions, and delicate poetic temperament, fallen a prey to utter weakness of character. We can imagine Greene,

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with his "amiable face" and fine bearing, a proud and dashing student at Cambridge. Travel on the Continent opened for him a world of new sensations. He slipped into it naturally; and once in the whirlpool, he is drawn from the outer circle of pleasure into the vortex of vice. But Greene always realized that sin was an evil from which he ought to escape. He went back to England, probably entered the church, married, and published some of his productions. The delight of home life held him for a time; then came the restlessness, the longing for excitement, the impatience at restraint, and Greene was off for London, his wife and little one deserted. In his way he repented several times, — a powerful sermon or a day's illness is productive in that direction. Probably he always intended to settle down some time and be respectable; but meanwhile he drifted, or, rather, whirled—the most reckless life of a reckless age. While there must have been something fascinating in Greene's personality, he was capable of limitless meanness and vice. If people cared for him, their regard was not lasting, and the love he received was mingled with pity and contempt. He was a man of utter emotional weakness, the one hopeless character, if there is any, on God's earth. His miserable death in the shoemaker's hut, from disease brought on by over-eating, is perhaps the fitting close to his life. But "Why should art bear the infirmities of manners?" Nash said of Greene; and the old shoemaker's wife crowned the dead poet with the bays. His name still lives among us and we can honor his work.

None of Greene's early plays in rhyme have come down to us; but we have five in blank verse and one more on which Greene and Lodge worked together. The plays by which we most remember Greene are, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," the "Scottish History of James IV.," and "George-a-Green." The plot-construction in all the plays fails. Greene did not understand dramatic development; but he tells a story well and can handle a dramatic scene. His dramas are essentially of a narrative character. There is in general simplicity of detail and always vivid interest throughout his plays. His happy use of incident is his best contribution to the development of the drama. In characterization he gives outlines which he fails to fill in. His characters want strength, are likely to fail at the crisis. He succeeds better in portraying women than men. There is a charming grace and refinement in all his women. They are pure and faithful, extremely gentle

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and forgiving. He evidently prefers the Griselda type. Greene's songs are his best work. He always will be known as the author of

> "O, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
> As sweet unto a shepherd as a king."

And of that song of tender pathos with the refrain:

> "Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
> When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee."

Harvey's dastardly attack on Greene's character after his death was answered by Thomas Nash. He was some fifteen years younger than Greene, but they worked together. Nash, the "young Juvenal," deserved his name. His best power lay in satire. He entered the Mar-prelate controversy with the utmost spirit, his quarrel with Harvey over Greene's memory was intensely bitter, and in his "Address" introducing Greene's "Menaphon," he sharply attacks "the swelling bombast of a tragging blank verse" and heaps his scorn on poor translators. In satire his special vein was broad caricature and stinging epigram. He did little in poetry. A small part in Marlówe's "Queen Dido" is assigned him, and he wrote two other plays, "The Isle of Dogs," which was suppressed and occasioned his imprisonment for a short time, and "Summer's Last Will and Testament," rather a pageant or mask than a drama. Ingenuity of dialogue and command of language constitute his best merit. There are some suggestions of humor and touches of beauty in his plays. We find poetry of no mean order in the songs. The litany for Summer's death is full of mysterious sadness and deep feeling, and the well-known Spring song abounds in the restless life and sparkling joy of the May morning: —

> "Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
> Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
> Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
> Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
>
> "The palm and may make country houses gay,
> Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
> And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
> Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
>
> "The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;
> Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
> In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
> Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
> Spring! the sweet Spring!

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Nash was descended from an honorable Herefordshire family. His university life was followed by travel. Writing under Greene's influence, he entered the wild London life. He died before his prime, it is believed by disease from dissipation. We feel that Nash was a stronger character than Greene. Certainly he was an ardent friend and an ardent enemy; he had a keen idea of justice, and was not a prey to simple emotion, as was his friend.

George Peele might have been a fair rival for Greene, if they had not been boon companions. Perhaps their ability was too nearly on a par to produce bitterness of feeling between them. Peele was of good parentage and finely educated. He spent some nine years at Oxford, married well, perhaps went on the stage, and then settled to a literary life. He wrote dramas, pamphlets and poems for occasions. Disgraceful disease cut him short in middle life. We know less of his character than we do of Greene's. He seems to have been fond of loose living and jovial companions.

Peele's work is naturally compared with that of Greene, as it is in the same vein and along the same lines. He was like Greene in being weak in plot construction and in character delineation. He has less simplicity in details and his story may become greatly involved, as in "The Old Wives' Tale." His separate situations are less original than Greene's, and less dramatic. In the tone of his dramas the sentimental element is less prominent than in the work of his rival. He surpasses Greene in delicacy and variety of fancy, and in melodious expression.

"The Arraignment of Paris" is the most distinctive and most charming of his plays. Mr. Bullen admirably describes it as "a choice piece of work, quaint and fanciful as some old, curiously knotted garden, pranked in all its summer bravery." And this description applies in general to Peele's drama. The quaintnesses of euphuism mark his style; he abounds in fancies, uses mythology with special grace, and has a true feeling for nature, while over all he casts the spell of melody. As an illustration of the delicate, dreamy music found in Peele's lyrics, take the little song in "The Old Wives' Tale":

> "Gently dip, but not too deep,
> For fear you make the golden beard to weep;
> Fair maiden, white and red,
> Stroke me smooth, and comb my head."

Thomas Lodge is the only one of the scholar poets who lived to grow old.

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He had the honor of dying respectably of the plague in 1625. The life of Lodge is full of variety. It abounds in incident and tells a more interesting story than any he put in print. His father was a lord mayor of London. Lodge himself was in turn a lawyer, an author, a soldier, an adventurer and a physician. He appears to have been one of those restless natures, having ability for many things, but unable to settle down to any one thing. In him are combined the bold spirit of adventure with the grave practice of medicine, the keen wit of the satirist with the dreams and music of the poet.

As an author he tried countless forms and subjects. His plays are poor in plot, and, although he distinguishes his characters, he does not make them interesting. Lodge's best power is seen in his lyrics and in his delightful story "Rosalynde." This tale is a day-dream, dreamed at sea. It rises and falls lingeringly; it has forgotten the real world behind and sees none in the future, life is all to-day; golden sunshine, light breezes, and pearl-white floating clouds — these alone are real. This "Golden Legend," when touched by Shakespeare's genius, becomes that perfect comedy, "As You Like It"; but apart from this we can love the old novel. And one of the greatest charms in the "Rosalynde" is the lyric element. Lodge is the clearest, sweetest singer of our group. Witchery and melancholy, spring-time yearning and playful sarcasm, dreamlike beauty and tender feeling flow in his melody. Through his verse he whispers "Love is life and life is a song."

But head and shoulders above the other scholar poets stands Marlowe. His London life was short, crowded into six brief years; but he impressed himself on all the poetry of his time, and won a place that gives him our honor and love to-day.

Canterbury is hallowed by many an association and recollection; and not least in the minds of many of us, as we stand in the old cathedral town, will be the memory of Kit Marlowe, who was born and passed his boyhood here. We would like to find more trace of that shoemaker, "Clerke of St. Manis," whose son grew great in London. The Church of St. George the Martyr means more when we whisper, "Marlowe was christened here." We remember Sir Roger Manwood, and try to imagine him thinking, in lordly fashion, that it will be worth while to send a certain King's School boy up to Cambridge.

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Marlowe went from the University to London in 1587, "a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition," Mr. Swinburne says. He was on his way to publish "Tamburlaine," and following that quickly came "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." We have two other plays from his pen, "The Massacre of Paris," apparently a fragment, and "The Tragedy of Dido," more lyric than dramatic. He has left us two beautiful lyrics. One of them, "Come live with me and be my love," is perhaps the best known song in our language. We may heap up adjectives to describe it, but must end by simply saying it is perfect. Marlowe left an unfinished poem, "Hero and Leander." It strongly suggests Keat's work. The two poets are alike in luxuriance of color and metaphor and in ecstasy of passion. This poem, if we can trust the records, was cut short by a tragedy unsurpassed in fiction. It happened on a summer night, the first of June, how we can only conjecture; people call it a tavern brawl, wine had perhaps fired their blood; there was a flash of steel and Christopher Marlowe lay dying. With his last breath he entrusted his "Hero and Leander" to Chapman. As for the rest —

> "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough."

The character of Christopher Marlowe must be interpreted from comparatively few records, hardly enough to justify conclusions; yet most of us feel that we know him well. The reason for this lies, probably, in the subjective, personal note characterizing his work. In Marlowe's great creations we see the author himself reflected. The reckless daring and unbounded ambition of Tamburlaine belong to Marlowe; he knew the fierceness of purpose and the scornful defiance of the Jew of Malta; and the craving, the passion, the struggle and despair of Faustus express, alas! too much of the poet's experience. Marlowe knew the reckless London life that Greene followed, but there was a vast difference between the men. Marlowe would know sin for the sake of knowledge and experience, not from weakness and low desires. He was essentially an idealist; his ideal was gigantic and sublime. He could keep it pure, and therefore preserve his integrity, like Wilhelm Meister, in the very heart of sinning.

Marlowe has been called an atheist; he himself boldly announced his skepticism. Though he might scoff at the "vain trifles of men's souls" and

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call the beliefs of the Hereafter "mere old wives' tales," he did believe in a God and the power of the Unseen haunted him. We may account for his attitude by his contempt for the intolerance and shams of the church, by a spirit of bravado that often weakens strong natures, and by an inherent hatred and disregard of all control, a characteristic most strikingly his. Faustus says of himself, "The god thou serv'st is thy own appetites." This is partly true of Marlowe, he was under the dominion of passionate desires; but in the midst of his reckless daring there was enthusiasm, passionate intensity and an unbounded aspiration, a stirring for the Infinite and the Eternal.

Marlowe's plays, strictly speaking, are more epic than dramatic. The interest is monopolized by one gigantic character. We do not find the interaction of characters and events and the movement and harmony of a true plot. This is entirely true of the first three plays; in "Edward II." the plot structure is more careful and characters and events are more nearly harmonized. All Marlowe's work is characterized by vastness of outline and passionate execution; affectation and pettiness flee before him. The vividness and strength of his expression was just what the literature of his time needed. It cleared the atmosphere for the vital work which was to follow. His use of the blank verse was perhaps his greatest gift to our literature. In spite of its "swelling bombast," blank verse heralded the English drama as a leader among the nations. The swing of Marlowe's "mighty line" excites us to-day. It fascinates us like the sweep of a military march, or like waves rolling in along the sand.

Marlowe's greatest play is "Dr. Faustus." In this he anticipates, amidst the dazzling objectivity of the Elizabethan Age, a note of our own century; here he depicts the drama of the soul, the struggle in the heart of man between good and evil. The conception of a human being yielding his soul to the Evil Spirit for the sake of enjoying for a season unlimited wisdom and pleasure, has been a favorite theme down the centuries. The legend takes tangible form in Asia Minor in the early age of Christianity; Hrotswitha, the nun of Gandersheim, used it for a Latin drama in the tenth century. Three hundred years later it was a favorite subject in France; again the story of Dr. Faustus was one of the popular legends of Elizabeth's time, and Goethe's "Faust" has filled the old tale with new beauty and significance for us to-day.

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Marlowe's drama falls below that of the great German poet in dramatic movement and climax and in certain subtilities of thought and romantic beauty in execution; but as a tremendous conception of a powerful character, a fierce temptation, and an awful ruin, "Dr. Faustus" stands on a par with Goethe's mighty work. The fine scenes at the beginning and the fearful scene at the end in Marlowe's drama make a never-to-be-forgotten impression. The spell of that inevitable final scene is over the whole — Faustus and the Evil One are companions never to be separated, and the twenty-four years must end. The theme of the drama is passion for power, the power that comes through knowledge; it is the restless yearning of the human soul to surpass all limits and be

> "on earth as Jove is in the sky,
> Lord and commander."

Marlowe vividly portrays the dissatisfaction with human attainment, the boundless aspiration and the reckless daring that led Faustus to make his fearful bargain. The poet fails in trying to depict what Faustus did with the supernatural power given him; it is impossible to conceive the object of our infinite longing. But Marlowe is strong again when he shows the growing terror of Faustus as the time draws near for yielding up his soul, his vain struggles toward repentance, when he cries,

> "Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears,"

and the awful agony of the final moments, when he enters with the "souls which sin seals the black sons of hell," down "into that vast, perpetual torture-house," whose sting is the lost joys of heaven.

These brief remarks on one of Marlowe's plays I hope have suggested something of the poet's power, and they may be further justified by the color of a special interest which they may have lent this bare outline of six poets' work. This paper can claim merely to point out the way. If there is any one who wishes to seek and find for herself, the old writers are waiting for her on their shelves and the reward is sure.

The study of this group of playwrights marks at once many traits of their times. The want of law and order, the enthusiasm for all varieties of experience and knowledge, the delicate play of fancy, the love of high color, the exquisite, ever-present lyric quality — all these characteristics found in the

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six scholar poets are the direct reflection of their age. For the distinguishing features of each man, turn back to the face of each for a final look.

There is the little man, Lyly; conciliation in his bearing, irony in his face. He loves his light fancies acted out by the children of St. Paul's; he smiles when he thinks of the repartee of his dainty little puppets, and nods approvingly over his wise thoughts in their balanced sentences. Poor man! he sighs, too; the bitterness of a disappointed life is his. He has no part in the gay tavern scene with the others.

There Greene sits at the head of the board, his long hair jokingly crowned with a green bay wreath. He is a pleasing scholar, who tells his story well, laughs often and quotes Friar Bacon, then sheds a tear as he sings a plaintive song. Young Marlowe stands at the right of this Master of Revels,—Kit Marlowe, but lately come to town. With head thrown back and eyes on fire, he makes his toast to the earth spirits, the powers that move the world. He is Tamburlaine ready for battle; he is the shepherd who loves and sings; he is Faustus seeking the Infinite. There is a young man opposite who will soon break out in fierce praise for his friends and hot, stinging scorn for the rest of the world. Life to Nash is a satirical show with a dash of pathos. Lodge, who sits by him, forgets to satirize, and catches in Marlowe's words a glimpse of the shepherdess — in the dream world he will sing to her. A look of tenderness has come into the face of George Peele, and he smiles as some fancy crosses his mind. There is courtliness in his bearing as he rises to answer the toast. The earth spirits obey the sun and the moon, — young Apollo will conquer if Cynthia smiles.

Ah, the group is interesting, for many reasons. This is a life picture — genius, hope, aspiration on a sordid background. These are men who are to make many attempts and fail often in order that a greater genius may conquer. Through some of them we are to find new paths in fancies' land, through one we are to sound new depths in human experience, and all of them will sing us strains of an exquisite melody.

KATE MORGAN WARD.

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LALIA.

My Lalia breathes love on the roses,
  But I,— though a rose is a queen,—
I have whispered to her that the rarest of buds
  By her rose-lips would wither unseen.

In the depths of the violet meadows
  Kneels Lalia, a votaress fair,
And the truth in her heart holds the blue in her eyes
  Fadeless, resistless and rare.

My Lalia prays over the lilies,
  But I—though the lilies' true knight—
I have said to my love that I find her pure soul
  Than the exquisite lilies more white.

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

JOHN STUART MILL: A SKETCH.

FOR an ordinary mind to attempt the criticism of a great intellect is mere arrogance and presumption. With nobility of character, the case is somewhat different. There is a simple, human element in the loftiest morality that appeals to all natures, no matter how inferior. For this reason, while making no reference to the intellectual power of John Stuart Mill, I undertake, diffidently and yet eagerly, the following sketch of a character which in moral grandeur and beauty towered far above that of any other man of the age.

Back very near the beginning of the century, a son was born in London to a poor young scholar, James Mill. This young man, without means, without position, his prospects ruined when a few years before he had turned from the Church, for which his education fitted him, and had become a free-thinker, bitterly at odds with society, yet dependent for his bread on the favor accorded his writings, impatient, self-opinionated, outspoken — surely it was no bright outlook that he had to offer to his son on that May day. But for wealth, the elder Mill, even then, cared little; he had another purpose for his boy. It was now possible that he himself could never accomplish a great work. It was late to begin, he was already burdened, years had been wasted in erroneous study. But with his son, it should be differ-

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ent; there should be no mistakes and no wasted time. Impatiently, eagerly, the father watched the first rays of intelligence dawn in the baby face; anxiously he waited for the little tongue to lisp its first words. Then at last his time had come. There were no days of baby frolic for John Stuart Mill; no happy, playful, unburdened baby years. At three, he read English and was learning Greek vocabularies written out for him; at eight, Greek was already a familiar language, and English history a recreation. Latin and mathematics had lately been added to his work. There were no play-days in these pitiful child years, and no playthings. The little boy never murmured. He did not know that other boys lived merry lives. He was not allowed boy companions, and he was given no chance to learn active, muscle-strengthening games. He plodded patiently on; patiently and very meekly he bore the peevish severity of his father at childish mistakes. He received no word of praise, no sign of tenderness. With unfaltering care, James Mill guarded his son from the great mistake of his own life. The boy should know from the first the cruelty and immorality of the Christian belief. Religious dogmas were not kept from him, but he was taught to see them as his father saw them. It should seem no stranger to him to disbelieve the faith of England than the faith of ancient Greece. Such was the boyhood of John Stuart Mill, of whom Professor Bain says: "He was, I think, born for a happy life if he had got only tolerably fair play."

And all this time, the little heart, so steadily repressed, was aglow with longing for love and affection — for companionship. Passionate warmth of sympathy, almost sentimental devotion to duty, poetic love of the good and beautiful, capability of entire self-renunciation — it is a sad thing and a dangerous thing when these qualities are thrown back upon themselves. When Mill was fifteen, there first dawned upon his mind the great idea that was to take possession of his life, "that he came into the world, not to serve himself, but to serve his race," his apostleship of human freedom and progress. For five years he threw himself with enthusiastic energy into dreams and plans for the betterment of the world. For the first time, he had an object in life. But the religion of humanity never yet satisfied any human soul. The heart was not made to subsist upon its own abstract, unreciprocated love, certainly not a heart like Mill's. He awoke at last from the happy five years' dream. He was only twenty. It is the time when men

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are vigorous and free and full of hope. But he turned aside in bitter, dull despair. The long sad years of lonely, unremitting toil had done their work. He was very tired. He told himself now that if all the social improvements for which he had wished were to be immediately accomplished, it would give him no pleasure. A terrible fear took possession of him. He believed that his emotional nature was dead — stifled. That being so, life became intolerable. But there was another source of misery, greater still. He said to himself that if the thought of the welfare of humanity as attained and not simply striven after, seemed tame and valueless to him, so it would seem to mankind in the end. There was, then, no happy future for the human race, nothing better than the miserable struggle of the present. He came to doubt the existence of sympathy, not only in his own breast, but even in the world. The story is familiar — he made up his mind that he could not endure such agony much longer. Looking back upon the period in later years, he himself saw clearly enough what had been the trouble. "If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. . . . Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. . . . But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance."

One day, he read a simple little tale of homely kindness. In his sensitive state it touched him, and he burst into a passion of tears. From that time, the crisis was over. Emotion was still a force in the world, and life had yet possibilities. Music and poetry side by side with renewed efforts in the cause of humanity brought him some solace. Henceforth he was brave and determined, but not again happy. So ended Mill's youth. Little enough of brightness or joy had come with those twenty-one years. And yet he had been "born for a happy life if he had got only tolerably fair play."

From what has already been said, some idea may be formed of Mill's conditions of soul when he first came under the powerful influence that was to make and to mar his future — to mar it by casting the one stain upon the otherwise spotless reputation of a lifetime; to make it by bringing the first genuine love and happiness into the most desolate life ever lived. Mill's acquaintance with Mrs. Taylor began when he was twenty-five, through twenty years the friendship grew stronger, and two years after the death of her husband they were married. During these twenty years, the attachment

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whose strength neither realized had become more and more evident to every one. Remarks were made which, implying some disrespect to Mrs. Taylor, Mill resented with stern indignation. Finally, his father said plainly, "You are in love with another man's wife." He repudiated the charge firmly. He had no other feeling toward her, he maintained, than he should have toward an equally able man. Undoubtedly, he believed what he said. That his love was unconscious as it was pure and lofty, every one admits. Nevertheless, its existence was clear to his own relatives, to most of his friends, and above all, to Mr. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor, living the half-secluded life of an invalid, eager for intellectual sympathy, is, perhaps, excusable for her blindness. There is little such excuse for Mill. With a hasty and intolerant impatience, foreign to his character at other times, he broke with his own mother and sisters; he treated with questionable kindness his younger brother George; he turned his back squarely on many of his friends. These are the facts. I have attempted no palliation. It is the one fault in Mill's conduct that I have been able to discover. It is a great fault, and one the only excuse for which, if even that be an excuse, I hope to have made plain before this sketch is done.

There now remains to us the task of trying to form some conception of those qualities of heart that so charmed the world in which Mill moved. The great central passion of his life was love of mankind, eagerness for the improvement of society. His belief in the possibilities of the human soul was infinite, and his courage and energy in this cause were inexhaustible. No fatigue was too great and no opprobrium too bitter. Throughout all his life, in his speeches and his books, above all in his actions, appears the same warm universal sympathy for the weak against the strong, the same inflexible sense of justice, the same supreme moral courage. The murdered negroes of Jamaica, the persecuted peasants of Ireland, the white slaves of London, and the sex which has been arbitrarily declared inferior, none of these were forgotten by Mill. Justin McCarthy says, "Something, too, of human interest and feeling became infused into the most seemingly arid discussions of political economy by virtue of his emotional and half-poetic nature. It was well said of him that he reconciled political economy with human feeling." His warmth of sympathy was rivaled only by his coolness of judgment and his dispassionate fairness toward opponents. Without personal vanity him-

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self, he never despised any individual or any honest opinions. However obscure or faulty the argument, Mill carefully sought out the underlying truth, and wherever he felt himself worsted in discussion, he admitted it with the utmost frankness. Professor Bain tells us that he was "absolutely without any rivalry or jealousy of other men's success." Personal affronts he never heeded, but he was quick to resent arrogance or unkindness toward others, and relentless in his anger. He, further, managed to combine with devotion to the cause of humanity as a whole a general kindliness and specific generosity toward people in the concrete; which is not always a characteristic of the most ardent servants of humanity.

Mill never cared for a large circle of intimate friends, but for those friends whom he chose he showed a deep affection. To be his friend was considered a privilege, and the men and women who stood nearest him are the ones whose praises of him rise into the most exalted panegyric. It is at least noteworthy when a man's intimate friends see no fault in him. In his father's house Mill, before the breach, had been a great comfort and joy to his mother and sisters, and he always continued to fulfil the duties of eldest son in caring for their welfare.

There is a sacredness about his married life that one hesitates to approach. It forms the most idyllic passage in English biography. Perfectly suited to one another, these two souls blended completely into one. Mill's devotion to his wife was absolute. Her beauty, her intellect, her heart were to him the standard of perfection, his highest ideal. In entire self-forgetfulness, he tells us that all that was best in him and in his work was inspired by her. From her he had received infinitely more than he could hope to give. Writing in "The Subjectives of Woman" of the possibilities of marriage when between two sympathetic natures, he says that to those who can conceive of its happiness no word of his is necessary, to those who cannot, anything he might say would seem but the dream of an enthusiast. Every one knows that he was thinking of his own married life.

Over one side of his character considerable discussion has arisen. Had he a religious nature? If a religious nature involve acceptance of the first articles of the Creed, the answer is certain, he had not. His father had trained him as an agnostic and thus, so far as we have any evidence, he died. There seems to be not the slightest justification for the claim

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advanced by believing and unbelieving friends that in the "Three Essays on Religion" Mill shows a change of front. In this volume he does, indeed, accomplish the difficult feat of carrying on a religious discussion without any show of prejudice; and further, he, of necessity, being the man that he was, displays throughout toward the Founder of Christianity a feeling of profound reverence and gratitude,culminating at the close in that impassioned eulogy which has become a classic in our religious literature. This passage, however, indicates no more than that he had grasped as fully as is possible, from the purely mundane standpoint, the true strength of the Christian Church; something, it must be admitted, which cannot be said of all of the Church's most devoted adherents. On the other hand, it is plain from any careful reading of the book, that Mill did not even discuss, much less concede, the essential principle of Christian theism.

In 1858, the seven years and a half of Mill's married life came to a sorrowful end. Mrs. Mill had never been strong, and she now died quite suddenly of pulmonary congestion. Mill's despondency, says one of his friends, was frightful. Indeed, he had lost irretrievably the one great support of his life. "I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is." Mill's eulogies upon his wife's character had always created surprise among his friends. They said that she was rather a brilliant and charming woman, but not at all what Mill thought her; that it was incomprehensible that a man of such clear and dispassionate judgment in everything else should fall here into such depths of pure infatuation, and that any less a reputation for intellectual strength could not survive such a display. In pathetic contrast to the cold insensibility of the criticism, come Mill's own words: "I endeavor to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her and communion with her memory. . . . My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared or sympathized and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

Yes, her memory, the thought of her, was to him a religion. Among all the truths that he uttered, Mill never spoke a sounder truth than that.

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Profound religious feeling, denied its natural vent, must have forced some such issue as this. Had Mill never met Mrs. Taylor, and had he continued, nevertheless, under the theological influence of his father, one hesitates to say what the result might have been. Here, then, was a man who had visited the weak and forsaken in their afflictions, and had kept himself unspotted from the world; who had loved his highest living ideal of virtues with his heart and soul and mind and strength, and his neighbor as himself. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" One great element of human nature was without doubt lacking in him. It was this lack that had cast the blight over his boyhood and youth, that had brought the first deep sorrow into his life, that had led to his one great sin, and it was this that left him in his last years lonely and uncomforted. But the element that he lacked was not the greatest, for the greatest is love.

Brushing aside in imagination the twenty years that have elapsed, standing by that new-made grave in Avignon, remembering what manner of man it had been whose earthly form was there laid away, we feel hope spring into certainty,

> "The Lord he blindly served will ope his eyes,
> Henceforth he shall see clear in Paradise."

[The preceding sketch of John Stuart Mill is offered, not because it can claim originality in material or treatment, but as one more reverent and grateful tribute from the sex whose strongest defender, whose most courageous and untiring advocate he was.]

ANNIE B. TOMLINSON, '93.

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TO MT. MONADNOCK AT SUNRISE.

Gray on thy crest the soft cloud curtains lie,
  Still guardians of thy morning slumbering.
Slow o'er thy head the star host marches by
  In state, and far beyond man's numbering.
The flocks repose upon thy quiet breast;
  All motionless they wait the coming day.
Thy sombre rocks in shrouds of fog are drest
  As penitents who early rise and pray.
And now upon thy shadowy, wooded side,
  Amid the forests with their darkly dight,
Funeral plumes, the king of shades doth hide,
  And sighs and moans the dying of the night.
But see! the stars in heaven grow more pale.
  Awake! and bid thy coming sovereign hail.

E. K., '96.

LA MARTYRE CHRÈTIENNE.

FROM a child I have loved the picture, "La Martyre Chrétienne. It has grown to seem more a real scene than a picture. One can just trace the outline of dark cliffs against the sky. The crescent moon is low. A river washes the foot of the cliffs, and with the stream floats a woman's figure. All the light in the picture comes from the halo about her head. It shines on the pure, girlish face; less brightly on the waving hair that floats and mingles with the water. The soft radiance falls on the bound hands and flowing robe, but save for a faint gleam on the water, leaves the rest in darkness.

I have looked at the picture and wondered over its meaning until the life story of the young girl has grown familiar.

In a cottage on the hillside she had lived her few glad years. The mother had died leaving her little more than a child, and Ursula had been the housewife ever since. Always a happy child, she had found her playmates in the birds and flowers; never lonely, though all day her father was away at work.

Even as a child she had been thoughtful and, as she grew to girlhood and

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lived so much with Mother Nature, vague longings for something deeper and higher than she had known rose in her heart. Many queries troubled her. Prayer was natural in joy or in sorrow as song is natural to a bird, and she could not understand the teaching of the priest that God could hear prayer only through the saints. Her mind went back to her mother's teaching; how different, how much simpler that had been. But then her mother had been different. She remembered faintly a shaking of the head among the village people and a whisper, "gentle blood," when once she had passed with her mother years ago. It had meant nothing to her then, it meant hardly more now, only added to the filial love and veneration in her heart.

So the child grew up, not alone, for she had always her garden, and the field and woods, familiar though they were, were ever new. Children, too, always loved her, and the old were happier for her sunny presence. Her questionings were still unanswered, but they added only a touch of gravity to her girlish innocence,

One afternoon Ursula moved her wheel into the garden, and as she sat spinning in the sunshine the old thoughts came back. If only she might pray to the dear Christ alone. The saints were kind, but Christ had taken the little children in his arms and blest them. That Ursula could understand. She loved to gather the village children round her with a kiss for this one and a flower for that, till they grew to watch for her coming. She loved the Christ for that one thing and it made him seem near, not, as the priest said, too far off and too holy for her even to think of him. Crossing herself reverently, she tried to turn her thoughts away and stopped her wheel a moment to look off over the hills up to the dark castle, where, it was whispered, some great man was imprisoned or was hiding because he had disobeyed the priests. The hills were rugged and steep, but she looked beyond to heaven's blue, and, as she gazed, an intense longing filled her heart for some sign of guidance from heaven.

Long she stood thus till roused by a voice close by, "My daughter, I am thirsty." As her mind awoke, its first thought was that perhaps it might be God had sent an answer to her need. A stranger was standing there, very old, to judge from his long white hair and beard, though his eyes had the brightness of youth and his voice was deep and strong. A long cloak that

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covered him from head to foot might serve as a disguise, but now he threw back from his shoulders the hooded cape, burdensome after the toil of climbing. Some time he had been standing watching the rapt expression of the girl's face, till the wish to know the thoughts that caused it led him to speak.

She brought him water from the spring behind the garden, and black bread, the best the house afforded; while he, as he ate, tried gently to learn her thoughts. Only a little questioning was needed to draw from the maiden the whole story of her longings, and then the old man tried to show her that there was no need of saint or priest between her soul and God. It was hard to make it clear to her simple mind. At last he drew a worn volume from beneath his cloak and read to her the words of Christ, "If ye ask anything *in my name*, I will do it." What else the stranger said she hardly heard, so filled was her heart with the message sent, perhaps, straight from heaven. With a quiet smile he turned to leave her, but first, finding she could read a very little, he cut out carefully the leaf of the volume from which he had read and gave it to her, then went on past the cottage up the path toward the grim old castle on the heights.

After that the days were not the same. When the cottage was in order and the flowers cared for, it was Ursula's greatest pleasure to study out a few words from the parchment she carried always in her bosom. Day by day her faith grew clearer and stronger. Day by day she grew farther away from the narrow teaching of the priest. Soon she began to teach the children as they gathered round her; for she was filled with the thought that all must know that she had found such a revelation.

It was a time when man's conscience was waking from a sleep centuries long, and the wakening gave rise to bitter persecutions. For a sin no worse than Ursula's against the laws of the Church a man was branded as a heretic, the penalty, death.

It was Ursula's refusal to attend confession which first brought upon her the attention of the priest. Then her teaching became known, and the Church was shocked and startled to find how far the child had wandered. Pleadings, threats, commands were of no avail to turn the girl from her quiet firmness. Must she give up one, the Church or her new-found faith in Christ? That she could not lose. The precious parchment was soon

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taken from her, but she knew the words by heart, and gained from them strength to stand against all the pressure brought to bear upon her. The memory of the last words she had read was with her constantly. She had felt so weak, so ignorant of what was right. She had almost started to go to the priest, confess, and be forgiven. They had told her that she must yield complete obedience to the Church, or else must die, and dying seemed so hard. Then all at once had come her message, so clear there could be no mistake. She was spelling her way laboriously through the last few words on the page: "Greater love — hath no man — than this" —; was it going to tell her some way to show the love that filled her heart for Christ? "Than this — that a man — lay down his life — for his friends." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Christ had done that, had laid down his life for her. Did He mean it was to that He called her, too? Was her love great enough for that? "For his friends"; but a few more words were left: "Ye are — my friends, if —" There was no more on the page. The girl's eyes were full of tears and her face was very white, but it shone as shine the angels' faces when they have been in the presence of God. From that time Ursula did not falter.

. . . . . .

It was evening. Along the cliffs a crowd had gathered. The young moon shone on the stern, dark faces of priests; on women's figures, but the faces were hidden; on one slender girlish form with hands bound and eyes upturned to heaven. In all the crowd there were no little children. Back from the rest in deeper shadow stood an old man. His hood was thrown back and a gleam of light fell now and then on his long white hair and on his clasped hands. He might have been praying, and his face was full of sorrow. Sometimes a woman sobbed. There was no other sound save the steady rush of the river below.

No sound until the priest began to speak: "Ursula." She heard his words, but not so clearly as those other words which all day long had repeated themselves over and over in her mind, and which, blended with the rushing of the river, formed a steady undertone. "Ursula, for the last time, dost thou acknowledge and renounce thy heresy?"—"Greater love hath no man — hath no man than this" —. Men told afterward how clear and strong her answer was: "I cannot." — "Than this — that a man —" The

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words of the sentence sounded far off, as in a dream: — "be thrown from the cliffs into the river," — "that a man should lay down his life" — O, Christ, for strength to hold out to the end! — "should lay down his life for his friends — for his friends. Ye are my friends, if —."

Next day, two fishermen from farther down the river told how they had seen in the night a white figure floating on the water with a halo of light shining on the pure, calm face and folded hands.

MARY GRACE CALDWELL, '95.

THE TWILIGHT.

Glowing clouds of pink and gold,
Tinkling bells from the distant fold,
  And the katydids are crying.
Drowsy birds in the tree-top nest,
Lilies asleep on the water's breast,
  And the swallows homeward flying.
Plashing waves on the silvery pond,
Softening hues in the woods beyond,
  And the sun in the west is dying.

L. C. M.

IN THE LAND OF SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, July 30, 1893.

There are at least three excursions to be made in the vicinity of Edinburgh. One must see the Forth bridge because of its remarkable engineering; one must visit Roslin chapel because of its infinite variety of, and unusual artistic beauty; and one goes to Edinburgh because it was Scott's home.

Taking an early train, an hour's ride brought us to Melrose, and we made arrangements at once with a cabman for the day. The drive to Abbotsford occupied half an hour, and was warrant enough for a second breakfast. The clouds were lifting over the hills and the keen air and sunshine were truly Scotch in their genuineness. Abbotsford stands a short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed; as we approached by the highway along which Scott used to saunter with his dogs, it seemed

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as if a little realm of romance was suddenly opened to us. The home Scott lavished so much care upon rose before us as a Gothic, castellated mansion; an irregular pile of buildings covered here and there with ivy. Each tower and jutting window had been planned and thought out by Sir Walter, and the result is such a manor as his ingenuity only could suggest. Trees, evergreens and flowers abound, yet not in too great profusion; the rose-garden was in its prime. From the valley of the Tweed rise the hills over which Scott has thrown the mantle of his poetry, and which the heather, that closely woven robe of the Scottish landscape, tints with deep, rich colors. We were in the midst of Scott's storied region!

Leaving our cabman for a doze, we were admitted at an outer gate and conducted through a winding passage-way whose walls were completely overgrown with vines and ivy, and which led into the basement, from which we ascended to the main floor of the house. We were first shown into the study. Ah, there are the windows opening upon the rose-garden. This room remains intact: the desk closed, and the chair in the place Scott left it when he was induced to go to Italy as a last hope of renewing his strength. Stepping into the little room, a hush fell upon the party, while visions of the novelist came to us; there he had devoted his mornings to composition, had prepared his Waverly manuscripts, and in his last years worked early and late to save Abbotsford from passing into the hands of creditors. In one corner of the room a small door leads to a private stairway up which Scott would escape to his room at his own chosen hour, taking care not to disturb Mrs. Scott. The walls of the study are lined with book-cases, and both here and in the library the books remain undisturbed, — so rarely the lot of a private collection.

The library, drawing-room, armory and entrance hall are the other rooms shown to visitors. The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, a granddaughter of the poet, is the present mistress of the house, and through her courtesy visitors are admitted several days in the week, gratis, to the rooms I have mentioned. The library was Scott's favorite room; its windows look out upon the Tweed and off to the hills. Between the house and river stretches a smooth, finely kept lawn, which must have been a pride to the owner, for Scott was passionately fond of his home. He bought it as a small farm and made it, gradually, one of the stateliest mansions on the Tweed; it was his chief

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occupation, in the intervals of literary duties, to add to the embellishments of both the house and grounds. Next to the library is the drawing-room, with deep windows reaching to the floor and affording extensive fine views of the surrounding country. The original Dresden paper is on the walls, and family portraits hang where Scott was accustomed to seeing them. Over the mantel is the famous portrait of himself and favorite greyhound. The fireplace in the great hall was Sir Walter's resting-place after his rambles, for, despite his lameness, he was an indefatigable walker, and, too, the twilight rendezvous for tales and gossip. The mantel here attracts attention, and is an instance of Scott's love for anything old and historic, being formed of morsels of ruins from Melrose Abbey.

In a glass case in the library are collected many relics and treasures, some of which Irving speaks of having seen when the collection was in an embryonic state. Scott was devoted to his country and people; when a boy, nothing delighted him more than the border tales which he afterwards wove into his poems and novels. From this chivalrous delight grew his passion for relics and memorials of his heroes. Of his collection I noticed particularly the following articles: Prince Charles's drinking mug, silver-bound and transparent in order that "he who quaffed might keep an eye on the dark hand of his companion," was first pointed out by an enthusiastic member of the party, who proved an authentic and most particular cicerone. There was a plain glass tumbler known as "Burns's glass," famed because the poet had perhaps used it on a single occasion; the crucifix carried by Queen Mary at her execution, also a sample of one of her dresses, no doubt one she had brought from France; the miniatures Scott and his wife had exchanged before their marriage; a letter in Sir Walter's hand; and a pin made from the stone in which Bruce planted his flag at Bannockburn. Then came the Napoleonic trophies. Scott prided himself greatly upon these, and well he might, for they were associated with crucial moments in Bonaparte's career. Fleeing from Waterloo, the Emperor left his carriage on the road to Paris, and from it were taken his hat, sword, state mantle and other objects, among which was a blotting-book, which by some means found its way to Scott's treasure-house. The book is of green silk, handsomely mounted in gold and decorated with the imperial crest and bees. A pair of Napoleon's pistols is also to be seen in the armory, where, with other weapons, they were placed upon the walls by Sir Walter himself.

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Perhaps the most precious relic at Abbotsford is the sword of Montrose, — most precious, at least, to Scott, who says of it: "It was given to the great Marquis of Montrose by Charles I., and appears to have belonged to his father, the gentle King Jamie. . . . I think a dialogue between this sword and Rob Roy's gun might be composed with good effect." This last line expresses the inspiration which existed for Scott in every one of his antiquities. Besides Rob Roy's gun, which bears his initials, R. M. G., Scott possessed his old Highland broadsword and this chieftain's deadlier dirk, purse and sporran. Some pistols of Scott's are in the armory, where, too, he has left two cuirasses and a sword, which he gathered up himself on the field soon after Waterloo. To us, however, as pilgrims to the shrine of Scott, the last suit of clothes he wore seemed an important relic. There were the black and white checked trousers, buckled shoes, black jacket, white vest and tall white hat that had evidently seen service; his stout walking-stick was not missing.

Everything at Abbotsford is genuine. Since Scott's death, over sixty years ago, the place has been carefully kept up, and it remains just as he saw it and left it. No one of the homes of famous men we have visited so appealed to me as this castle of the "mighty minstrel of the North." One feels that it was only yesterday that he called his dogs and started off on a jaunt. His having lived there is intensely real. Washington Irving spent several days at Abbotsford and was forcibly impressed with the charm and personality of his host. Could Rip Van Winkle awake in the land of Scott to-day, things would seem but little changed: he would find the individuality of Scott indelibly stamped there. The gentle spirit of the bard still lingers within sight and sound of the Tweed he loved.

Leaving Abbotsford, I felt that a dream I had long wanted to dream had come and gone; yet not wholly gone, for it can never be forgotten. As we drove away, a remark Scott made to a guest suggested itself: "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper. It takes several days of study for any one who has a relish for auld world trumpery." Alas, that while possessing the relish, our time was limited, and on we went to Melrose Abbey. E. J. W., '91.

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TO BORROW OR TO LEND?

THE sun had been up a good many hours already, and the lane which led down to Little Red Brook was all flecked over with the sunbeams which had found their way through the tree-tops. The warm, sweet smell of pine-needles came rising from the driveway, where the trees had dropped them yearly for a carpet under one's feet. All red and brown were the needles, with hardly a remnant of green, and so thickly were they collected, that one could not hear John Henry as he trod them underfoot.

John Henry was Mis' Tripp's companion, her confidant and her horse. Mis' Tripp herself was driving, and the vehicle was a dump-cart. She sat well up on the cross-board, one knotted hand clutching the reins, and the other spread out broadly upon her calico apron. She wore a sunbonnet, did Mis' Tripp, and one could not see her face.

The dump-cart was spotlessly clean, and was fragrant of soap and water. Mis' Tripp was very little, really very little indeed, and in comparison with the dump-cart she looked a mere atom. She chirruped to the horse, and flapped the reins: John Henry lumbered on. Presently, of his own accord, he turned into the clearing. It was very dusty and hot here, but Mis' Tripp did not seem to mind. She pushed back her sunbonnet and chirruped still more loudly.

Away up the road could be seen a little black dwelling, built of jagged fence-boards and the trunks of the small gray birch. Sunflowers grew in front of it, and wild roses at the back; the shade of an ancient hemlock was all around and above.

Mis' Tripp stopped flapping the reins and indicated to John Henry that he might indulge in a rest.

"Well, Jane!" said she, with scarcely a rise in her voice. A woman appeared at the doorway with a red-haired little urchin, clinging tightly to her skirts. The skirts betrayed many patches, and the boy, although a well-grown little fellow, was still in unmanly pinafores. Mis' Tripp smiled at the pinafore, and transformed the smile into a scowl for the skirts. "Well, Jane," she repeated, "have you got those potatoes you owe me?" Jane's rough hand twitched nervously at the mat she was braiding. It was a very pretty mat, indeed, and certainly very odd: it was woven of strips of

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bark in their own natural colors, and one could guess how the big hands had grown rough and shapeless tearing the unwieldy fragments.

She scowled in her turn, and with the scowl came an instant's resemblance, so that even a stranger could have guessed that big Mis' Guptill and little Mis' Tripp were sisters.

"No," she answered, shortly, "and what's more, there isn't no prospect of getting 'em."

Mis' Tripp's face was hidden, to be sure, and the voice that answered was gruff, but the hand that held the reins shook with a sudden tremor that might have been of joy, and if one could judge by the twinkle in John Henry's furthermost blinder, one could not call it otherwise.

"Of course you understand, then, that I shall take the boy." The silence from the doorway was golden in its weight. Mis' Tripp prepared to descend, and the child, mistrusting her intentions, set up a healthy outcry.

Mis' Guptill bent down towards him, and lifted him in her arms. His rough boots, too large and bulky for such restless, childish feet, fell unreproved upon her spotless apron; the little sun-browned face was hidden on her shoulder. She looked a very giantess prepared to protect her own, yet when her tiny sister stretched out her arm for the boy, she gave him without a word.

Mis' Tripp put the child on the cross-board, turned John Henry and clambered up herself. It was noticeable that she either could not or would not glance again at the doorway. She drove out of the yard, the tramp of John Henry's footsteps mingling almost rhythmically with the child's lusty shrieks.

Mis' Guptill still stood on the door-stone, but she leaned against the wall, and her apron was well over the tangled, grisly head. The sunshine came over and touched her for very sympathy, and the biggest sunflower beside her caressed her with its leaves. There was a broken cup on the doorstep that the boy had had for a plaything, and a piece of slate beside it was marked with the A B C's. She had meant he should know his letters, and perhaps some day go to school. Who knew what a wonderful future might be before her boy? Hers? Well, yes, by all rights of honor. She had taken him from drunken parents, when he was scarcely three months old. She had shielded that little ruddy head from no one knew how many blows; she had fed him, and clothed him, and loved him, and had cared for him body and soul.

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She smoothed the apron across her lap, and began listlessly to braid. In and out went the clumsy fingers, and ever wonderfully grew their beautiful work.

By and by, she put on her sunbonnet, the fac-simile of Mis' Tripp's, and went down to the farther pasture to get some blueberries. Very slowly she picked them at first, and then finally not at all. She sat down in the midst of the bushes, to the great disgust of the grasshopper population, and actually she smiled. It was a smile of determination and courage rather than one of amusement.

She gave a twitch to her sunbonnet, and went briskly to work. Soon the great pail beside her was filled to the very brim, for few people could pick blueberries as fast as Jane Guptill could. She rose to her feet and started homeward. "Mats don't sell very well this time of year," she soliloquized; "I guess likely I shall have to depend on berrying." A fallen bird's nest lay on the grass at her feet, and she stooped to pick it up: "Land's sake!" said she, dropping it again, "I forgot he wasn't to home." Her big chin quivered like a child's.

The days following were very busy ones to Mis' Guptill, and never once did Mis' Tripp stop John Henry at her doorway. To be sure, one hot afternoon, when Jane was sweltering as usual in the pasture, she had seen the old blue dump-cart with John Henry just in front, and had caught a glimpse of a little pink pinafore beside the calico apron and sunbonnet on the seat. But what had cut her to the heart and had left a dull ache there for a long time afterwards, was the sound of childish laughter and the prattle of a childish voice, too happy by far to contain a hint of secret regret. To think that her boy could be happy with any one but herself!

Just the same, she paused not an instant in the process of filling her pail, and that very evening, late after sundown, she trudged wearily to the Coal Kiln grocery, where she sold the fruits of her labor at the price of eight cents a quart. Potatoes were high just then, but a little later they would be cheaper, and by that time she would certainly be ready to purchase back her boy.

Day by day, her little hoard increased, and never a cent did she take from it to buy herself tea or sugar. Tobacco had been long ago given up, for a pair of wondering, childish eyes had quite stared her pipe out of countenance.

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She grew worn and thin, did Mis' Guptill, and possibly might have grown pale, if it had not been for the sunburn that had browned her cheeks and hands. Her hair was whitening steadily under the rays of the summer sun, and happy air-castles about her boy prevented her sleeping at night.

It was already the middle of October when the longed-for event occurred. Mis' Guptill went chuckling out to the grocery, jingling suspiciously a bag that served her for a purse, and clattering her heavy boots unduly, as she hurried over the sidewalk. Potatoes she wanted, she said, and the order she gave was a large one. "Have 'em sent 'round to Mis' Tripp's," she said, briskly, "and mind you be right smart about doing it." Then she paid for them out of the jingly bag, and some one heard her mutter, as she passed them at the door, "That's the last time I'll ever borrow again, if I die for it beforehand."

She thought it over as she turned Red Brook way, and wondered if it could be true. Three years she had been borrowing, just a little, off and on, and she'd no idea 'twould have amounted to such a mess as that. Well, she'd got it paid off, at any rate, and she would certainly have her boy.

She had got so far down the lane now, that she could see Mis' Tripp's gray cottage, as it stood out through the trees. It was a much better little house than her own was, and had always been painfully neat. Never a shaving found its way upon the grass in front, never a dead leaf was suffered to remain upon the rocks behind. Even the stall which formed John Henry's chamber was quite beyond reproach.

The sun was just at the setting, and the waters of Little Red Brook had been drawing a deeper redness in the reflection of its glow. A boy in a faded pink pinafore looked up as Mis' Guptill approached, and dropped a mass of broken clam-shells to defile the grass at his feet. Beyond, just on the doorstep, sat little Mis' Tripp herself. She looked frightened, as she saw the intruder, but the boy, with a delighted shout, which did one hearer good, ran as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him, into big Mis' Guptill's embrace. He held her neck close in both his arms, one smudgy hand smoothing her cheek, and his little close-cropped head pressed lovingly against her hair. She grew really white through her tan.

"Well, Jane," said Mis' Tripp, harshly, and with a touch of conscious strength, "have you got those potatoes you owe me?" and Jane, with unexpected promptness, replied meekly that she had.

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The silence that followed was as heavy as one other silence had been. The boy still smoothed Mis' Guptill's cheek, but Mis' Tripp's hands were trembling as she worked them in her lap. She got up and went over to the two figures while they crouched upon the grass. "Lend me half, Jane," she said, timidly; "stay here at Red Brook with us two. I want to borrow half of the boy. Don't take him away from me." There were really tears in the hard old eyes that looked out from the sunbonnet. Mis' Guptill took one arm from the boy, and put it around her sister. The unwonted caress made her awkward, but her smile was one of assent.

The boy leaned back from her shoulder with a satisfied little sigh. "Why, child!" said Mis' Tripp, briskly, "What is the trouble with your face?" "Dirt," said the boy, laconically, and both of the women smiled.

RANDOM BITS.

TEA WITH AUNT LETITIA.

How delightful it was to have tea with Aunt Letitia, especially in summer when the evening meal was served in the eastern corner of the long, rose-sheltered piazza. Aunt Letitia, with her dainty cap, kerchief and shimmering gray silk gown, was a picture of charming hospitality as she sat opposite one at that little table set with snowy damask, sparkling glass, old silver and quaint blue china; and then what fragrant tea, crisp toast and amber honey she offered! And what good stories of old times she told as we sat there with the climbing white roses, swaying in the evening breeze, nodding like kindly friends, while the reflected light of the setting sun touched the quiet valley and distant hills with a hundred opaline tints.

G. R. McF.

ONE NIGHT IN THE CANON.

All sound in the canon but that of the stream as it hasted over the rocks and swished through the boughs of the low-lying sycamore, was lulled by the coming of night. Darkness, dim-lit by the stars, lay in the groove of the mountain, but high on San Antonio's peak fell a silver promise of light.

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I listened and watched and waited. Slowly, slowly down the crags the midnight glory crept, till it touched the sleeping day-lily by my side, which stirred as if waking at dawn. The southern moon had risen. Truly, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

S. H. B.

TO MY DROPPED ELECTIVE.

I chose thee when to choose I had full power.
  Each summer day I fondly thought on thee,
  And proudly said, "I'll take Philology."
Impatient, long I waited for the hour,
But when it came, alas! stern Fate did lower.
  The grim committee said, "It cannot be.
  We cannot grant you such felicity.
Above us, see, that Schedule stern doth tower."
And now the reason for my change you know.
  Not fickle was I, but against my will
  Compelled to leave thee. Cease to haunt me so.
For care enough my wearied heart doth fill
  Without beseeching thy pale form to go.
Pray leave me to my peaceful dreams. Be still.

PUN-ISHABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Once there was a race — a race of girls. But it wasn't a human race; it was a race for knowledge. And there were many classes. And the girls all ran, for "he who runs may read." Yet everybody said the girls didn't take enough exercise! The girls picked up bits of knowledge — when they didn't stumble over them — and they carried these themselves, for they couldn't always be expressed. And they made them into little mounds and they left them. In so far as the mounds were right they were all alike, so they did no one any good. Sometimes the mounds were quite flat. That was a terrible condition! As the mounds were heavy, the wonder was that the teacher ever carried them away. But she always did, and no one ever saw them again. Still, when their mounds were carried away, the girls were let pass. And in the end they all won. Whether they were four or five years it was all one — to a degree. And in the end? At least they were tired.

M. T. W., '95.

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AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A few days ago a hundred and fifty unemployed men in Boston, under the leadership of a certain socialistic "crank" and fanatic, marched up to the State House and demanded to see the governor. He chanced to be absent, and after a little aimless lingering in the corridors the men departed and the demonstration from which the aforesaid crank had hoped great results, accomplished nothing. This is a misstatement; it had one effect. It afforded a fine opportunity for a display of newspaper wit, and every daily in Boston made the most of it. Their ridicule was chiefly directed against the leader of the party, and the editors made themselves exceedingly merry at his expense. He deserved it, of course; he ought to have known that such a plan could result only in a fiasco, that the governor, had he been present, could have done nothing, that the plan was foredoomed to failure, and ridiculous failure at that. All this the editors said, but there were some things they omitted. They did not mention, for instance, that he is a graduate of one of our best known Eastern colleges, a man of wealth and refinement, who, becoming convinced that our social order is wrong, has devoted his fortune and himself to its improvement. They did not state that he has given up comfort and ease and congenial companionship, and is living in the poorest way among the poorest people, that he may win their confidence and help them as they cannot help themselves. They did not say that he is sacrificing every personal ambition, repressing every longing for personal happiness, making his personal existence a living sacrifice, that he may practise what the rest of us profess to believe. These things had nothing to do with the case. Practical common sense and a due regard for one's own interests is what we need in these days, my brethren, and if a man have not these he is fair game for the editorial witlings, no matter what trifles in the way of self-sacrifice, heroism and devotion to humanity he may possess.

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Editorial.

I.

WE, the '94 editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, being of sane mind, in perfect health and memory, and in possession of all our rightful faculties, do hereby make this our last will and testament. We do give and bequeath to the '95 editorial board and their heirs forever, our corner of the corridor on the fourth floor, containing a chest of drawers, a lock-box and key, a table, and an inscription of antiquarian value, "The Office of the Wellesley Prelude"; the key to the closet in Elocution Hall, and the contents thereof, dust, cobwebs, and back numbers of the "Prelude" and MAGAZINE; our printer; all the MSS. which have poured in upon us, during the last month, from aspiring Ninety-fives; the accumulating text-books sent in for the board to review. And we do, moreover, will and devise to the '95 board and their heirs forever, the ensuing rules of conduct for their safe guidance through the vicissitudes of magazine life: — (1.) So frame all editorials that the chance insertion of nine lines of utterly extraneous matter will not interfere in the slightest with the continuity of thought. (2.) Proffer each request for an article at least three months beforehand, with postal cards of reminder sent out at suitable intervals, and appoint the final date of its arrival fully two weeks before it will be actually needed. (3.) Inaugurate and preserve the custom of adding to the slender stock of alumnæ notes by judicious manufacture, and secure services of a Dead Letter Office employee to assist in the deciphering of any notes that may voluntarily appear. (4.) Cultivate the habit of looking at the daily annals of college life as through a microscope, and by incessant effort learn to make the most out of a very little, and to slight not the humblest detail. (5.) During vacations let each member of the board indite one short story, two poems, three editorials and four Free Press articles, taking extraordinary pains to render them of so light a character as to perceptibly counteract the weight of any long article which may be sent in for publication. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our hands this ? day of March, 1894.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF '94.

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II.

NOTHING could be much more trite and unoriginal than any remarks upon the arrival of the spring. Yet we cannot refrain from giving a welcome to the season which holds in store so many delights. The maple buds are swelling and turning red, and the yellow willow tree across the lake is taking on a greenish tint as the rising sap brings new life to every twig. Now and then the fragment of a song, unheard for many months, floats out from the shadows of the pine tree boughs.

There is a magic in the air that hints of the time when we can truly say:—

> "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
> The flowers appear on the earth;
> The time of the singing of birds is come,
> And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

III.

IN a recent editorial in the MAGAZINE, on the journalistic "Woman's Page," the doubt was expressed that the protest would ever reach the eyes for which it was intended. But we were too modest; not realizing the extent of our influence. The "Congregationalist" of Feb. 15 quotes the editorial as "A Sensible Protest." We hope that this is an indication of a sphere of influence perhaps inclusive of "the great dailies, which count their circulation by thousands and hundreds of thousands." At any rate, we would thank our honored contemporary for its encouragement of our spirit of reform.

Is there not something suggestive in this publicity, for those among us who are desirous of winning fame? Have we no "Jos" in our midst, who enjoy the excitement of getting in a "vortex"? Surely there must be some ambitious maidens who covet other than college laurels. The MAGAZINE presents an opportunity for making the beginning of a career as a writer which we will not limit.

IV.

THERE is an article in a late number of the "Cosmopolitan," entitled "A Hint for Colleges," which is certainly suggestive to those who know anything of college life. It advocates the introduction of manual training as a part of the required curriculum, particularly the study of drawing.

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We give our attention here in Wellesley, both directly and indirectly, to athletics for the development of the different parts of the body, and are producing good results. If something of the same general care could be given to the increase of manual dexterity, what fine things we might hope for in the future! What delightful illustrated articles for the MAGAZINE! The drawings would be no trouble, for we would all have some ability in that direction, and much hidden talent would be brought to light.

Much beauty that is now unseen in the commonest accessories of our daily life, would become a source of pleasure if we but possessed some practical knowledge of sketching.

So, when our college reaches its ideal state; when the observatory, the chapel and the gymnasium are secured, we will hope that the drawing classes will be as eagerly sought as the basket-ball field or the tennis courts.

V.

In the absorbing interests of our college life, the events of the great outside world pass by unnoticed by very many of us. Of course, it is natural that the duties pressing upon us for immediate attention should occupy the greater part of our time and thought. But shall we not become somewhat narrow if we continually limit our horizon to the hills surrounding Waban Mere? The year that has already seen the reconciliation of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck; the resignation, probably for the last time, of Mr. Gladstone, and the continuance of two revolutions, surely cannot be an uninteresting historical period to live in.

We are greatly obliged to those who record for us the most important items of daily news. But something more than a glance at the library bulletin board is necessary in order to have an intelligent knowledge of the events of the day.

Perhaps if we could look at the politics of our own time and country from the historical point of view, our interest in it would be more real.

VI.

THE tendency of college life is toward the growth of a certain fine reserve. The student gains new power of expression, firmer mental grasp, a shining vision of life's many mysteries, and becomes yearly a more

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fluent writer, a better conversationalist, a wiser friend. Perhaps, seemingly, he gives generously on every hand from the treasures of his storehouse; yet meanwhile, in the soul's inmost recess, lies its real wealth, every intellectual advance riveting the bars which defy invasion. We do not say it is best, we censure it not, we simply hold it is true.

VII.

WE have read of a "great, bright god of Self-restraint," revered by the Japanese. We have wished that he might become a strong reality to certain Wellesley girls. If we are continually bemoaning the quantity of work we have done and the overwhelming amount yet before us; if we are forever pitying ourselves and magnifying our several ailments and misfortunes; if we whine and grumble and fret over the necessary and the inevitable, then an early acquaintance with that "great, bright god" would be a boon to all with whom we come in contact. If we would only quietly remedy what we can, and as quietly shoulder and bear what remains, daily life would be more cheerful, and companionship a more exalted delight.

The Free Press.

I.

Now that the advisability of some form of student government is being discussed in the class meeting, the corridors, the study and the columns of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, it may be helpful to get before us a general view of student government as it exists in our sister colleges, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Smith. We have to learn so much by personal experience that we are glad to study at a safe distance, delicate and perhaps dangerous experiments in process of trial.

The membership of the Students' Association of Vassar consists of all members of the college. The object is "to transact business pertaining to the whole body of students, and to further the interests of the students so far as lies within its powers." The rules for self-government fall under four heads: provisions for trust, provisions for time of retiring, provisions for exercise, and provisions for chapel attendance. In most respects they are so similar to like provisions at Wellesley that a detailed explanation would be superfluous. One noticeable

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point is that in case of college engagements holding after 9.35 P. M. the students are allowed twenty-five minutes to compose themselves for the night. Daily exercise for not less than one hour in the open air is required. Exercise in the gymnasium may be substituted, and one hour or more of active committee work is considered a substitute for one-half hour of out-door exercise. The provisions for chapel attendance are, at first sight, calculated to stagger the average Wellesley student. The privileged senior is allowed four cuts a semester, but the rest of the members have to be content with three, the Sunday morning service counting as two.

The making of rules is always a simpler matter than their enforcement. This heavy task the Vassar Association entrusts to a committee on self-government. This committee has it in its power to summon before it any members of the association, and may even suspend from membership any student guilty of flagrant breach of the rules.

I was unable to obtain a copy of the detailed rules of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association, but the general plan seems to be similar to that used at Vassar. The association aims to deal with all those questions concerning the conduct of its members which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the authorities of the college or of the mistresses of the halls of residence. An executive committee carries out the will of the association, and at present there is an advisory committee whose duty it is to advise and act with the executive board. It is thought that this will considerably lighten the responsibility of the committee which before was too powerful for its own comfort.

The immediate responsibility for the conduct of the students in each dormitory rests with three proctors. If a proctor finds herself unable to deal with a student she applies to the board of proctors. This board investigates the case and deals with it as it sees fit. In case the offence merits severe treatment the student receives a formal remonstrance. If the board prefers not to deal with the matter alone it calls in the advisory committee; the refractory student is summoned before them and if unable to excuse herself for her disregard of the formal remonstrance, is reprimanded by the president. If this reprimand is unavailing, the student is requested to live outside the college.

The greatest drawback to the self-government system at Bryn Mawr is found to be the large sacrifice of time and strength required of its officers. Ought not this to have considerable weight with the Wellesley girl who even now may regard her college life as a grinding system of work and committee meetings?

The system at Smith is comparatively simple. The so-called conference com-

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mittee of faculty and students was organized about two years ago. Its object is to give the students some voice in matters that particularly concern them, and to provide official means of communication between teachers and students. A committee of eight from the faculty meets with ten representatives of the students. These representatives are the four class-presidents, three members of the senior class, two juniors and a sophomore. The students, as far as I can learn, are heartily satisfied with the effects of this system. They do not claim that the students gain more actual liberty by having some voice in the conduct of affairs, but they feel that it does have the desirable effect of narrowing the awful gulf popularly supposed to exist between faculty and students.

Student government means anything but no government. Viewed in any light it must be regarded as a decidedly heavy elective which one would hesitate to add to a heavy programme. In the very idea of some form of co-operative government there is a certain fairness and squareness which cannot but appeal strongly to many of us who feel that in the present system there is something lacking to bring about the best possible understanding between the governing and the governed.

FLORENCE T. FORBES.

II.

There are two rules in Wellesley College which have been strangely neglected: Rule VI.: "A brief period of strictly silent time will be observed each evening. During this time the students will be required to be in their rooms and silent"; and Rule VII: "At 10 P. M. students will promptly extinguish their lights, retire and preserve quiet. No work is permitted until the rising bell." We have, as college students, been more or less spasmodically considering the subject of co-operative government. These two propositions have a real though not obvious connection which I wish to show. I would attempt an analysis of one phase of this subject: — the causes of the non-observance by Wellesley students of the rules for personal conduct, a proposed remedy, and the bearing of this remedy on the plans for co-operative government.

Theoretically, there is a wide step between the student at the preparatory school and the college woman. Practically, this step is at first not so apparent. The new member of the college looks at her college life in much the same way as she looked at her life in the preparatory school. There it was often thought that rules were made by those without interest in the students, and since they were made under such conditions, they need not be kept. And thus the friction between faculty and student began. Friction between faculty and student, it is

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obvious, means loss of power to both. But the girl at the preparatory school is still in that age between the girl and the woman when the recklessness and the restlessness are all on the surface, thrust out by the slow growing of her nobler self; so she comes to college with perhaps some grave ideal of what a college woman should be, at least awake to certain new responsibilities and influences which a new atmosphere would exert. But in this matter of rules, call it a slight matter if you will, what does example teach? Across the corridor is a '96 room, next to her a '95 or '94. Lights are burning long past ten, and the sudden quiet during silent time simply means a professor is coming. Of course, the new members of the Wellesley life quickly follow example, and one more centre of confusion is added to the whole. Example is never so contagious as in this crowded Wellesley world. This is not altogether inference or observation. Some of the '97's have said: "We came to college supposing rules were to be kept, but when we told upper-class girls we had broken one, they only laughed and said, 'No one keeps rules here!'"

Much of the responsibility for this lack of fidelity towards the college life lies among the upper-class girls. It is true that we come to college for something more than mere academic work. There is a social life and an atmosphere belonging to it, that means as much of length and breadth and height as the pure intellectual development. But neither side of Wellesley life may be neglected. Neither the girl who spends all the evening at spreads and sits up late to study nor the girl who studies all the evening and sits up late for the one more point, is a true exponent of the Wellesley life. It is a false conception of the purpose of these rules to say that they were made simply because the students are not old enough to judge for themselves. Be that as it may, surely where interests are interwoven one with the other, where each student determines in part the true conservatism of time and energy for the whole, such a trivial conception does not seem befitting a thoughtful college woman. Our days are busy ones, our moments are crowded, we grow impatient at interruption during study hours, we wish sometimes that rules were stricter. At present, then, does it not seem more dignified to regard those we already have as natural restrictions of our little world, corresponding to those that will be laid upon us by society at large when school work is over?

But whether we believe it wise or not to study after ten, this remains true: when entering Wellesley College, as students, we place ourselves under the regulations governing personal conduct as surely as under those governing academic work. No one thinks of entering a society with a condition. Why, then, should it be

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thought any the less possible to talk during silent time? We may say we do not believe in rules, we may say that health does not demand the rest, we may say that our lessons cannot be learned between seven in the morning and ten at night,—the only bearing such objections have on the subject is that they call for the consideration of a change. They alter in no degree the absolute demand the college may make on us for their observance. Imagine a saloon keeper without a license brought before the court saying, "I don't believe in the power of a city to limit the right of an individual, and I shall keep my saloon open." "O, thou, wise in thy generation, go to the neighboring town where there is no license; if thou stayest here, sell not a drop." It is true that as students we scarcely realize how we are pledged to the observance of rules. It is rather from this lack of consideration than from any attempt at defiance, the trouble comes. We may forget their true purpose and see them only as barriers between our needs and their fulfilment, but we dare not as matriculates forget our pledge.

In the college building especially the effects of this lack of consideration and forgetfulness are very apparent. Corridors are noisy long after ten, and the quiet of the silent time means nothing for the student anxious for a rest. The academic work suffers, and loss of rest means a tense nervousness for the next day. But worse than this is the effect on the moral growth. Wellesley may truly be proud of the noble, symmetrical women she fits for the responsible duties of life, but that symmetry must come in a large measure from the realization that the wishes of the individual must give way to the needs of the community. The reverse means a sharp corner instead of a rounded curve in the student's development.

This problem of rules and regulations is not peculiar to Wellesley. Two colleges have tried to solve it in two different ways. Amherst has a senate composed of ten members — four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, the chairman of the committee being the president of the college. As expressed in its annual catalogue, when a student enters Amherst, "he is received as a gentleman, and as such is trusted to conduct himself in obedience to law and maintenance to order. The privileges of the college are granted only to those who enter into an agreement to fulfil in all respects this trust." College rules are then simplified and their observance put upon the honor of the individual student. Whenever it appears that a student has broken this contract in any matter outside of pure academic work, the case is brought before the senate which determines whether the contract is broken and if broken whether it shall be renewed. In Vassar there is a Students' Association in which all members of the college, merely because they are college members, are enrolled. The rules

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of the association are framed by the students and are, in several cases, more severe in their requirements than are ours. If any student is unwilling to hold membership in this association and abide by its rules, she must submit herself to the supervision of the faculty. This association observes all breaches of orders and passes judgment upon them.

Both of these methods are for the present impracticable for Wellesley for two reasons. This is true: if the in-coming president has other plans for the solution of this problem, she would scarcely wish to shape the workings of a foreign plan yet in its infancy. She could hardly give at the entrance into new duties the time or consideration the oversight of such a plan demands. This would be doubly true if she were unused to Wellesley life. Again, any plan for co-operative government means additional responsibility on the part of the student, and no such responsibility should ever be granted until we, as students, show ourselves strong and ready for it. The value of any new plan should not be risked on the attitude of a number of thoughtless students. As yet we seem hardly awake to our responsibilities. Complaints against rules not kept amount to nothing, half-hearted interest, if it goes no further, is worse than nothing. So long as corridor teachers are required, so long as students are mere girls and not college women, just so long would the faculty hesitate to lessen their responsibility, further to increase the students. This belief of theirs means our own continued inaction, and it means the discouragement of plans for a co-operative government which shall include on a recognized basis both faculty and students.

Where shall we start? We recognize the disorder and, to a certain degree, we recognize our desire for something different. Let us recognize as well our own responsibility. Let us recognize that any beginning must be from the lowest round, and means self-denial, systematic work and labor. Let us, since we are Wellesley students, make that beginning; let us keep the rules. If, after a thorough trial we find that either rules or academic work must suffer, then we can demand a change, either of rules or of academic work. For the one was made in the interests of the other; they are not two distinct entities, but functions of the same quantity.

The results from such observance would fully justify the self-denial. There would be quiet during study hours, freedom from interruption, and hence that provision for academic work which we all desire — system. There would be the dignified college woman awake to her responsibilities, yet, withal, keeping her true social nature open. But, far more than all, there would be another common ground between faculty and students. If in Wellesley still survives a touch of that

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older form of relationship between faculty and students which more truly belongs to boarding-school life, when the interests of its two members were supposed to be divergent, it may be destroyed. As a body of college women recognizing the necessities of the moment, recognizing also the change and alleviation time will bring, we should respond with true loyalty to the requirements. We cannot doubt this response would be met by that other body of college women, the faculty, and the basis for broader, more radical plans will be laid. Is it not worth the effort?

E. H. Y., '96.

III.

Every human-made rule has its exception, and by a thoughtful mind and a clear judgment the earnest consideration of possible exceptions to even the most worthy rule will be given a courteous attention. With this remark, which would be trite, were it not so often apparently disregarded, we will unburden ourselves of a weight we have carried for three years of a college course. There are few sensible Wellesley girls who do not thankfully appreciate the blessing of the "lights out at ten" requirement. They are glad enough to lay aside work and retire to peaceful dreams, undisturbed by noise or troubled with anxiety. They are heartily grateful for the strengthening influence it has upon health-preservation, and willingly co-operate to further its well-being. Yet there are none among them who do not know that it is possible for even the best regulated, most far-sighted and systematic student to find herself occasionally by force of circumstances with a piece of work on her hands requiring one or two hours more than she can wring from the ordinary sources. It is a real case of "Zeit est geld," and two hours that evening are quadruple the value of two hours the next afternoon. Given such data for her problem, the student has but two methods of solution. Shall she rise by her alarm-clock to seize the small hours of the morning and accomplish her work by lamplight to the exceeding detriment of eyesight and general unfitness for the duties of the day so prematurely begun, or shall she, thoroughly in the spirit of the work, continue one or two hours after the ten o'clock bell, and retire for seven or eight hours' soundest sleep upon that soft pillow — the consciousness of a hard task's successful completion? Experience having taught her that the second is the lesser of two evils, she descends to make known her need and desire to the proper authority. Often the simple statement is deemed sufficient, but often she is expostulated with, and either refused point blank or limited so as to render the permission practically valueless. It is under such circumstances, O ye sympathetic Free Press, that she longs for a vivid mani-

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festation for the regard proverbially attached to exceptions, and yearns that some weight be granted to the good sense and discretion of a college woman.

'94.

IV.

We cannot refrain from taking up a free lance in behalf of the Wellesley students in the village. Whoever strolls through that dreariest region of College Hall, the Catacombs, of a noon-time, may view these unhappy creatures, sitting on hard benches, eating cold lunches in their underground abode, surrounded by a phalanx of umbrellas and an army of rubber overshoes, with no more pleasing field of vision than the dingy array of lost note-books and MSS. adorning the numerous dusty pigeon-holes. Could not arrangements be made whereby cheerful surroundings and something warm might be provided for people who often have a long walk and a hard morning's work behind them, and three recitations and a long walk before them? Could not a small extra table in College Hall, one in each of the cottages, and in several of the dining-rooms at Stone Hall be arranged for, and systematic provision be made for all village students obliged to remain at the college during the noon hour?

Secondly, could not Dr. Barker at the Eliot grant village students all permissions for absence from college. Though quite unforeseen on Saturday, it may be necessary to go into Boston on a Monday morning, the earlier the train the better, and, under present arrangements, the village student must tramp a mile and back before she can gain the requisite permission from the authority at College Hall. Living in the village has certain disadvantages and deprivations which are necessary afflictions, but the crying evils we have mentioned are capable of amelioration, and ought in the near future to be abolished.

'94.

V.

"Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" We all acknowledge the attractiveness of this announcement when taking a little journey in the world. But here in college we have more than fifteen minutes in which to satisfy the cravings of the inner woman. In fact, sometimes the amount of time quite overbalances the contents of our lunch-baskets, especially if the latter are conspicuous for their absence. Those of us who abide in the village realize the necessity for the frequent appearance of the aforesaid lunch-baskets. But any charm of novelty which they may have possessed early in the year, has by this time vanished in the recesses of the Catacombs.

Sometimes when, through some unforeseen accident, we have to exist on a

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mental diet of Ruskin or perhaps Hindu philosophy, we ask ourselves, why is this thus? In our mind's eye we see a room, not in the Catacombs, in which are many little tables. Each table has its quota of girls, evidently enjoying the hot soup, bouillon and sandwiches, which are to be had for a small sum. We cannot discover further details of the picture, for the light is dim. But of one thing we feel quite certain, if our vision ever materializes, that those who now groan under the burden of lunch-baskets and boxes would hail with delight the opportunity to free themselves from this bondage.

"SPECIAL."

Book Reviews.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC MOVEMENT, by W. L. Phelps, Instructor of English Literature at Yale College. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

Mr. Phelps has bravely entered a new field of literary study, and has written the first history of English romanticism. He traces the romantic movement during the years 1700-1765, from its first faint beginnings to its firm establishment by Gray. The book is evidently the result of careful, critical research, and the fact that it is of more interest to the technical student than to the general reader is due more to the "desperately dull" character of the literature with which it deals than to the method and style of the writer.

PRACTICAL METHODS IN MICROSCOPY, by Charles H. Clark. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

For the private worker and beginner in scientific investigation, this book promises to be of great value. It is essentially practical, theory being omitted, except when necessary to an understanding of the directions. Clear, detailed directions are given as to the care and use of the microscope, and as to methods of preparing and mounting specimens. The book is beautifully illustrated, is well indexed, and contains, in an appendix, formulæ for the preparation of necessary substances.

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Exchanges.

The "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" for February comes to us with an attractive table of contents. It contains, for the most part, very readable short stories and well-formed verse. We take the liberty to quote from the exchange editor, who says:—

"It is now customary to give personal credit to the author as well as to the periodical. This is as it should be, and it is as applicable, we think, in the college literary world. Too many of our exchanges make use of that comprehensive and meaningless monosyllable, "Ex." Who has not discovered some of his orphaned children perambulating under that villainous name of "Ex."? After all, why should we not have our story-tellers, our poets and critics in our own little literary world? There are men in every college who are experts in one of those branches; a very few dabble in them all. Let us give our college "scribblers" the benefit of a brief four years' reputation in this toy world of letters before they are lost in the great ocean of literature. The practice of giving personal credit in our exchange departments would make them of much greater interest to the college at large. A very few of our exchanges have already adopted the custom of giving the author his due, and we see no reason why it should not become general. It is certain, at least, that the much quoted "Ex." should cease to figure so largely as the author of our brightest clippings."

If the above suggestion were followed, perhaps our exchange columns would be read with more interest. Of the short stories for the month, we liked best "His First Client," by Burpee C. Taylor; although, from the beginning, the plot was too evident. Of the verse, "Love's Old Sweet Song," by John H. Bartlett, is the most finished. We recommend to the amateur short story writer, a perusal of the leading article, "The Short Story," by Prof. C. F. Richardson, from which we quote the following:—

"Confining our view, then, to the *short* story, it should never be forgotten, first of all, that the story must be interesting in itself. No cleverness of occasional phrase, no presentation of peculiar character, no inserted delineation of unfamiliar scene, no discussion of this or that phase of religion, morals, society, social reform, politics or poverty, can take the place of inherent and apparently artless interestingness. That is the quality which saves the masterpieces of fiction, and sometimes makes a little masterpiece out of unsuspected material."

The "Harvard Advocate" thinks that the chirography of the Harvard instructors of English "now demands a more serious attention." "Men who work conscientiously over the hopelessly dull tasks imposed by English C, justly resent having to waste their time and eyes in deciphering hyper-criticisms." We exhort Wellesley students to hear these complaints with lenience; for the Harvard stu-

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dents are compelled to decipher the handwriting of *three* forensic instructors. This March number contains several exceedingly original stories, especially "The Fragment of a Modern Tale," by John Mack," Jr., and "A Summer Incident," by R. L. Raymond.

The prose articles of the "Yale Literary Magazine" for February are above the average college magazine production. The leading article, "A Defense of Grinds," by Edward B. Reed, is exceedingly well written and full of sound sense.

The "Smith College Monthly" for February opens with a long, interesting story, rich in subtle humor and fine delineation of character. It is called "His Option," by Mary A. Jordan. The other articles, "The Death of Scyld" (Poem), "Stories of the West," "Poem," "The Possibilities of Domestic Co-operation," "The Tramp," "One of My Scholars," and "Pastel," are of high literary merit. The editorial columns discuss the unnecessary and pedantic use of the the two terms, Alumnus and Alumna; and the excessive sensibility among fellow-students in regard to mutual literary criticism. We clip a

POEM.

Dark the woods behind us growing,
Bright the sunset colors glowing
And the pine trees, blowing, blowing,
  Sighed and shivered — Love and Fear
  Mingled like a smile and tear,—
  Sighed and shivered, sobbed and quivered,
  — Hope and Dread
  A mighty thread
In our life was weaving —
Blacker grew the clouds to westward;
Thunders muttered and re-echoed,
Till the lightning's bright flash cleaving
Burned the doubt into believing.
  In each other's eyes we read
  End of all the mystic dread;
  Were no longer shuddering spirits
  Trembling in each other's presence,
  But a free, ecstatic being,
  From our one soul God's world seeing,
  But a home for our abiding
  Till our spirits, strong, confiding,
  Stand no longer at Love's door,
  But joyous pass the threshold o'er.

—*M. P. Wyatt.*

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Perhaps a reason for the great lack of college verse for February in honor of St. Valentine may be found in the following lines, taken from "The Yale Courant":—

Cupid of old was a lad small and gay,
His mirth was contagious — he laughed all the day,
His arrows found rest in each feminine heart;
A man was the salve he applied for each smart.
St. Valentine then was the god of the year,
To men and to maidens, both equally dear.

But now Cupid pines; he's no longer the thing;
His arrows have lost their once much-beloved sting.
He's out of the fashion —'tis plain to all eyes —
Each girl from his influence sorrowful flies.
Come, let us call back the delights of old times,
With Love as Religion, let's be Valentines.

—*Edward W. Hobart.*

"The Mount Holyoke", however, has not forgotten the rapidly waning fourteenth of February, and offers us these dainty lines:—

MY VALENTINE.

Sun, golden sun, hast thou never seen night?
Rising and sinking in oceans of light!
Moon, silver moon, hast thou never seen day?
Sailing serene on thy star-jeweled way!

Loved one, my loved one, I'll love thee alway,
Till the sun shall see night, and the moon shall see day!

—*Catharine Y. Glen, '94.*

We also clip from this magazine,

THE KODAK.

A buttercup close by the gate
In yellow brightness bloometh late
So sweet.
My lady in her silken gown
From out her hammock steppeth down,
Yet sweeter.

The sinking sun far in the west
In amber cloudlets seeketh rest,
Oh, bright!
My lady's golden locks spun fine,
E'en though the sun half dazzleth, shine
Still brighter.

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The verse of "The Brown Magazine" for February is exceedingly good. We select the first stanza of the "Storm" (in three stanzas), by Dallas Lou Sharp:—

I listened and did hear
  The coming of the storm;
At its deep and distant tread
O'er the earth's unburied dead;
  O'er the cold earth's lifeless form,
      Over all,
As o'er a bier—
      Fell a pall;
Ere it passed
      The surge
Of the blast,
      The dirge
And the wail
Of the voices in the gale.

Also, "Prometheus Chained," by H. L. K.:—

Self-doomed to gyve and talon! Hour by hour
  The crawling days drag out their tortuous train;
  The sun smites on him, and the freezing rain;
And through each thrill of anguish he has power
To make the last, and step into a bower
  Of ease profounder than his present pain,
  He will not yield, though beak and claw that strain
To its last shred that faithful heart devour.

So fared he long ago who brought men light;
  So fares the light-bringer of latter days;
And we, who owe his gift, our warmth and light,
  Forget the heaven he leaves to bring its rays;
Forget the piercing crags, the vulture-spite,
  And all the pain whereby that blessing stays.

The first article of "The Columbia Literary Monthly" for February, "The Literary Criticism of the Pentateuch," by William Henry Bawden, is clear and scholarly. The magazine for this month contains a pleasing mixture of poems, stories and didactic sketches. We should like to quote from a poem, called "The Outcast," by Herbert Müller Hopkins; but it will not bear disintegration, and we have not room for the whole.

The prose articles of "The Wesleyan Literary Monthly" for February are: a farce, "The Income Tax," by John A. Thompson; "Thomas Hardy's Power as

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a Novelist," by William S. Woods; "A Sketch of Wesleyan Journalism," by Verona J. Smith; and "Mythology in Keats's Poetry," by Andrew Gillies. The "Story of the Brook" is an excellent poem by Charles O. Judkins. From it we clip the following lines:—

I spring into spray in my madness;
I ripple soft music in gladness.
I whirl into eddies entrancing,
And charm fairy nymphs into dancing.
I caress curbing strands in their whiteness,
And bear burdens floating in lightness.
I'm whirling, and diving, and twisting,
All forces to stop me resisting.
I'm laughing and shouting and crying,
Yet love, joy and sorrow denying.

Also we take from this magazine "Chappie's Lament," by B. F. G.:—

I walked one day with Phyllith
  Ovah in Bothton town,
I in me long Pwince Albert,
  She in a new Worth gown.

I talked that day with Phyllith
  Ovah in Bothton town,
Of things intenth and thoulful;
  Begged her me love to cwown.

I pawted that day from Phyllith
  Ovah in Bothton town;
She'd be a bwothah to me, she said,
  But wouldn't be Mitheth Bwown.

We like very much, "Where Saltsprays Blow," by J. R. Craighead, in "The Williams Literary Monthly" for February:—

Where saltsprays blow the marge along,
  The breakers, growling deep and low,
All join the sea-gull's wildest song.
Gnashing the rocks that stand so strong,
  And drive them raging back below.
Where saltsprays blow the cliffs among,
  There shadows fall, and dark pines grow,
And sunlight almost seems a wrong
        Where saltsprays blow.

Where saltsprays blow, there sunset glow
  In touching sea and sky will long

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To linger in a golden bow,
Making the rockbound breakers show
That death and beauty doth belong
Where saltsprays blow.

From "The Williams Weekly" for March 1, we clip

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

The light is lit of poesy,
Of comedy and tragedy;
And monthly do our eyes attest
That genius burns, and burns her best
Within the Sanctum's sanctity.
No matter how this come to be —
We kneel as humble votary;
With laurels be our praise expressed.
The light is lit!

We're of that goodly company
Of blindest, for we will not see
The faults. Yet, were the truth confessed,
We'd gladly say: "Give us a rest!"
For, lighter than simplicity,
THE LIT. is light!

College Notes.

Miss Marion Canfield has been elected president of the Banjo Club.

Mr. Woods of Andover House spoke Wednesday, February 28, on the subject of College Settlement before members of the College Settlement Association and such other members of the college as cared to attend.

Monday evening, March 5. a piano recital by Ferruccio B. Busoni was given in the chapel. Selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Weber, Liszt and Schumann were rendered, as well as original compositions by Busoni.

Wednesday evening, February 21, Professor Whiting and the members of the second physics class were invited to attend the lecture on "Color," given by Professor Cross of the Institute of Technology.

Miss Perkins, '91, Miss Agnes Damon, '93, Miss Flagg, Miss Louise Edwards, '93, Miss Mary Young, Miss Martha Macauley, '92, Miss Frances Pinkham, '93, Miss Marian Wilcox, '93, Miss Mary Hazard, '93, Miss Virginia Dodge, '92, Miss Lylie Foster, '93, Miss Lilla Simonds, '93, Miss Gertrude Coolidge, '93,

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Miss Cora Stewart, '91, and Miss Bettie Keith, '93, have been among the former students who have lately visited the college.

The Glee and Banjo clubs will give their concert on Monday evening, April 16.

Thursday evening, March 1, members of the Banjo Club played at the College Settlement, Boston.

Wellesley is proud of its sophomores. While the papers have been filled for the last three or four weeks with accounts of disasters at other colleges, due to a sophomoric overflow of spirit, the Wellesley sophomores have brought down upon their devoted heads the respect of present and future generations. It has been voted by the class of '96, and a written agreement has been signed by its members to the effect that they will obey all rules of the college which apply directly to the order of the students. A marked improvement has been noticed.

The delegates to the convention of student volunteers, which was held recently at Detroit, have returned. The delegates were Miss Mabel Learoyd, '94, president of the Wellesley Volunteer Association; Miss Cornelia Huntington, '95, from the Christian Association, and Miss Iza Skelton, '95.

The board of visitors have been recently going the rounds of the college.

An interesting talk was given by Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, president of the Mass. W. C. T. U. on the evening of February 25.

A concert was given by the students of the school of music, Monday evening, March 5. It is considered one of the best of this sort which has ever been given here.

Miss Mary Isham has been elected by the class of '94 to take the place of first historian, which was left vacant by the resignation of Miss Tracy.

Miss Fitz of Boston recently visited the botany department.

Sunday evining, Feb. 25, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer addressed the seniors in the Norumbega parlors. Her general subject was an appeal to the students to have in their lives the three elements which make the Angelus so universally beloved, "work, love and worship."

Mr. Haskell of Harvard has been coaching the basket-ball teams. Miss Hill hopes to permanently engage his services. Mr. Haskell is the manager of the Cambridge team.

Feb. 22, Miss Denio took her classes to the Art Museum, to Trinity Church, and especially to visit Mr. Stetson of Boston, who gave them the benefit of his fine art studies.

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Wednesday, March 7, the college was visited by President Walker of the Institute of Technology, President Hyde of Bowdoin and Professor Cummings of Harvard.

The new MAGAZINE board will make its first public appearance in the April number. The names of the editors are as follows: Editor-in-chief, Grace Caldwell; associate editor, Sarah C. Weed; business managers, Elizabeth Stark, Alethea Ledyard; literary editors, Caroline Jacobus, May Pitkin, Kate Nelson, Charlotte Goodrich; special editor, Louise Richardson; alumna editor, Maude Keller. The editors have already begun their work with a great deal of enthusiasm. An attempt has recently been made to put the MAGAZINE upon a settled pecuniary basis. It is hoped that the attempt will succeed.

Saturday evening, March 3, the juniors received the freshmen in the gymnasium. The scene presented there carried one back to the last century, for the juniors were all dressed as men of a hundred years ago with knickerbockers, ruffles, wigs and cocked hats. Miss Kelsey as George Washington and Miss Sweetzer as Lady Washington received the guests. Among the noted men present were Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton. The entertainment for the evening was the "Operetta of the Forest," written by Misses Wilder and Willis. Dancing and refreshments followed until silent time. The dress rehearsal given on the afternoon of the same day was attended by the seniors, sophomores and specials.

Society Notes.

Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting Feb. 24, the subject of the evening being Venice.

Programme.

I.	The Republic of Venice, a Historical Sketch,	Kate Winthrop Nelson
II.	Venetian Architecture	Grace Louise Addeman
III.	Music	Adelaide Virginia Schoonover
IV.	A Trio of Venetian Painters	Martha Hale Shackford
V.	Life in Mediæval Venice	Marion Canfield
VI.	Music. Song	Elizabeth Morris Wood
VII.	Sketches from Modern Venice . . .	Mary Josephine Salter

Martha Conant and Belle Sherwin, '90, Martha McCaulley, '92, Mary Hazard, '93, and Grace Webber, '91-'93, were present at the meeting.

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At the Zeta Alpha vesper service, Feb. 25, music was rendered by Misses Webber, Nelson, Hazard, Hasbrook, Brown, Wood, Wilcox and Schoonover.

The regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society, postponed from Feb. 24, was held in Shakespeare Hall, Friday evening, March 2. The following was the

Programme.

Othello.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Mary Mudgett
II. Talk. Othello and Desdemona . . . . M. Gertrude Wilson
III. Dramatic Representation
Othello, Act III., Scene 1.
IV. Iago, the Master of Circumstances . . . Helen Marion Kelsey
V. Dramatic Representation
Othello, Act III., Scene 4.
VI. The Philosophy of the Tragedy of Othello . Caroline Fitz Randolph
VII. Discussion of Impersonations of Iago and Othello
Leaders { Katharine Conner / Dorothy Allen

At the regular meeting of the Agora held Feb. 17 in Elocution Hall, Miss Mary Prior, '95, was initiated.

Programme.

Impromptu Speeches on:
The Bland Seniorage Bill . . . . Clarissa Benson, '94
The Conviction of McKane . . . . . Arline Smith, '95
Agitation against the House of Lords . . Martha Waterman, '95
Assigned Parts:
History of Civil Service Reform in the U. S. . . Annie Cobb, '96
The Federal Government should Have Supervision over Federal Elections . . . Affirmative, Annie Peaks, '96
Negative, Sarah Hadley, '96
Informal discussions followed the presentation of each question.

The Classical Society held a meeting Feb. 24. The following was the programme:—

Gothic Art.

1. General Character of Gothic Architecture . . . . Grace Albee
2. The Cathedral of Notre Dame . . . . . Annie Leonard
3. Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral at Canterbury . Mabel Rand
4. Gothic Sculpture and Ornamentation . . . Margaret Simmons
5. Gothic Architecture in Germany, with Examples . . Florence Davis
6. Gothic Palaces . . . . . Lillian Quinby

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Alumnae Notes.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held a meeting at Hotel Thorndike, February 24. The members thoroughly enjoyed the interesting talk given them by Fräulein Wenkebach, the guest of the afternoon, upon "The System of Higher Education in Germany."

The Boston Wellesley College Club desires to accord its deep sense of the loss which it has sustained by the death of President Shafer. It comes as a private as well as a public loss, for the influence of her noble character extended far beyond the circle of her personal friends, so that many honored her, not alone for her great attainments but also for her beautiful life, the memory of which remains as a solace and an inspiration.

It is the will of the club that copies of this letter be sent to the family of the late president and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

JENNIE M. THURBER, '92
ALICE VANT GEORGE, '87 } Committee
FRANCES W. HILL

Miss Roberta Allen, once of '93, is studying violin with Franz Kniesel.

Miss Blanche Sanders, '93, is training in the Normal School, Cleveland, Ohio.

The engagements of Miss Elizabeth Trebein, '93, to Mr. H. Flynn, and of Miss Mary Young, '93, to Mr. Edward O. Bagg, have been announced.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke to the Boston Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ on Fellowships for Women, Feb. 10, '94, at 2 P. M., in the Claflin Room, Boston University, 12 Somerset St.

The section of the Boston Branch interested in child-study met for a report and discussion of observations on Feb. 10, in the room used by the College Club, Beacon street.

Prof. Royce of Harvard spoke to the Boston Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ on Imitation, Saturday, March 3, in the Claflin Room, Boston University, 12 Somerset street.

The first meeting of the Wellesley people of Los Angeles, California, was held on Feb. 13 at the home of one of the girls. There were fifteen or more present. Letters were read from friends at college, Wellesley songs and the Wellesley cheer were given and college refreshments — fruit, crackers and olives — were served. But the best part was the meeting with so many loyal Wellesley people, in this far away place. L. LEBUS, '89.

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Emma Blakeman, '75-'77, now Mrs. Alfred D. Early, is living in Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. George F. McKibben, better known as Lizzie Stilwell, '75-'77, is teaching in Granville Female College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Maud G. Hoxsie, Sp., '77-'82, is attending Dr. Sargent's Normal Training School of physical culture in Cambridge.

Miss Cora Stickney, '80, is spending some months in New York for art study.

Dora Chamberlain, Sp., '81, now Mrs. Wade, is living in Dubuque, Iowa.

Mrs. Gertie Gibson Haskall, '81-'82, and Mrs. Edith Gibson Hodge, '81-'82, are living in Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82, and her children have been spending the winter in Florida.

Miss Jessie Reid, '84, spent Sunday, Feb. 18, at Wellesley. Miss Reid is still in charge of the educational department of Macmillan & Co.'s New York publishing house.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Meddeck Nelles, '84, will be sorry to learn of the death of her husband, Dr. Alexander Nelles, late assistant superintendent of the Willard State Hospital, N. Y.

Miss Effie F. Dwyer, '86, is teaching in the High School in Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87, has returned to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Fannie T. Brown, '88, is teaching in private schools in Charleston, S. C. Address, 88 Rutledge street.

Miss Lillian B. Miner, '88, is teaching English in Shepardson College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Alice Brewster and Miss Katharine Lane, both of '89, spent Feb. 11 with their classmate, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, in Norristown, Pa. At the same time Miss Mary Stinson, '89, entertained Miss Bessie Macky and Miss Maud Crane of the same class.

Miss Anna L. Dingley, '89, is working on the Lewiston Evening Journal. Miss Dingley's address is 291 Court street, Auburn, Me.

Miss Dorothy Dole, '89, is teaching in the Brooklyn Hill Institute, Winchendon.

The address of Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, '89, is 214 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn.

Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, '89, is teaching in Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

Miss Eleanor Gamble, '89, is still teaching Greek and Latin in the Plattsburgh, N. Y., Normal School.

Miss Edith M. James, '89, is teaching music and playing a church organ at her home, Omaha, Neb. Miss James's address is 2413 Capitol Ave.

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Miss Gertrude James, '89, is teaching in the Lincoln, Neb., High School.

Dr. Martha B. Morehead, '87-'89, is superintendent of the Northwestern Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Emily Brown, '90, is at home regaining strength after serious ill health during the summer.

Miss Helen Stillwell, at Wellesley from '88 to '90, is living at her home in Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Margaret Wrenn, '91, has returned from her visit to Philadelphia to her home, Highland Park, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Margaret Hazen, '91, has been visiting her sister in Boston and Miss Mary Bowles, formerly of '91, at Wellesley.

Miss Alice S. Clement, '91, is studying vocal music with Mr. Wm. Winch, Boston.

Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, has been in Philadelphia since January.

Miss Katharine J. Lane, '89, is doing some work in music and German, in addition to her teaching, at Freehold, N. J.

Miss Lucia Leffingwell, '89, is at home, Montclair, N. J., after a trip South, taken for her health.

Miss Bessie Macky, '89, has recently suffered a great loss in the death of her father. She is still engaged at work in the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

Miss Clara B. Mowry, '89, is teaching at Riverside, Mass.

Miss Minnie Orr, '89 is still teaching in the Washington, D. C., high school.

Miss Clara F. Preston, '89, is teaching in the high school, Nashua, N. H.

Miss Florence Soule, '89, is teaching in Mankato, Minn. Address, 610 So. Second Street.

Miss Mary A. Tefft is teaching in Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.

The address of Miss Mary A. Winston, '89, is 58 Pinckney street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, visited Miss Teller, '89, during the first week of January.

Miss Emily E. Briggs, '92, will spend the next six months in southern California. Her address is 693 Los Robles Ave., Pasadena.

The engagement of Miss Abigail Brooks, '92, has been announced.

Miss Winnie J. Libby is studying in the Normal School at Cleveland, O.

Miss Agnes Shaw, '92, has returned from her Western visit to her home in Woburn, Mass.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has been visiting Miss Florence Converse.

Miss Delight Sweetzer (student at Wellesley, '90-'91) has been visiting, in

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January, Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, at Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.

Grace Linscott, formerly of the class of '96, is at her home in Boston.

The engagement of Miss Frances Stuart, '94, to Mr. DeMott of Bowdoin College has been announced.

DENISON HOUSE, BOSTON COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

Miss Mary Seavens, formerly of '97, is taking charge of a club of small boys on Thursday afternoons from four to five.

Miss Vida D. Scudder sailed for Naples on the Augusta Victoria, Saturday, Feb. 24.

Among the college students who have recently visited Denison House are Miss Scribner, Miss Hiller, Miss Percy and friends, Miss Mary Meller, Miss Margaret Dudley, Miss Newcomb, Miss Shultz and Miss Grace Edwards.

A contribution of $45 has recently come for relief work from Dana Hall. A contribution of $21 has come through Fraulein Habermeyer for the same purpose.

Miss Scudder spoke before the Social Science Club on Chartism in January. On Jan. 31 she gave a lecture on Ruskin at the Prospect Union, Cambridge. The Prospect Union is a club of workingmen, taught by Harvard University instructors and students. Miss Scudder spoke at the Nationalists' Club, Boston, Feb. 7.

Marriages.

GOODRICH--CARTER. At Montclair, N. J., Nov. 14. 1893, Jeannette M. Carter, '81-'83, and Rev. Charles Lyman Goodrich. At home, 214 W. Seventh Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Births.

February, 1894, a daughter, Katherine May, to Mrs. Grace Barker Basford, '86-'87.

Jan. 1, 1894, in Kansas City, a daughter, Dorothy Hathaway, to Mrs. Henriette Cone Marsh, '84.

Deaths.

Died, at her home, West Newton, Mass., on evening of Feb. 24, 1894, Mary L. Houghton, of the Class of Ninety-six.

Whereas, it has been the will of our Heavenly Father to take to Himself our friend and classmate, Mary L. Houghton, be it

Resolved, that we, the Class of Ninety-six, would hereby express our deep sorrow at the loss of her, the first of our number to be taken from us, and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their bereavement; and

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of the privilege of having known a life so pure and beautiful.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY

HELENA DE COU
ANNIE COBB
ELIZABETH HAYNES
} For the Class of Ninety-six.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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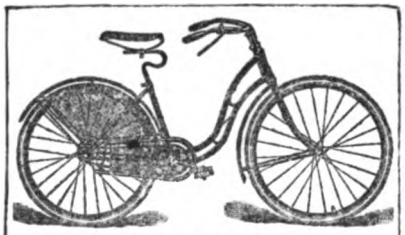

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. II. WELLESLEY, APRIL 14, 1894. No. 7.

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AN INTERPRETATIVE STUDY OF "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

IN poetry, as in every art, each masterpiece embodies some deep and fundamental truth. While it is the very nature of poetic genius to clothe itself in artistic forms, yet beauty of form without depth of significance is never the creation of a true poet.

The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" lays undisputed claim to the rank of a masterpiece. Coleridge's literary career, though as brief and incomplete as it was brilliant, produced in this poem a work of almost supernatural power. Such power cannot lie in the dramatic action alone, strong and free though it is, nor in the startling vividness of description, nor in the marvellous perfection and harmony of the verse. Underlying the allegorical narration is a deeper meaning, which is the animating essence of its power,

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and which is worth earnest effort to interpret. The Mariner's tale is a bit of soul-history, dealing with the gravest problems of humanity, sin, suffering, death, salvation.

The setting of the poem forms an impressive background by contrast:—The wedding guest, about to enter the marriage feast, is unwillingly detained and spellbound by the glittering eye of the seaman; he is constrained to listen to a solemn tale, while the merry din of the banquet greets his ears.

The Mariner tells of a memorable sea-voyage; how his ship stood gallantly out to sea and southward through the tropics, till a tremendous storm carried it away into the southern regions of ice. Into this dreary, lifeless region an albatross comes, and with its coming occurs the splitting of the ice by which the helpless ship is released. The superstitious mariners attribute their good luck to the coming of the bird, and enjoy its companionship as a bird of good omen, as they safely steer northward, until one day the Mariner kills it with his cross-bow. For a time after his act all goes well, but suddenly the breeze drops and the ship lies becalmed. During the hideous drought and plague which follow, his suffering and dying companions fix their eyes in speechless hatred upon the Mariner, about whose neck they have hung the albatross, for they believe that a vengeful spirit is following them because of his transgression. At length he sees the approach of a horrible skeleton-vessel, bearing two figures, Death and Life-in-Death, playing dice for the ship's crew. The crew one by one fall lifeless, leaving the Mariner

> "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea."

Amid this scene of death and corruption, his heart is for a time full of bitterness and despair. At length a happy change takes place within him, when even the slimy creatures about the vessel appear beautiful to him and he blesses them. With the spoken blessing the albatross falls from his neck, refreshing rain comes, the wind rises, the ship moves and speeds onward, until the Mariner finds himself calmly drifting into his own harbor once more.

Throughout the tale the wind is a pervasive and important element. It has often been chosen as a fitting emblem of life by its extreme variety of aspect, by its invisible yet unmistakable power, and by its likeness to the

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breath we draw. It will be interesting to follow this symbolism as a guiding thread, as we study the meaning of the poem in detail.

The Mariner's recital opens with the commencement of the voyage under a gentle wind and bright sunshine. Here is a typical description of pure and mirthful childhood, innocent because untried, buoyant and happy through ignorance of hardship.

> "Merrily did we drop
> Below the kirk, below the hill,
> Below the lighthouse top.
>
> "The sun came up upon the left;
> Out of the sea came he!
> And he shone bright, and on the right
> Went down into the sea."

These stanzas contain no mention of the favoring breeze, and in this they further suggest the careless unconsciousness of early youth. One is already well started on life's voyage before he begins to observe or question the forces that are speeding him onward. But a rude awakening soon comes to the young soul with a shock that tries his utmost strength. The description of the storm strikingly typifies the experience of an undisciplined and passionate youth when overtaken for the first time by a great trial or sorrow.

> "And now the storm-blast came, and he
> Was tyrannous and strong:
> He struck us with his o'ertaking wings,
> And chased us south along.
>
> "With sloping masts and dipping prow,
> As who pursued with yell and blow
> Still treads the shadow of his foe,
> And forward bends his head;
> The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
> And southward aye we fled."

The "mist and snow" into which the blast drives the ship symbolize the intellectual doubt and spiritual suspense through which many an earnest soul passes. There is a time when the world goes "wondrous cold"; when the gigantic forces of nature seem so stern and impenetrable, and the tendencies of the world seem so hopelessly in the direction of inevitable misery and sin, that materialism and fatalism fasten upon the soul with an icy

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clutch, arresting its progress even as the icebergs bind the ship in their embrace. What the soul craves, at such a time, is a token of a divine love as present and overruling amid all this dreariness. Such a token is typified by the coming of the albatross.

> "Through the fog it came;
> As if it had been a Christian soul,
> We hailed it in God's name."

God's love sends cheer and relief to men's hearts by calling forth the exercise of their own out-going sympathy and love. In the giving the blessing comes. While the mariners welcomed and fed the bird,

> "The ice did split with a thunder fit;
> The helmsman steered us through!"

Much cheer and pleasant fellowship are suggested by the next lines:

> "And a good south wind sprung up behind,
> The Albatross did follow,
> And every day, for food or play
> Came to the Mariner's hollo!"

The coming of the south wind expresses an awakening of life such as love always brings. But it is not here such an awakening as transforms the life. It is rather that warmth and sunshine of happiness which is itself a severer test of character than the storm-blast of affliction or the facing of stern life-problems. Prosperity and delight too often cause one to forget whence they flow, and to indulge in careless selfishness as if everything were centering in one's self. This is the unguarded time of temptation and sin. How the heinousness of the Mariner's act is brought out as an anti-climax, rendered yet more startling by the ejaculation of the listener: —

> "'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
> From the fiends that plague thee thus! —
> Why look'st thou so?' —With my cross-bow
> I shot the Albatross."

In the first canto of the poem we have traced a life through its testing times and its wilful sinning against the divine love. The next two cantos depict the consequences of the action in vivid colors. At first, life appears to go on nearly as before;

> "The good south wind still blew behind,"

though

> "no sweet bird did follow."

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His comrades, like a stricken conscience, upbraid the Mariner, and predict evil results.

> "Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
> That made the breeze to blow."

But when the sun rises more clear than before, these monitors condone the crime, just as a troubled conscience becomes easy and hardened under apparent prosperity.

> "'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
> That bring the fog and mist.'"

The sudden transition in the next two stanzas, from the fair breeze to the dead calm, forcibly signifies how closely the supreme elation that comes from seeming triumph in wrong doing is followed by the horror of death in the soul.

> "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
> The furrow followed free";

when suddenly

> "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be";

Nothing could more vividly portray the silent mockery and the vile corruption of death, the natural outcome of sin, than this description of a becalmed sea: "the hot and copper sky," "the bloody sun,"

> "No bigger than the moon";

and the "silence of the sea," where the Mariner relates,

> "Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.

> "Water, water, everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink.
> The very deep did rot; O, Christ,
> That this should ever be!"

Notice that the ending of each canto has for its burden the shooting of the albatross. The first one closes with the sinful act. The second ends with the remorse of the guilty one.

> "Ah! well a day! what evil looks
> Had I from old and young!

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Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

The mysterious horror of the spectre-bark with its ghastly crew, described in the third canto, almost baffles an attempt at interpretation. It represents the profound suspense of a soul hanging in the balance between spiritual life and death. The slow, breathless inevitableness of the approach of the phantom ship, while one can almost hear the heart-beats of the helpless waiting crew; the game of dice between Death and Life-in-Death, as if soul-destiny were a thing of chance; the death of the Mariner's comrades; all these, while they take so strong a hold upon the imagination, render the reader as mute as the Mariner represents himself to be.

It is a relief to pass on to the fourth canto, for it finds the soul of the Mariner keenly alive, though that life is first evinced by suffering. It marks a wonderful transition from the agony of remorse to the tenderness and joy of love in the heart.

"I closed my lids and kept them closed,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

Here is only the helplessness of remorse. But as in the soft light of the moon the Mariner watches the water-elfs which had appeared so hideous to him under the copper sky, he feels the spirit of love springing up within him, making even these creatures seem beautiful to him.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare!
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware."

The entrance of the divine life into a soul is sure to reveal itself in a universal love for God's creatures. Notice the unconsciousness of effort implied in the word "unaware." That love which is salvation springs up in the heart as a free and spontaneous gift from its divine source, when the heart has given it access. It is then that the soul can pray, and the load of guilt falls off. This is beautifully expressed by the closing stanzas of the canto, where the albatross is again mentioned, but this time with a note of joy.

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"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

The gentle, refreshing rain and the rising wind, as described in the opening of the fifth canto, are exceedingly suggestive of the awakening spiritual life, and the penitence which unfailingly accompanies that awakening. One can feel in the purifying and renewing elements of outward nature, a perfect type of those which produce a like change within. The following lines most beautifully express this: —

"The coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud:
The moon was at its edge."

The little touch of the moonbeam is very real; it is like the calm sweetness of forgiveness that is unfailingly felt, shining through the tears of repentance.

Now listen to the sweet harmony of this hidden, mysterious life: —

"Still the sails made on . . .
A voice like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

It illustrates the childlikeness of the new life, recalling scenes of the earliest years. For it had been a long time since the Mariner had wandered through the "sleeping woods." To him, in this new ecstacy of living, the air seems full of glad music; sometimes he hears the skylark sing,

"Sometimes all little birds that are."

"And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

We must notice, at this stage in the poem, the transition from the "roaring wind" to the gentle sailing of the vessel without a breeze.

"We quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath."

The meaning of this change is suggested by the hint contained in the last

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line quoted, of a power both unseen and unheard. It is referred to more clearly in the next stanza: —

> "Nine fathom deep, . . .
> The spirit slid, and it was he
> That made the ship to go."

The description suggests the unsearchableness, the deep mysteriousness of God's omnipresence. Invisible, unfathomable, he is past finding out. His power and love alone are felt. The wind is only the symbol of His power. The life that is hidden with God lives on quietly without need of any outward manifestation of its source, just as the ship is borne onward by this invisible spirit of the sea. Yet even to a soul thus relying upon God, comes many a testing time before his life-discipline is over. He is liable to undergo such a desperate encounter with his old enemy, sin, in some form or other, as is graphically symbolized by the sudden stopping of the ship at mid-day.

> "The sun, right up above the mast,
> Had fixed her to the ocean;
> But in a moment she 'gan stir,
> With a short, uneasy motion —
> Backwards and forwards half her length
> With a short, uneasy motion."

Nothing could better describe the struggle of a wavering soul. The "sudden bound" forward is like the leap that faith makes toward the Infinite Strength. Nor is the soul yet utterly free from pain and regret. Once more in the calm night-watch, the Mariner is forced to face the consequences of his sin.

> "'Twas night, calm night; the moon was high;
> The dead men stood together.
>
> "The pang, the curse, with which they died
> Had never passed away:
> I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
> Nor turn them up to pray."

Yet, "The spell was snapped." The pain and fear are but deep shadows to render more joyous the blessed reality to come.

> "Soon there breathed a wind on me,
> Nor sound nor motion made."

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Sweeter than a mother's smile or kiss is the caress one feels in the stanza: —

> "It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
> Like a meadow-gale of spring —
> It mingled strangely with my fears,
> Yet it felt like a welcoming."

Precious is the home-coming of the homesick soul; and 'tis possible only through the death of the divine, inspired in the inmost being.

> "Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
> Yet she sailed softly too.
> Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,
> On me alone it blew."
>
> "Oh! dream of joy! . . .
> Is this mine own countree?" . . .
>
> "Oh, let me be awake, my God!
> Or let me sleep alway."

Perhaps the complete entrance into the Spiritual will be the awakening from a present which is in comparison but a dream. Sure it is that, whether dream or not, the human soul must pass through this in order to learn that life is love, and love is life.

CHARLOTTE E. CHESTER, '93.

AT SEA.

So many eves the sun must sink within
The westward plain of shoreless, homeless sea;
So many morns, as if from heaven to heaven,
From out the widening water in the east
The sun must rise; so many summer days
Full in the face of the unveilèd sky,
The ship must float, till even the strongest gull,
Deserting, wheels to track a land-bound sail.
So many days! Yet there shall come a day —
Some golden holy August afternoon —
When, tired of sea at eve and sea at morn,
The sun shall droop like a contented child,
And sleep among the cradling hills of home.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

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THE NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

SETTLEMENT life may have as many and as varied interpretations as it has workers, who have entered into it. For each individual it has a new revelation; each worker must discover for herself the best methods and avenues for her activity, must find her own level of usefulness, and out of the abundance of her experiences must evolve for herself the principles that seemingly underlie the work. Beyond this there are no fixed methods, no unvarying principles; it is the work of personality upon personality, and as such is myriad-sided and without restrictions. More truly than in any other line of activity, does the power and influence of a settlement depend upon the power and influence of the individual residents; and since the workers of a settlement are subject to such constant change, this is a consideration that must never be lost sight of, in estimating the possibilities of the work. It is a work that belongs to the solitudes of life, and has no affinity or fitness for press or platform, for in talking or writing of its methods of reaching the neighborhood, its chosen lines of activity, one is touching merely on external things, the outer garment of a settlement, underneath is always the pulsing, ardent life, the spirit of the movement, which is often so individual, so private, so intertwined with personal sorrows and joys, that any public record that is to go beyond external things grows impossible. It is truly a work that can be comprehended from the inside alone, and often, then, only as through a glass darkly.

Each new settlement, as it is founded, must meet and solve the problems that present themselves in its own locality; each one must evolve its own methods of surmounting the difficulties and gaining a hold upon the life of the neighborhood. Hence the lines of activity may differ largely under different conditions, and there is often little room for questioning what is the best or strongest thing to do, but only what is the possible thing.

The neighborhood of the Rivington Street Settlement is a difficult one to deal with, and each year bids fair to increase its difficulties. When the settlement was established, there was a large element of Germans in the surrounding population, but during the last few years these have been in great part driven out before the influx of Russian and Polish Jews. The

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Jew, crushed by long oppression, rendered suspicious and grasping by a well-nigh fruitless struggle for existence, with little comprehension of the institutions and doctrines of a free land, is capable of being reached only through the simplest, most painstaking methods. This has caused the activity of the settlement to find expression largely along the lines of simple personal friendship. The needs of the neighborhood demanded this primarily, and it is in this way that we believe the settlement does, and will always, find her best usefulness. To-day she stands as the centre of social life in a neighborhood where poverty and struggle were destroying the possibility of pure, helpful social intercourse, and she is the exponent of thoughtful, helpful, sympathetic friendship to many lives in which sympathy and friendship were never wanting, but whose opportunities for receiving or rendering wise service were destroyed by poverty and ignorance.

This mother-settlement is still working along the lines chosen in those first days when settlement work in America was an experiment; she is striving to extend her influence through club work. The success of this method of work is unquestionable; it brings the settlement in contact with many of the neighbors, and allows her influence to extend over a wider field than would otherwise be possible, and at the same time, it leaves room for each worker to select and know most intimately the lives that she can touch with the greatest force, and to direct the work with individuals along the lines that seem wisest to her.

The clubs aim to keep the boys in touch with current events, to arouse and foster in them an interest in all that has to do with the welfare of their city, and to furnish them with purer, more self-controlled social enjoyments than the neighborhood affords elsewhere. For the girls and women every effort is embraced to interest and instruct them in housewifely arts and in all that can bring refinement and a more wholesome atmosphere into their homes; for we believe that much of the evil and the hardship of tenement-house life is due to the lack of training of the wives and mothers.

The work with the children is carried on to a large extent, for it is through the education and training of these little ones, who are to be the future voters in our ward, and the future mothers in the tenement-house homes, that we can hope at all for the salvation of East New York. We try to fire the little Russian emigrant with patriotic love for the country to

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which he has come, and it is no difficult task, for his highest ambition is to be a true American, and this is always the land of his dreams, at first, and often his loyalty is not crushed or clouded, even by the filth and gloom and squalor of lower New York. Through song and story and precept, we strive to make our boys realize that they are a very part of the new world life, and that the welfare of their city and country is, in a measure, dependent upon them. When we organized them into a "Clean City League," and sent them through the tenement-house districts to distribute tracts appealing to the people to give personal care to the cleanliness of the houses and streets, their eagerness in the work proved that they had imbibed something of the spirit that should animate every true American citizen.

The settlement has made all possible effort to put herself in touch with the existing institutions and interest of the community, believing that her best service to the neighborhood will be given through fostering and developing the germs of good lying dormant there, rather than through the introduction of new material from the outside. Her co-operation with the public schools, through the teachers and principals, has been a most successful effort in this direction. During the winter, a club of teachers met every week in the settlement parlors. Part of the afternoon was spent in a social tea-drinking, part in the hearing of delightful courses of lectures on literature and art. The friendly relation between the teachers and residents which grew out of this club, was often of valuable assistance in the settlement work, while for the teachers the intellectual enjoyment was a real inspiration and refreshment, after the too often dull, mechanical day's effort in the overcrowded schoolroom.

This year of unusual distress demanded that much of the energy of the settlement should spend itself in the attempt to comprehend and meet in the most adequate way the problem of the unemployed.

Living in the midst of the working-people, it was easy to predict very early in the fall the on-coming distress, and when it was upon us, we understood its full bitterness, so the settlement gladly co-operated with other organizations and individuals interested in planning and carrying on relief work through street-sweeping and tailor-shops. Though such work can never be above just criticism, though its weaknesses are self-evident, the effort for relief in New York was carefully planned and superintended, and

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the settlement feels that her share in the work has been most satisfactory, and will in after years broaden and increase her influence in many ways. It has demonstrated to labor organizations and unions that the settlement workers are not only willing, but ready, always, to spend their strength and influence in behalf of the laboring classes, that her interest and sympathy is with them, and that she stands, not for charity, but for justice and liberty.

It is never easy for a settlement to point any definite outcome of the year's effort, for the results of the work are slow to manifest themselves, and any progress is made by almost imperceptible stages. But in this very fact lies the great hope for the future of the movement. Because the nature of the work demands that any change it produces must come along the lines of natural development, must be the result of a wholesome, unforced growth, it is possible to have faith in the permanency of the effect produced by settlement work, to believe that the change is not superficial, but is so unified with the life of the community and people, that there is no room to doubt its reality.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

We are His! cry the Children of the Kingdom,
For we stand before His altars all the day,
With uplifted eyes we search the far-away;
With still folded hands we bow our heads to pray.

Know ye not, oh, careless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye walk upon your mountain summits high,
With your glad eyes upward turned to God's blue sky,
That your brothers down below in darkness lie?

Know ye not, oh, heedless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye lift your hearts to Heaven in peaceful prayer,
That your words, which fall so softly on the air,
Are deep drowned by cries of terror and despair?

Know ye not, oh, thoughtless Children of the Kingdom,
As ye plan the means and measures for the morrow,
That in your Father's garden dark clouds lower,
And His lilies droop their heads in shame and sorrow?

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Hear ye yot, oh, selfish Children of the Kingdom,
As ye stand upon the mountain glad and free,
That the keynote of the World's sad melody
Is the hopelessness of utter misery?

Hear ye not, oh, cruel Children of the Kingdom,
How the World's great heart is throbbing with its woe;
How the waves of trouble, surging to and fro,
All the lowlands, far beneath you, overflow?

If ye call yourselves the Children of the Kingdom,
Leave your mountains for the lowly paths He sought;
If ye would not make His love an empty thought
Turn ye and learn the creed your Master taught.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

GREGORIO.

IT was Guadaloupe Day in Old Mexico. When Gregorio entered the city, in the early morning, all had been fresh and bright. The houses by the way were in festal dress. Lace curtains draped the outside of the iron window-bars; crucifixes were placed over doors, artificial wreaths and paper lanterns adorned bare spaces. The city streets were thronged with men and women eager to do honor to Mexico's patron saint. Venders of pulque, tortillas, mescal did a thriving business.

Gregorio had passed in and out among the gaily dressed crowd until he reached the church in the "pueblo," the Indian settlement, where were the dances, relics of old Aztec ceremonies. He watched the dancers, waving huge feather fans, and shifting from one foot to the other in rhythmic motion, slowly circle round the many-colored pole, surmounted with its crown of flowers and crucifix. The music was weird and monotonous. The Indians went through all sorts of fantastic figures, weaving in and out. The boy, wearied at length, entered the church. And now the day was over, he was hurrying from the city gates. This was the day he had tried to comprehend when his grandfather, the sacristan of the old mountain church, had told him the story of the saint, Our Lady of Guadaloupe.

As the days went by, Gregorio dreamed and hoped that he might have a vision of Our Beautiful Lady. This hope never entirely left him. At play

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with the children he sometimes forgot it, but when he turned back to the gray stone walls the idea returned. Part of the church was a fine old ruin, with two arches vaulting the nave, and to see her coming majestically and passing under these arches, was one of his most deeply cherished hopes. Sometimes he went through the underground passage with its damp cells, where the stone is worn by chains and, kneeling, pictured his Saint, standing at the end of the passage, revealed by a halo of light. These dreams grew in the boy's soul as he watched the sun rise over the dark pines and set beyond the clear lake, or when he climbed the towers and looked into the valley that lay below.

"What did Our Lady love?" and the old sacristan answered, "Clean hands and a pure heart." The boy pondered, his heart was pure. It was filled with an image of her and she was all purity and love. It was she who took care of all the country and protected his grandfather and him.

In the neatly swept patio of the sacristan's house was a grotto to the Virgin, and Gregorio had so far shared his longing with the children that they played round this grotto in awed whispers, for Gregorio said she might appear there.

The springtime came. One glad May morning the child awoke suddenly. There was a wonderful peal of music from the church. He hastened across the patio, entered the church, the music swelling until it fairly shook the old stone towers. Slowly, with his eyes fixed on the organ-loft, Gregorio crept toward the rugged stone, spiral stairway. The place was full of light. A shimmering rosy glow fell upon the organ, and there she was. Her face was upraised, her fair golden hair gleamed in the slanting beams of light. A blue robe fell from her shoulders to the floor. Her hands pressed the keys and they answered. The music was now deep, passionate, full of excitement, and now sweet, low, joyful. The air was laden with the strange, wonderful sound. To the boy's excited fancy, airy, singing shapes floated all about him — and her. The rosy light deepened and crimsoned as it fell through the dark old panes. "The miracle, the miracle!" he cried. The music stopped, the beautiful head fell upon the keys and his strained ear caught the low-spoken words, "Mexico, Mexico,— you poor, poor country!" Rapt, breathless, exhausted, he waited the vision to fade. Kneeling, he hid his face. Steps sounded on the stone stair and across the

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nave. When he rose the church was empty. He crept up into the place where she had been. Two white roses lay at his feet. It was where her tears had fallen, he said. In an ecstacy of joy and reverence he took them tenderly. He sank into the heavy oak arm-chair before the organ, his eyes fell on the open rubric with its great square notes. Here was the way into a new world, and he would learn the way. When he left the church the children saw him lay a rose in the grotto to the Virgin, but they forgot their wonted awe in their haste to tell him of the party that had just left the old monastery. "Look, there they were, even now, disappearing. They stopped to rest as they climbed the mountain." The children clamored for his attention. "See, the ladies had distributed pennies among them." Gregorio listened as one asleep and the children ran away.

Years passed and the boy grew to young manhood. The organ-loft was his dear retreat. The old rubric was learned by heart. Often in the early morning the children were waked by the music in the church. "It is Gregorio again," and they turned away unheeding. He became more and more separated from his childhood's friends. He rarely joined them in their pet amusements. They looked at him strangely, turned to each other and said, "There is a bull-fight in the hacienda to-day, but Gregorio will not go with us. He never sees the bull-fights now. He says they are nasty, disgusting spectacles!"

An old priest was Gregorio's friend. He taught the boy all he knew in books and music. At this time the church was cared for by a new sacristan. The grandfather was dead and Gregorio went down into the city and lived with the priest in the convent. The free life in the mountain was gone. The snowy mountain tops could be seen beyond the city gates, but the mists over the lake at nightfall, the haze that hung above the pines, the old monastery in the moonlight, all were part of that dear dream-life, when he had believed the beautiful tourist was a vision vouchsafed to him, of Mexico's saint. With unreasoning devotion he had lived in music. The wind among the pines, the ripple of waters, the singing of birds, entered into his inmost being and found expression when he shut himself up with the organ. Throughout his childhood Gregorio had earnestly believed that when Our Lady of Guadaloupe revealed herself to him she pointed out the life he was to follow. His love for music increased as he grew, music was his

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very life. But the days and months and years in the city brought a second revelation. He was rudely awakened from his dream world. The pink and blue and purple-tinted mountain-tops faded before the daily sights in the city streets. The old women in the market-place, squatting on the cobble-stones, with their peppers and nuts displayed on the ground, never failed to send him away with sorrow. The sordidness and gruesomeness of the city life would not let the sweet music grow in his soul. Day after day he entered the convent church and sat in silence before the great dumb organ. The vail of beauty had been rent, his own "soul's iris-bow" had faded.

As he sat one day in the corner of a high stone bench, near a fountain in the plaza, dreamily watching the distant hills, the longing and unrest of his soul was stilled. The cool splashing of the water and the flutter of wings in the treetops fell on his ear. The large, carelessly kept grove, too, was refreshing after the monotonous lime-washed walls and cobble-stones. Dark-eyed women came gliding down one of the paths toward the fountain; as they lifted their water-jars on their heads how graceful and beautiful they were,— but their bright-colored rebozos, falling back, revealed their ragged and scanty clothes. Two young women and a toddling child followed. It was easy, even for him, to see which was the mother, for what but mother-love could so light up the hopeless eyes and so soften the features when the baby stroked her hair. The dirty, wretched mother and her dirtier companion lighted their cigarettes and moved on. Then came a group of school-boys. How quiet they were, none of the freedom Gregorio had known was here. There was no running or jumping or scuffling. With listless, indifferent steps they crossed the flagging, and one by one stooped to drink where the water trickled from a hole in the fountain. It seemed a splendid chance for a grand "rough and tumble," but the city was subdued, oppressed, passive, long-suffering, even to the children in the streets. Poor Mexico!

Gregorio hastened back to the convent. He seated himself before the organ, pulled the stops, and poured forth his whole passion and desperate longing. Turning he saw some loose sheets; mechanically he placed them on the music-rack. When he had read them through, involuntarily he echoed the cry he had heard in childhood, "O, Mexico, Mexico!" It was

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the same music she had played, and this was the conclusion of her message. The empty days of his city life seemed lost. Here was a new motif. He turned and played again. People passing stopped. "It is Don Gregorio, henceforth he is to play the Cathedral organ." An old man stranger entered the church and listened.

Don Gregorio came to be well known throughout all the city streets. The children were merrier when with him; the women looked more hopeful; men met with him frequently to lay schemes for Mexico's emancipation.

Again it was Guadaloupe Day, and how differently all the scenes impressed Gregorio now. How hollow and tawdry and vicious and degrading were the celebrations sanctioned by the Mexican people. As when a child, he moved in and out among the gay throng. Again he entered the church in the "pueblo," and watched the sun fall down through the arches in bright patches on the tile floor. The dull peal of the organ was in his ears and the sound of chanted litanies. Wearied and sad he left it all. When he entered his little room in the convent, there were waiting him two sealed communications. One was from the stranger who had heard his music. It proposed that Don Gregorio leave Mexico, study a little longer, and then play the organ in one of the royal chapels of Europe. The thought of a return to his music world overpowered him. Mechanically he took up the second letter. It came from one of the men he had taught, and told of the principal candidate in the coming election for governor of a small adjoining state. The character of the candidate was well known; he was cruel and unprincipled, unjust, evil. The letter begged Gregorio to work to defeat the election. Struggle and conflict raged in the musician's soul until the Cathedral clock tolled midnight. The city gates were open and Gregorio fled through the narrow streets and out into the valley, then climbed toward his old mountain home. How beautiful his Mexico was! Tall eucalyptus trees swayed in the night wind, the mountains loomed in the distance, lofty, majestic, calm. There was little spontaneous life in this beautiful country, but its soul had yet to be awakened.

The orange light of the morning was creeping over the gray-blue sky before he reached the old monastery. He crossed the garden all dewey and sweet with camellias and roses and lilies and the undergrowth of heliotrope and violets. He did not stop until he reached the organ-loft, sank into the

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great oak chair and sent peal after peal of broken melodies through the old church. The conflict in his soul was cruel. There had been the dream-world of music, then came the work-world of people, and this was lightened and cheered by his art. Now were they to separate? He could return to the world peopled with shapes of sound.

Unconsciously he began to play the help-music of his life, the music played by his childhood's saint. It was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Gregorio's soul struggled with the struggling music. When the music stopped he cried, "Poor Mexico, my poor country — my music — and thee!"

MAUDE RYLAND KELLER.

"AUNT AMY."

"AUNT TISH, tell me a story. I am so tired of wandering about this great house with nothing to do."

"Go 'long out o' dis kitchen, chile. I ain't got time fur no sto'ies."

"Oh! please, I am so lonesome." The speaker was a tall, dark girl whose every motion betrayed the restless, impulsive spirit caged within. She addressed a very black, smiling old negro woman, who bustled about an immaculate kitchen.

Aunt Letitia, better known as "Aunt Tish," was one of the few servants who had remained with Dr. Grey's family after the negroes were freed. She had never lived anywhere else, and now, as she expressed it, she "warn't gwine 'way an' leave dem white chilen o' hern to git along de bes' way dey could," so, true, faithful old soul, she stayed on at the "big house," and reigned supreme over kitchen and dining-room. The whole family loved "Aunt Tish," but none, perhaps, so much as this restless, petted, beautiful child — for eighteen years had not made her more than a child — who now begged for a story to break the monotony of a long, winter afternoon.

"Well, honey," the old woman began, as she adjusted her red bandanna on her head, and rolled her sleeves a little higher, "ef you's lonesome, I reckin I'll have to tell you one dis time. You jes' set down dere by de fiah, an' I'll tell you a sto'y while I mix up de dough fur de bisc'it.

"'Foah de waah, you know, I wuz cook fur yo' gran'pa Grey; an' yo' pa, an' Uncle George, an' Aunt Sarah, an' Aunt Amy, dey wuz all de bes',

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sweetes' white chilen I uver seed. Lord, I jes' love dem chilen, honey, same's I love you now, an' dey wuz powerful fon' o' me. Yo' Aunt Amy, you know, wuz de younges' of 'em, an' she wuz de purties' gal. Look mos' like you do now, Miss Virginia. She wuz 'bout nineteen years ole when de waah broke out, I reckin, an' de mos' pop'lar gal in de country. Dey use' to hev de bes' times heah. Comp'ny all de time. It jes' kep' ole Tish busy a-cookin' an' a-makin' good t'ings fur dem boys an' gals. De ole po'ch use' to ring wid de singin' an' de laughin', an' 't 'pears like to me you could allers heah yo' Aunt Amy's voice jes' like sparklin' water.

"Ev'y day, dey use' to take hoss-back rides, an' de warn't nobody could beat Miss Amy ridin'. Ole Jedge Grey, he got her de purties' little black hoss, an' pears like it jes' suit her, wid her big, black, dancin' eyes, an' her rosy cheeks, an' her black, fluffy hair. All de young men use' to want to ride wid her; but she ain't carin' which one 'tis, jes' so she got her Beauty — dat what she call her black hoss.

"At night-times, dey all come back to de big house, an' dance, an' sing, an' set out in de yard under de trees. Dem wuz de bes' ole times, honey! An' yo' Aunt Amy, jes' like you, on'y she laugh an' sing mo'.

"Well, by'mby, a big, dark man tuk ter comin' heah a lot. Mr. Carter wuz his name. He t'ink mighty heap o' Miss Amy, an' bring her heap o' purty t'ings; but ole Marse don' like Mr. Carter; 'pears like he rubbed 'im de wrong way.

"So, when de waah broke out, old Marse, he went off, co'se, an' Mr. Car, ter, he went, too. Ev'ry oncet in a while, he 'ud come back, an' Miss Amy she jes' chirk right up, an' look so purty! When ole Marse 'ud come home an' find dat Mr. Carter heah, he jes' look dark, an' me an' Silas, we shakes our heads an' sez, 'De ain't no good in dat Carter man.'

"One day, Miss Amy, she come out in de kitchen, an' her big eyes wuz all full o' teahs. 'Lor'! what's de mattah wid my purty chile?' sez I; an' she sez, her voice all shakin', 'Aunt Tish,' sez she, 'I want to tell you somethin'. Papa tole me, las' night, he didn't like Jack,'— dat Carter man's name, you know — 'an' he sez he bin to town to fin' out what kin' o' man he is, an' he ain't de man he wants me to go wid. He sez he gambles,' she sez, her voice jes' tremblin', 'an' dat he's in debt.'

"I jes' put my ahm roun' her neck, an' lay her head on my shoul'er, an'

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she cry like her little heart mos' broke. I jes' say, 'Honey, yo' pa knows bes'. Ole Marse ain't gwine do nothin' wrong, an' you jes' trus' him.'

"She say she gwine to trus' him, an' arter a while she gits quiet, an' goes back in de house.

"Not long arter dat, ole Marse come home one night, all mud an' dirt, an' ole Missis, she run out 'n de yard a-cryin'. Ole Marse, he tuk Missis, an' dey go in de house togedder. Arter a while, I see Marse an' Miss Amy goin' in de parlor. Arter a long time, Marse come out de house all clean 'gain. He tuk yo' Aunt Sarah an' den yo' Aunt Amy in his ahms, an' kiss 'em, an' den he tuk ole Missis, an' den he gits on his hoss an' sez, 'Silas'—Silas done ben a-holdin' de hoss—'Silas,' sez he, 'be good to 'em all. Don' you nuver leave 'em!' An' he rode dashin' away, down de avenue.

"Silas he come down to de kitchin, an' say, 'Tish, Marse's regiment'—ole Marse he wuz a cunnel den—'Marse's regiment done ben ordered off frum heah. De Yankees is hot arter 'em; an' old Marse he come home fur to tell Missis.'

"In a minute, Miss Amy come into de kitchin, jes' a-sobbin' an' a-sobbin'. She tell me how her pa tole 'em all good-by, an' den she sez, 'Aunt Tish, I promised 'im nuver to marry Jack widout his consent, an' he sez he gwine t'ink 'bout it, an' do his bes' to like 'im an' make a man uv 'im.'

"Miss Virginia, I nuver see nobody cry an' carry on so, an' she say she don' want her ma to see her, caze it make her feel so bad. I said ev'yt'ing I knowed to pac'fy her, but 'twarn't no use. Arter a long time, she stopped cryin', an' went up in de house like my blessed chile, to comfoaht her ma.

"We didn't sleep much dat night. All night, detachmunts, an' messengers, an' scouts wuz a-flyin' by, an' not fur from heah, you could see de smoke frum de Yankee encampmunt. It wuz awful. I nuver see Missis look so ole an' white. But arter a long time, de day come, an' we all tried to furgit t'ings by wu'kin' hard. Miss Amy she jes' kep' by her ma like she wuz her shader, an' she might 'a' ben a shader frum her looks.

"'Bout seven 'clock dat evenin', jes' as de dusk wuz cumin' on, Silas he come runnin' roun' to de kitchin, an' sez, 'Tish, come heah!' Dat all he sez, but Lor', I wuz skeered! We run out, down de driveway a piecet, an' we see, yes, sir, we see a-comin' in de big gate a covered wagin, an' ole Roney wid Marse's saddle on him, walkin' 'long behin'. 'Good Lor', Silas,'

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sez I, 'it'll kill Missis.' 'No 'twon't,' sez Si, an' he tu'n roun' an' walk up to de house.

"Miss Amy she come a-runnin' out to de fron' doah, an' I jes' th'ew my aprin up over my head an' cry like a baby.

"Is it papa, Uncle Silas?" she sez, awful soft an' slow like.

"'Yes, Miss Amy,' sez Si.

"She run in right quick. Dey tuk ole Marse out o' de wagin, an' Silas he he'p 'em ca'hy 'im into de parlor. I seen Miss Amy an' Miss Sarah come down de stairs wid ole Missis, an' I jes' run roun' to de kitchin, an' shet de doah, an' cry like my heart wuz broke.

"Well, dem wuz the wust times I uver see. Dey wuz all jes' heart-broke, all my sweet chilen an' Missis, too. Dey buried ole Marse, an' not long arter, yo' pa come home to stay wid 'em all. He wuz too sick to stay in de ahmy any mo'; an' Miss Amy she jes' git whiter an' whiter; an' she nuver laugh an' sing no mo'. 'Pears like she wuz a purty flower, fadin' ez de autumn come on.

"One day, 'bout a month arter ole Marse come home to stay allers, de doah-bell rung, an' ez mos' all de niggahs wuz gone den, I went up frum de kitchin to go to de doah, but young Marse done got dere fust, an' I heah 'im step to de parlor doah an' say, 'Amy, Cap'n Cahter wishes ter see you,' mighty stiff-like.

"Miss Amy she come out, white's a ghost. I nuver know why dat man don' come in, but Miss Amy she jes' sez, 'Mr. Cahter, I promised my father nuver ter marry you widout his consent, an' he can't nuver give it now.' She tu'n roun' an' th'ew her purty face in her little white han's; an' dat han'some man — fur he wuz han'some — jes' sez, 'Noble woman, you'se wu'thy that brave father,' an' he tu'n roun' an' mount his hoss.

"I couldn't see my chile cry like dat, so I jes' picks her up in dese two ahms an' ca'hy her in to ole Missis, an' leave dem two togedder."

A few chords from a piano sounded, and then a sweet voice rang out, coming even to the kitchen. And as "Aunt Amy" sang, the beautiful girl buried her face in her own white hands, and the faithful old slave, with her apron thrown over her head, rocked back and forth in her chair.

AGNES L. CALDWELL.

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SONNET.

Through star-lit nights and music's mystic dreams,
  In the sweet breath of wan flowers, as they lie
  Surrendered meekly to the parchèd sky
Of summer noons, a subtly sweet voice seems
To speak to my mute soul and bid the beams
  Of beauty, stored from glorious hours past by,
  Shine forth to that dim world which would deny
All hidden light, and silence dullness deems.
When all out-reaching, eager for some way
  To loose the light imprisoned, throbs the soul,
  But baffled, half retreats, as backward roll
    The thwarted tides when at the full. Words fail,
    And music's woof I weave to no avail;
In unskilled hands, clay is but formless clay.

S. B.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

[By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.]

ALTHOUGH the interesting and important events of the life of Louise, Countess of Albany, have long since been worn threadbare by historian and biographer, this little book of Vernon Lee's has a peculiar interest. It unites, as the author herself says, "the names and memories of a German princess, of an Italian poet, and of the last descendant of the most unfortunate kingly line of modern times." The book is of special value in that it throws light upon a vital part of the countess's history — upon a part which her other biographers have been content to pass by almost unnoticed — namely, her connection with Alfieri. Vernon Lee, during the years of her residence in Florence, had access not only to some valuable letters and papers of the Countess of Albany, but also to letters of Alfieri, hitherto unpublished. These documents afforded an insight into the character of both Alfieri and the countess, and added an important amount of detail before unattainable. The author has aimed, therefore, not so much to repeat in a new form facts already known, as to show, in a new light, the character of the Countess of Albany and her relations to Alfieri. As these opinions have never before appeared in print, a greater part of this review shall be

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devoted to an outline of the character of the countess as it is set forth in this new biography.

We are introduced to Louise, Princess of Stolburg-Gedern, as a beautiful, high-born, worldly, thoughtless girl of twenty, just married by proxy to Charles Edward Stuart, the man known to history as the younger Pretender, and to society, in the eighteenth century, as the Count of Albany. With an image in her romantic mind of the brilliant, gallant, "bonny Prince Charlie" of "the 45," the princess had come in 1772 to Rome. Dazzled by the thought of her brilliant marriage, by the idea that she was "going to be queen," the convent-educated girl was wholly ignorant that she had been sold by her ambitious mother to a man who indeed called himself King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, but whose "royal-souled nature" had been blighted and made hideous by selfishness, dissipation, and indulgence in every kind of vice. How soon Charles Edward allowed her to see his true character, we do not know. Vernon Lee herself says, "It is quite impossible to tell the precise moment at which began what Horace Mann called 'the Countess of Albany's martyrdom.' No one can say when Louise d'Albany, hitherto apparently so childish, became a woman with the first terrible suspicion of the nature of her bondage. Certain it is that the count, two years after his marriage, had acquired, both in Florence and Rome, a dreadful notoriety for drunkenness and debauchery. We know that gross and violent language and even blows became a part of the life of the once happy, careless girl.

But all accounts show her to have been virtuous and patient and faithful, a marvel in the corrupt Florence of the corrupt eighteenth century. Indeed, much as her subsequent life proved her to be a woman *of* the eighteenth century and not *above* it, Louise d'Albany was a woman rare at all times, but rarest in her own. From the indifferent, light-hearted girl, somewhat deficient in sensitiveness, she became, in the period of her wedded slavery, a woman of cold temperament, serious, solemn and intellectual. Safe in the routine of duty and consoled by her books and mathematical problems, almost indifferent, certainly virtuous, she led a passive existence by the side of her jealous, brutal, drunken husband, never envying, for an instant, other women their inane lovers, their unwholesome lives. Thus Vernon Lee, in the light of the newly discovered manuscripts, has conceived the

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character of Louise, Countess of Albany — a creature intellectual and virtuous but only half awake — wholly different from the other women of her time.

Such a woman was well calculated to arouse, first the curiosity, then the interest, and last the love of such a man as Count Vittorio Alfieri. Morbid, pessimistic and egotistical, he was a man who, having passed a vacant, dreary childhood and spent his youth in shameful intrigues and passions for worthless women, had awakened with an immoderate ambition to become famous. Vernon Lee calls "this attempt to liberate himself from the bonds of worldly vanity and unworthy love," "the turning point in the life of Alfieri." And so it was. With his characteristic vanity he conceived the vague notion that he was born to arouse, through his literary works, his fellow countrymen to his own contempt of sensual pleasure and his own hatred of political and religious servitude. At this time he became acquainted with the Countess of Albany, and realized in her a woman superior to the shameless, unfaithful wives and heartless, vain coquettes whom he had known. He saw in her one with whom he could discuss his literary ambitions — one from whom he could receive the sympathy and encouragement so necessary to his success — one to whom he could look as his ideal. This man, in the hey-day of his youth and energy and independence, Vernon Lee now contrasts with Charles Edward, "the degraded, jealous brute," and in this contrast finds an excuse, almost a reason, for Louise d'Albany's subsequent relations with Alfieri. The countess finds in Alfieri, as he in her, that satisfaction of her intellectual cravings, which in a nature and situation like hers must have been absolutely necessary. Thus this intellectual passion, this strange mixture of love and friendship, grew out of a necessity, a great want in the nature of each, and was as pure as it was incurable.

During the months in which these feelings developed, the domestic relation of the Countess and Count of Albany had been growing daily more unbearable to the tortured wife. They resulted finally in 1780 in her separation from her husband. The author takes particular pains here to emphasize the point that this separation was the result, not of the countess's love for Alfieri, but of the treatment she received at the hands of her husband. The countess fled to Rome, where she was received by her brother-in-law, Cardinal York. Alfieri, unable, it seems, to carry on his work without her

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influence, followed and continued to be in Rome as in Florence "her incomparable friend (expression then in vogue)."

The remainder of the sketch is taken up with a degree of detail concerning the countess's later years, her travels in company with Alfieri, and the friends with whom she then corresponded. This cannot be considered vital to the main subject, except as it treats of her relations to Alfieri. In this connection it consists mainly of the narration of facts to uphold and emphasize the main idea of the book — namely, that the relation of Louise d'Albany to Alfieri, although illegitimate, does not deserve the severe criticism hitherto received.

Notwithstanding the newness and possible flaws in this opinion, it is in this book well supported. When the reader has pursued to the end this interesting biography of an interesting woman — when he has followed the development, as set forth in it, of the two strange characters so strangely connected — when he has seen how the two long-suppressed, solitary lives, with their contempt for all baser loves, were drawn irresistibly together, he will be ready to admit that Vernon Lee is right,— their connections were excusable, even justifiable.

MARGARETTE PURINGTON.

YEA, VERILY.

ONCE, in that vague "long ago," that may mean any time from the world's beginning to this very day, there lived a sage; a man of wise mind, great heart, and pure soul. Many virtues and much learning were his, yet he was not perfectly happy, for he had a great longing to find and possess the long-sought Philosopher's Stone, that perfect gem which shines with the marvelous, mysterious light of Truth. This yearning for the wonderful stone grew stronger and stronger, until he could no longer resist it, and so he set out on a long and weary journey, through many lands and over great seas, searching always and everywhere for the fabled jewel that no eye has ever seen.

One day, as the sage paused for an hour's rest on the summit of a high mountain, a little child came running to him, and threw down before him,

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a pebble, saying, "See! It is for you." Then the child laughed and ran away through the wood. The sage snatched up the pebble, crying, "I have it! It is the stone!" and he buried it in his bosom, and ran and leapt and shouted for very joy. For days he could do nothing but rejoice; but he did not look at his treasure — he only kept putting his hand to his breast to find whether it were still there. When he had become more calm, he tremblingly took out the stone to look at it. It was white and clear and fair, but as he turned it over and over and examined it closely, he suddenly found a dark flaw,— tiny, to be sure, but unmistakably a flaw. Then he turned and flung the pebble as far as the strength of his arm could carry it, and he bowed his head, and once more began the search.

For years he traveled on, patiently looking and asking and waiting, but that which he desired he did not find. Finally, he returned to his home, and, with the mad energy of despair, threw himself into a routine of hard and homely work. One night, when he had sunk into a deep sleep after a weary day's work, he had a dream so vivid that he remembered it forever. A tall and awful shape stood by him, and a deep, but strangely sweet voice said, "Art thou he that would see with mortal eye the Philosopher's Stone?" Eagerly the sage answered, "I am he." Then the voice cried, "Look at the house of thine own soul; the corner-stone of its hidden foundation is that thou seekest!"

CAROLINE FITZ RANDOLPH.

MARTHA LOQUITUR.

WELL, Lib, here's Silas Walker's weddin' in the Liberty paper. Seems queer to see a marriage-notice with his name in it, an' mine not there beside it, for Silas an' I was a-courtin' twenty years, Lib. For twenty years he an' I went to singin'-school together reg'lar every winter, me in my red an' black "nubier" an' him in the red an' black tippet I knit him the first year. An' when the boys'd see Silas comin' in the door, they'd all sing out, "Here comes Marthy!" an' sure 'nough, there I'd be at his heels!

Well, we kep' it up twenty years, him a-comin' to see me twicet a week reg'lar an' takin' me to church every Sunday; an' every time he come we'd

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sorter talk things over, but somehow we never seemed to get no nearer. But one evenin' he come round — his reg'lar Wednesday evenin'— an' he was that slicked up! Had on a new pink tie I'd never seen afore, an' he'd combed the hair over his bald place that careful, you'd never 'a known there was any, if you hadn't a-seen him — as I had many's the time — on hot days a-moppin' the shiny top of his head with his bandanner. Now, Silas is handsome, if I do say it that shouldn't; an' that tie was mighty becomin' to his rosy complexion. The minute I saw him come in the door, my heart gave a big thump, an' says I to myself, "It's a-comin'!"

"Pleasant evenin', Marthy," says 'e. "How are you, Marthy? You're lookin' right spry to-night," says 'e; an' with that he pulled a quart bag o' peanuts out of his coat pocket. He'd never done such a thing before in all the twenty years. He pulled his chair over, an' even went that far as to offer to shell my peanuts for me. But I knowed as that was more'n Silas could 'a stood, an' so I shelled hisen instead. Pretty soon he begun:

"Marthy, I've got somethin' to ask you."

"What is it, Silas?" says I; an' my hand shook as I turned out a peanut.

"Marthy, you know Joe Bascom left his widow a tidy bit of property?"

"What's Mary Bascom got to do with it?" thinks I.

"Marthy, I can have the widow *an'* the property, if I say the word. An' I jest wanted t'ask you if you'd bring a breach of promise suit if I took her."

You could 'a knocked me down with a feather! But I wasn't goin' to let him know, an' I up an' says:

"Breach o' promise suit? No! An' I wish Mary Bascom joy o' her bargain, Silas Walker!"

He looked at me like a great fool of a man, not knowin' what to do or think. "Thank you, Marthy," says 'e, an' he took his cap an' the bag half full o' peanuts, an' went out.

An' forty years o' my life are gone. But, Lib, I don't know as I wonder at Mary Bascom; Silas has a powerful fetchin' way with him, if he *is* a mite close.

S., '94.

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SUPPOSE.

A soft cloud is drifting away in the night,
Drifting away in the pale starlight;
With the gentle moon to smile on me,
And the glimmer of stars for company,
Wrapped in the downy folds to lie,
With the Night-wind to kiss me a soft lullaby,
Answer me, is there a sweeter bliss
Than this?

But what if the storm-winds should arise
As I drift with the cloud thro' the starlit skies;
And the moon should hide, and the stars go in,
And with tear-drops big should the rain begin;
I cannot but think that I might weep too,
As my soft, downy quilt to a wet sheet grew;
And I might be dropped in a big thorn tree,
Ah me!

'95.

THE SOUS-PRÉFET IN THE COUNTRY.

[A Translation.]

MONSIEUR le SOUS-PRÉFET is just starting out on his rounds. With his coachman sitting in front and his lackey behind, his carriage rolls majestically to the fair in the country of Combe-aux-Fées. He has put on, for so important a journey, his best hat, his breeches fastened with bands of silver, and his sword inlaid with pearl. On his knees lies open a great portfolio of embossed leather, which he broods over sadly.

Monsieur le Sous-préfet broods sadly over his portfolio of embossed leather; he thinks of the weighty address he must soon speak before the people of Combe-aux-Fées. "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,"—but in vain he twirls his silky, blonde moustache, and repeats twenty times over, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,"—the rest of his address does not come.

The rest of his address will not come. It grows very warm in the carriage. As far as the eye can reach, the road to Combe-aux-Fées stretches, white with dust, under the hot rays of the mid-day sun. The air becomes very close, and from the elms that border the road millions of grasshoppers

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call to one another. Suddenly Monsieur le Sous-préfet starts. There, at the foot of the hill, he sees a small cluster of green oaks that seems to beckon to him.

The little wood of green oaks seems to beckon to him: "Come down here, Monsieur le Sous-préfet, to write your address. It will be cool and pleasant under my trees." Monsieur le Sous-préfet yields; he tells his attendants to wait while he finishes his work in the little wood of green oaks.

In this little wood of green oaks are birds and violets, and springs under the fine grass. When they see Monsieur le Sous-préfet with his beautiful coat and his portfolio of embossed leather, the birds are frightened and cease their singing, the springs stop babbling and lie quite still, and the timid violets hide under the green turf. For this little world has never before seen him, and they ask each other in low voices who this fine gentleman is who wears breeches with bands of silver.

In low voices among the leaves, they ask who he could be who wears breeches with bands of silver. And now Monsieur le Sous-préfet, pleased with the silence and freshness of the wood, lifts his coat, places his hat on the grass,and sits down on the soft moss at the roots of a young oak. Then he spreads open on his knees his great portfolio of embossed leather, and takes out a large sheet of his official paper. "He is an artist," says the linnet. "No," says the blackbird, "he cannot be an artist who wears breeches with bands of silver; he is surely a prince."

II.

"He is surely a prince," says the blackbird. "Neither an artist nor a prince," interrupts an old nightingale who has sung all the season in the garden of the Sous-prefecture, "he is a Sous-préfet, he is a Sous-préfet!" "How bald he is!" exclaimed a lark with a great tuft on his head. And the violets ask, "Is he bad?"

"Is he bad?" ask the timid violets. The old nightingale answers, "Not at all!" So, reassured, the birds begin to sing again, the springs to bubble up, and the violets to send forth their fragrance just as if he were not there. Unmoved in the midst of all these sweet sounds, Monsieur le Sous-préfet invokes in his heart the muse of agricultural fairs, and flourishing his pencil, begins in a ceremonious voice: "Dear friends and fellow-citizens,—"

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"Dear friends and fellow-citizens,—" begins Monsieur le Sous-préfet, in his ceremonious voice. A burst of laughter interrupts him. He turns around in its direction, but does not notice a large woodpecker that, perched on his hat, is watching him with much amusement. Monsieur le Sous-préfet shrugs his shoulders and attempts to continue his address. But the woodpecker interrupts him again, and cries out, "What is the use?" "What is the use?" exclaims Monsieur le Sous-préfet, flushing up; and driving away with a wave of his hand the offending bird, he again commences, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens."

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens," repeats Monsieur le Sous-préfet. But now the timid violets come to him, and stand on the tips of their stems and say, sweetly, "Smell of us; smell how fragrant we are." And the springs trickling over the soft moss make enchanting music, and in the branches of the trees overhead the linnet warbles his best. And all in the wood conspire to keep him from composing his address.

All in the little wood conspire to keep him from composing his address. Monsieur le Sous-préfet, intoxicated with perfumes and music, tries in vain to resist this new charm which steals over him. He stretches out on the grass, throws open his coat, mutters again, two or three times, "Dear friends and fellow-citizens. Dear friends and fel —. Dear friends and —" but he never comes to the "fellow-citizens," and the muse of agricultural fairs is left to veil its face.

Veil thy face, O muse of agricultural fairs! At the end of an hour, the attendants of Monsieur le Sous-préfet, worried about their master, come down into the little wood, and they see something that makes them start with amazement. For their master lies stretched on the grass, his cravat off, his hair dishevelled; he has thrown off his coat, and with the violets between his lips, Monsieur le Sous-préfet lies writing poetry.

D. E. A., '96.

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Editorial.

I.

WE, the '95 editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, being of an appreciative mind, in perfect realization of the worth and responsibility of the bequest that has fallen to us, and in possession of all our rightful legacy, do hereby wish to express to the editorial board of '94 the overwhelming sense of gratitude evoked by their good-will. And since our gratitude is of that nature which finds in action its truest expression, we purpose, as regards the bequest that has fallen to us, to dispose of it as follows: To preserve intact to ourselves and to our heirs forever, that corner of the corridor on the fourth floor, containing a chest of drawers, a lock-box and key, a table, and an inscription of antiquarian value, "The Office of the Wellesley Prelude," all of which shall be displayed as a curiosity; to petition the elocution department to cultivate resonance softly and practise liberation gently, in order that the sacred dust and cobwebs entrusted to our keeping in the closet in Elocution Hall may not be disturbed; to endeavor to conduct the MAGAZINE in a manner worthy of our predecessors, the board of '94; as for the printer, to deal with him kindly, but firmly; to collect tenderly the MSS. from aspiring Ninety-fives, label them carefully with their class rank, erect over them, "Buried Hopes," or some equally touching and appropriate inscription, and consign them with the dust and cobwebs to the fastness of the closet in Elocution Hall.

Concerning the rules proffered for our safe guidance through the vicissitudes of magazine life, in view of the valuable matter therein contained, we purpose as a board,

(1) To insure the safe preservation of the "Rules of Conduct" to all future boards of the MAGAZINE in a manner which shall seem most commendable to the present board.

(2) To see that each member of the board is provided with a framed copy of the same.

(3) To peruse them often and thoughtfully, with the intent to thoroughly master their contents.

(4) To follow faithfully our best understanding of them.

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(5) To attribute whatever success may be ours to their guidance.

All of which we purpose with a keen appreciation of the value of the legacy bequeathed, and a desire to use it to the best advantage.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF '95.

II.

IN the midst of the endless rush and hurry of our indoor college life, we too often forget or neglect to appreciate the out-door charm of this little Wellesley world of ours. We do not remember that he who would seek and find out nature's secrets must be quick to perceive and ready to appreciate her revelations.

This spring Wellesley's treasures have begun to reveal themselves unusually early, as if every little blade of grass, every violet and crocus knew that Easter was at hand and hastened to add its little store of happiness to the happy time.

The lake threw off its bonds of ice to smile on us before we started away for our holidays, and the robin hurried north to send us on our way with a joyous song.

And now, when we return, the campus shows a brighter green and the lake sparkles in delight as Wellesley's daughters throng back through her welcoming halls.

"All hail to the college beautiful," sings every loyal heart.

III.

WE have lately been reading a dainty little book on Americanized Delsarte Culture, which gives a true explanation of this system of physical culture, so widely misunderstood and so generally ridiculed.

The entire treatise cannot fail to interest any one, but one chapter, the sixth, entitled Relaxation, Receptivity, Recuperation, seems especially fitted for the instruction of college girls.

It dwells on the injurious effect of nervous tension and shows how people overwork themselves unnecessarily by expending so much force in whatever they do, until pleasures and play, as well as study and work, become matters requiring great effort and outlay of strength.

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It also bids its readers consider the amount of nerve energy wasted by being "frittered away in little purposeless movements." Tapping the foot, working the fingers as if practising scales on a piano, these are only a few of the many wasteful movements which we may observe if we look around in our college library at the girls studying and reading there.

Let every girl who realizes that she has none too much nerve-force for her work, consider if she is not unnecessarily parting with a share of her precious possession.

IV.

THE MAGAZINE hereby offers its May pages to each and every student who has had such an enjoyable vacation that she has returned with a longing in her heart to share its pleasures with her fellow-students.

The Free Press.

I.

As Wellesley students, we cannot afford to leave college, either in the midst of the term or at the end of the year, nervously exhausted. We are forgetting that woman's education is not entirely on the firm basis we unconsciously attribute to it; much that we, as college students, are taking as a matter of expedient justice is still grudgingly given by skeptical critics. Friends seem surprised that physical weakness and mental strength do not appear together, while writers in Woman's Columns still speak of "the four branches sufficient for a healthful absorption of any girl of average mental capacity," and that substitutions rather than additions should be made if due regard is given to physical welfare. Do we realize that there is a responsibility on the present college woman as there was a responsibility on the first college woman, to lessen the many hindrances that are yet given to her deeper and more thorough intellectual development? We owe it as much to the coming college student as to ourselves that academic work is compatible with health. But was it altogether the spring weather that made the April vacation an absolute necessity? It is a problem worth the solution: is it the college atmosphere or the students that are at fault? Both, perhaps; the student side is the hardest of analysis, it is too much a part of ourselves, but there are three causes worth considering.

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First of all, this is Wellesley College, and not Wellesley High School. College life demands college methods. Greek is not so many pages of translation to be finished before 10.55, nor is an occasional neglect of minor points a matter for serious stings of conscience. We are not passive recipients. Surely the college girl knows what college life holds for her — what she must render to the college life. "I have made of myself all that can be made of the stuff." If it prove calico, what of that? "I have made of myself all that can be made of the stuff." Again, in many cases perspective is wrong. With vacation has come the opportunity for the consideration of matters of relative importance. The word "relative" should be emphasized. There is too much of the pushing, driving power which, once begun, continues without reason, as hard to check as to start. Ideals and standards of scholarship should be high, but incessant application only hides an ideal. "That innate conscientiousness of the feminine mind" is as much a vice as a virtue; it is a conscientiousness that often forgets the salient points in the search for the microscopical.

All this could be remedied by the student; there is another cause that lies beyond our control. Is it necessary to spend the last week of the school term in written reviews and period examinations? As students, we would write only satisfactory papers, but consider the disadvantages under which we work: a hard term's work behind us, the excitement that surrounds the coming of trunks and the purchase of tickets, and the tenseness that is inevitably associated with written reviews. Under such conditions, we cannot do written work satisfactory either to ourselves or to the professors. As it is, it is only an additional strain. Vacation should be something more than a doctor's prescription.

E. H. Y., '96.

II.

Why is it that the very last day of a term is invariably selected by our instructors for their most searching quizzes, their most deadly written reviews, their longest assignments and sternest admonitions? That last day, of all days, when, beginning to feel the natural reaction of months of steady work, the student finds it all she can do to pack her trunk, attend to the numerous important details incident upon departure from the college, perform her domestic work, and be present at chapel and four recitations. How much less anxiety and nervous strain there would be, were the quiz, the review, and the long assignment things of yesterday, and a programme of lectures and general discussions the order for that last day! Under such conditions the stern admonitions would not be needed. It

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seems as if the term's work might be planned so as to admit such a *Finale*, and if the same principle were extended to cover the first day of the new term, the student's cup of gratitude would be so full, that she would do extra work sometimes without grumbling. A little matter, perhaps, — the mitigation of that last day's rush, but upon just such little matters depend health and mental vigor, and that philosophic calm which is hard enough to cultivate under any circumstances.

'94.

III.

Wellesley seems to the first-year student living in the village, to be peculiarly out of touch with the rest of the world. In this article, one such student will try to give some of her experience and observation which leads her to believe that the college really *is* out of touch with the rest of the world. The phase of Wellesley life considered must be, of course, village life, the only one within the writer's ken.

The village student comes here hoping greatly to broaden her intellectual horizon. Fifteen miles from Boston, no farther from Cambridge — what place could be better for a provincial student than Wellesley? Within a month or two after her arrival, however, the outlook has changed. Boston has become, as far as she is concerned, little more than a shopping-place — Cambridge a sort of contemporary myth. When she goes home at Christmas, she finds herself behindhand in information about current events. This fact she explains by saying that the calm secludedness of Wellesley makes it difficult to care about reading the papers, even if one has time. When, from time to time, she hears prominent men speak at the college, they do not seem to her to be of the world in which *she* is living and studying. Their lectures are like apples dropping by happy accident from a stranger garden into ours.

That "the Hub," with all its meaning, should be comparatively insignificant to the village student, that she should feel so little stimulus to keep abreast of events, and that she should be conscious of no vital connection between the Wellesley world and the larger world of progressive thought — indicates that the college is not in genuine touch with the larger world. There are probably scores of individual students fully awake to outside life; but the general tone is not lively enough to broaden the interests of the village student. Look, for an instant, at Radcliffe girls. To them, Cambridge teems with great thinkers. Boston is complementary to Cambridge, not primarily a shopping-place, but the centre of a delightful and inspiring life. Radcliffe girls take in as wide a range of subjects of general interest in one week as Wellesley village girls do in two — and see as

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much of men of the day in one month as Wellesley girls do in nine. But Radcliffe girls also live in the village, and have no college life proper. It cannot be, then, their exclusion from the college buildings, which so narrows the interests of the Wellesley village students. It is, rather, a lack of stimulus in the pervading atmosphere. It is because Radcliffe *is* in vital union with men and affairs, that the students are inspired to live a larger life. If Wellesley were in such vital union, our students also would be so inspired. Our fifteen miles' distance from Boston would not prevent our getting a vast deal more good from the city than we do. In short, if there were a something in the air which should whet our appetites for a larger mental food, we should surely find that food. For it does lie within reach.

As a matter of fact, however, village atmosphere is largely one of apathy toward most of the world south of Hunnewell's, east of Grove Street, west of Pond Road, and north of the station — an atmosphere of content with a mental diet of fifteen appointments a week and the conversation of thirty fellow-students of one's own calibre. The majority of first-year village students, coming back to Wellesley after the Christmas holidays, feel that, instead of returning to a richer contact with thought and events, they are letting go the hand of the world's activity until the next vacation. M. G. H.

IV.

One custom here at Wellesley has developed into a nuisance. That is the habit "we girls" have of effectually blocking our large post-office. Of course, it is pleasant to stand and watch for the much desired letter; but if one should stop to think for a moment, one would see how selfish it is. Necessarily there are two lines of girls in the office, one of those coming in, and one of those going out. This is all that the limited space of the office will permit. So if a line of girls is formed against the wall, it is almost impossible for other girls to go in and out. I happen to be one of the unfortunates whose box is under the shelf at the further end of the office; therefore I speak from experience. When one has wedged her way from the door to the other end, she might think that the worst is over, but such is not the case. Her way is blocked by girls leaning against the shelf and girls leaning against the boxes. It is rather surprising that when a girl is politely asked to move so that a certain box may be seen, to have her look as if the question was very impudent. Can it be that the custom of inhabiting the post-office during mail time gives girls the idea that outsiders are not allowed?

Then, too, why is it necessary to open and read the letter on the way out? It will not fly away while we are going out; if our eyes are on our letter we cannot

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see where we are going, and so we bump serenely into others, and tread upon their toes. Now, girls may be proverbially good-natured, but they do not like to be bumped into, nor do they like to have their feet trodden upon. A little thoughtfulness and care on the part of each girl would put a stop to the annoying jam and crush of mail time in the post-office.

F. E. H., '95.

V.

On Tuesday, March 20, a hasty meeting was called in room C of all those interested in tennis. This question was put to us: Shall the courts and tennis equipments be placed under the control and direction of the Athletic Association? To which I answer most emphatically, No.

I wonder if there are any among us who begin to think that there is too much science in our recreation, that our games and fun can hardly be called play because of the amount of work and worry we put into them. For the crew it is right enough; we wish to have good crews and a scientific stroke. For basket-ball, I suppose it is all right; but, honestly, do we not begin to look back with regret upon those days in the fall when we played for "fun" and not for "business," when we learned by experience and fought our battles, unscientifically, perhaps, but bravely and, above all, enthusiastically, unhampered by science. Shall we not, then, keep the tennis-courts for true, free playgrounds?

First, think of the absurdity of trying to teach tennis by science, and selecting the strongest girls for those who shall represent the classes. We who have played much know that it takes some years to handle a racket familiarly enough to think of scientific rules. It cannot be taught as basket-ball, but comes only by practice; and by the time one plays well he has virtually made his own rules, for each handles the racket differently, according to his strength and flexibility. Each one teaches himself better than any one can teach him.

Next, shall all the game be reserved for those who are paragons of physical perfection? Shall not some game be saved, some nursery hospital be laid aside for us whose weak frames cannot endure the play of our heartier neighbors? There are probably many among us who, in spite of serious physical defects (not suspected before entrance to Wellesley), have played tennis many years and, indeed, managed to become quite expert, and live to tell of it. To these — of whom I am one — I appeal more especially. Is this not a case of "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"? We wish to play this spring, to hold our tournament, to be allowed a share in the sport. But if the tennis-courts be

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placed under the control of the Athletic Association, there is a great risk of many of us not playing at all. Our nerves may not be able to endure the strain. And, you who are paragons of health, would it not be fairer to us to make the courts a common source of enjoyment; would it be kind to rob us of this, our one refuge left for the good of exercise and fun of contest? For, indeed, some of us, enrolled on the hospital list, stand a fair chance of winning a set or two.

So let us keep the courts free from jealousy and ill-feeling, free from scientific rules, free from the Athletic Association.

D. E. A., '96.

VI.

Wellesley has an unusually fine library! We all realize the fact, and are very proud of it. In most cases it takes some time to appreciate this part of our college, for at the end of the first year we usually have only a vague idea of the library. But as more research is required in various subjects, we begin to see the possibilities for pleasure and instruction on these well-stocked shelves, and we begin to love it for itself, and wish for spare hours to enjoy it at our own free will.

But these spare hours are rarely found during the week, especially after we reach the ranks of juniors. Sunday is the day which we give to resting our bodies and improving our minds. Is not this just the day when we might well become acquainted with that part of the library which it is impossible for us to use during study-hours? Here are the choicest works of literature, the knowledge of which is certainly a great benefit to us all. And to many these books are not easily attained elsewhere.

The objection may be brought that it would be an inducement to doing required work on Sunday. But if young women can be trusted to observe the Sabbath with all their text-books in their own rooms, is it likely that they would go to the library to study? Can we imagine having our text-books locked up over Sunday?

Then there is the objection that attendants and domestic girls would be required on Sunday. There does not appear to be need for a librarian, for there is no book which it is essential for any one to find — if she cannot find one there are plenty of others which she is anxious to read. So this objection is abolished. Then with regard to the returning of the books which would be used. Cannot two or three girls be spared from other departments of work to do this on Monday morning? Surely the rest of us would be very willing to do the little extra work which would be unprovided for by the loss of these two girls. However,

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we are led to believe that there would be no difficulty in obtaining these girls, as a short time ago a member of the faculty was heard to remark that she was continually racking her brains to provide sufficient work for her office-girls.

So we plead, let the library be open on Sunday. If not for all day, from the close of church services to five o'clock. '95.

VII.

It is when we are roused from our apathy by some such amusing account of Wellesley as the one recently perpetrated by the well-meaning Amy Robsart, under the auspices of the *Boston Post*, that we wish our college took more personal pains to be represented in the newspapers frequently and with dignity. When we have read the detailed descriptions of a pillow-fight, a breakfast-table chatter, a purchase of roses, the appearance and dress of four professors, the workings of the jaws and diaphragms of an elocution class, and the flowers worn by junior debaters; and have learned with some surprise that "we are likely to hear the Wellesley cheer in the circumambient air any time we loiter in the pretty streets of the village, or wait at the station — at any time and without warning," we begin to yearn that an equal amount of type had been employed in registering the deep, steady throb of the college life, and in stating the urgent college needs, which, trite though thay may be in our weary ears, have never reached the ears of men and women who have money to give. The world reads its papers, and the world's information regarding Wellesley or any other college is only too likely to be limited by what it there finds. '94.

VIII.

May it be allowed to an old student to say a word on this subject of "lights out at ten"? It is true that to the interested, enthusiastic worker ten o'clock comes on flying wings, and the evening is all too short. But I wonder if the girls who feel hampered by the rule realize its blessed effect upon their physical selves when they complain of its limitations to mental work. As a Wellesley student, I remember that that rule was troublesome, and the temptation to break it a strong one But as a worker in the world outside of Wellesley, I confess to having longed for the bondage to the bell again.

We are not yet the ideal women we want to be, and few of us have strength of mind enough to voluntarily stop work at a reasonable hour. I speak from experience. Four years spent away from Wellesley have convinced me that the average woman would be less nervous, less highly strung, less irritable, far less likely

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to be a broken-down wreck when she should be doing her life's best work, if there were a "ten-o'clock bell" in the world that necessarily sent her to bed at its stroke each night. We live a tense, strained, eager, earnest life for fifteen hours daily at best; it takes small calculation to see that the other nine are the minimum of needed rest.

When college women have learned the highest lesson of self-control, they will be able to stop themselves when they should. Until then, do let them try to realize the blessing of a rule that gives them of necessity the rest they would not voluntarily take. The Wellesley life is not a "grind" if one live it aright,—but it takes nine hours of sleep out of each twenty-four to prevent it from becoming such. It is a wise provision of the care-takers of Wellesley,—this "ten-o'clock bell." I think every student will some day feel, if she does not now, that this one, at least, of the college regulations has its roots deep down in the soil of the common weal, whence all true government springs.

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

Exchanges.

The editor's table piled high with exchange magazines is a pleasant sight, for there is always something of interest to be found within the many covers. But there is one thing that detracts from the pleasure to be found in their perusal, and that is the difficulty of reaching the contents. We all admit the value of college magazines, but is it necessary that they be wrapped as tightly as an Egyptian mummy? We do not possess the omnipresent knife of our brothers, and so cannot cut our way through all obstructions. We hope our friendly exchanges will take pity on our fingers. The "Vassar Miscellany" for March comes to us with an unusually interesting table of contents. The opening article, "The Evolution of Mephistopheles," is very well written, and is, moreover, original in its presentation of the subject. The one story of the magazine, by Juliet W. Tompkins, is one of the best in our exchanges. "Taken from Life" is really amusing, without the straining for effect which so often characterizes the funny story. There is a spontaneity about it that almost leads one to believe that the title may be taken literally. The article entitled "The Harmony

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Society" is a very interesting description of the little communistic town of Economy, Pa. The verse of the month is very good. We clip the following:—

PSYCHE.

The way was murky and black to see.
  Above, grim peaks rose bare and stark,
But Psyche went freely and joyously,
    And as fair and frail as a dim moonbeam
    Did the slender form of the maiden seem
  Wandering lone through the shadowy dark.

The wind stirred softly her misty hair,
  And she paused, half startled, with step unsure,
Then looked, with such gaze as a child might wear,
    Through the gloom that mixed with the vapory skies,
    And ever hovered round brow and eyes
  Tremulous lights of a spirit pure.

Ellen Dundas Chater, '94.

DORIS'S SHOESTRINGS.

On Doris's feet
  Are the smallest of twos,
But surely some elf
  Has enchanted her shoes.
For wherever we go,
  If we walk, row or ride,
In church or at tennis,
  Her shoes come untied.

At times it is trying,
  But what can I do
When poor Doris murmurs,
  "O bother that shoe!"
So down I must flop
  In the dust and the dirt
To tie up the shoe
  Of that dear little flirt.

These precious girl-tyrants!
  We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
  Are filled with their spell,
Since old-fashioned aprons
  No longer they use
They tie a poor man
  To the strings of their shoes.

J. W. Tompkins, '91.

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The prose articles of the "Wesleyan Literary Monthly" are especially good this month. "The Showman Instinct," by A. H. Espenshade, and "Matthew Arnold's Idea of Culture," by E. L. Thorndike are both very well written. Of the stories, "School-boy Tone," by Irville C. LeCompt, is the best. There are some fine bits of description in it, and the characters are sympathetically and clearly drawn. The sketches in "Bric-a-Brac" are above the average college production.

The leading article of the "Harvard Monthly," "Recollections of Thomas Hill Green," by Charles P. Parker, is an interesting sketch of the great Oxford teacher. The short stories are more remarkable for their art than for delineation of character. The editorial discusses with ability the address of Mr. Irving to the Harvard students.

The "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is an alumni number and is full of interest from cover to cover. Perhaps the most valuable article is that by Professor Richardson on "Verse-Making." The stories are naturally few in number; "A Newspaper Item" is particularly good. We clip the following from the verse:—

RENEWAL.

I saw one faring up the hills of Life
  Beneath a sultry noon-tide's blazing beams;
His shield bore dents from many a field of strife,
  His rusty mail was gashed in gaping seams.
He walked alone, a pilgrim staff for spear,
Nor called for help, believing none would hear.

I saw him once again far up the height;
  Upon his staff a pennon fair unfurled,
His peerless brow was radiant with light,
  He moved in strength with thews to throw the world
Before the victor fled his foeman grim,
For he was mighty since Love walked with him.

Ozora Stearns Davis, '89.

The stories in the "Yale Courant" for March are well written, but are rather melodramatic and dismal in subject. Of the verse we like best: —

THE REDWING BLACKBIRD.

The redwing in the swamp is singing
"Ur-da-lee,"
Upon a tall reed sitting, swinging,
"Ur-da-lee."

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It sets my heart a-leaping for the woods
and waters free;
Now soft, now louder ringing,
"Ur-da-lee."

"The Spring is coming warm again,
Ur-da-lee;
The brooks are bursting with the rain,
Ur-da-lee.
Come to the sunny meadows, and swing and
sing with me;
I am happy, happy, happy,
Ur-da-lee."

Charles Gould Morris.

A MAGNOLIA.

Stainless white petals!
Corolla of snow!
Gold in the center,
All richness and glow;
Bath for Titania
Of crystalline dew,
Couch to lull Oberon
Under the blue.

Cradle for humming-bird!
Butterfly's nest!
Fountain of nectar
For honey-bee's quest;
Goblet for Ganymede,
Full of the wine
Brewed by Aurora
With fingers divine!

Harold E. Buttrick.

The college verse generally for this month is especially good, that of "The Bates Student" noticeably so. We would take from this magazine "The Rose Quartz," by W. G. B., if space permitted.

We quote the following from "The University Beacon:—

Violets! From crowded streets,
Their tender perfume wafts my thought
Back to the sweet spring lanes and woods
Where violets are given, not bought.

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Violets! Ah, how my heart
  Holds in its closest corner yet,
The memory of a golden day,
  That wakes at the breath of a violet.

B., '95.

And this from "The University Cynic": —

Sweetheart,
With this new day,
We who have been apart
Will meet once more, and put away
The bitter strife that bound us yesterday,
Beginning all anew the old sweet way,
Yet bearing deeply in our heart
The memory of this smart,
No more to stray
Nor part,
Sweetheart.

Q. E. D.

The "Harvard Advocate" is interesting as usual. The sketches of the number are very good, particularly "Pot-Boiling," by Henry Copley Greene, and "The Harvard Swing" by K. G. S. We take the following from the magazine:—

"JINGLES."

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

Rhododendron Rhodora
  Had lovers two,
Honey-bee gay
  And Butterfly true.
Flirt she was,
  It was sure amiss
To allow Honey-bee
  That morning kiss.

For the kiss was seen
  By Butterfly true;
He flew away
  And Honey-bee too.
Rhododendron Rhodora,
  Left alone,
Sighed till the snow-flakes
  Ended her moan.

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THE POET AT THE CLUB.

O that the world were upside down
  And all things wrong side up,
Then would we merry little men
  Fill each his flowing cup.

And, in the happy mellow wine,
  We merry little men
Would turn the poor old twisted world
  All right side up again.

Ralph Bergengren.

Book Reviews.

TRINITY SKETCHES. Edited by George William Ellis, '94; Robert Louis Paddock, '94; DeForest Hicks, '95.

This book, in its tasty covering of cloth, comes to us this month. It consists of short sketches of more or less merit taken from the Trinity Tablet, 1887-1894. Some of the most pleasing selections are those which touch upon the college life. The number devoted to the pastel in style makes us inquire whether the tendency to imitate this form is not too great, and something of freshness and origin lost thereby. Yet, as a whole, the book is interesting and enjoyable, and we give it a hearty welcome among the list of college publications.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

KATHERINE LAUDERDALE, by F. Marion Crawford, author of "Saracinesca," "Pietro Ghisleri," etc. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth, $2.00. Macmillan & Co.

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Society Notes.

March 17, Zeta Alpha held its regular meeting in Society Hall, the subject being Florence.

Programme.

I. History of Florence to the Times of the Medici . M. Louise Boswell
II. Early Florentine Art — the Tendencies and Development, Mary Millard
III. Dante — the Man, the Patriot, the Poet . . Alice Welch Kellogg
IV. Song and Story with Petrarch and Boccaccio, Mary Williams Montgomery
V. The Medici — their History to the Time of Lorenzo, Elizabeth Morris Wood

Elizabeth Blakeslee, Charlotte Sibley, Alice G. Arnold, '91; Grace Grenell, '93; Cora Stewart and Flora Luther were present.

The Shakespeare Society held its regular programme meeting in Shakespeare Hall, in the Art Building, on Saturday evening, March 17. Miss Lurena Webster, '90, was present at the meeting.

Programme.

Macbeth.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Dorothy Allen
II. Shakespeare's Use of the Supernatural . . Mabel Wellman
III. Dramatic Representation.

Macbeth. Act I., Scenes 1, 3.

IV. Lady Macbeth. A Study in Character . . . Grace Miller
V. Dramatic Representation.

Macbeth. Act V., Scene 1.

VI. Talk. Macbeth as Typical of the Third Period, Helen Russel Stahr
VII. Discussion: Do the Witches Actually Influence Macbeth?

Leaders { Millicent Pierce / Jean Evans

The regular meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was adjourned to March 14. It was the first meeting in the study of Representative Modern Dramatists, and Browning was considered as the representative dramatist of England in this country. The following programme was given:—

I. Browning's Dramatic Method . . . Gertrude Cushing
II. Browning's Use of History in "Strafford" . . Lilian Brandt
III. Song . . . . . Helen Foss
IV. The Tragic Element in "Pippa Passes" . . Mary Pitkin
V. Music . . . . . Marion Mitchell
VI. Browning's Use of Humor in a "Soul's Tragedy" . Edith Judson

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The Agora held an open meeting in the gymnasium Saturday evening, March 17. Besides invited guests from the college, there were present delegates from the Wendell Phillips Club of Harvard, also Colonel Albert Clarke, secretary of the Home Market Club. The following programme was given:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.

The Bland Bill	Helen Bisbee, '95
Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Ministry .	Sarah Weed, '95
The Brazilian Revolution . . .	Sarah Bixby, '94

II. The Senate.

Petitions, memorials and reports.

Discussion of the Wilson Bill:

Democratic — Cecilia Dickey, '95; Mary Whiton Calkins, Clara Benson, '95; Bertha Jackson, '94.

Republican — Stella Osgood, '94, Julia Burgess, '94, Annie Peaks, '96, Abigail Laughlin, '94.

At the meeting of the Classical Society, held April 7, the following programme was given:—

Period of the Renaissance.

I.	Character of Times and Causes for Movement .	Jeanette Moulton
II.	Michal L'Angelo and His Work . . .	Ida Brooks
III.	Renaissance Castles	Lilian Quinby
IV.	Classic Influence in Modern Europe as Seen in Italy and in France	Blanche Thayer
V.	Ancient Art as Influencing Modern American Architecture,	Annie Chute

On Saturday evening, March 17, the Art Society held its first meeting in its new home in the Art Building. The occasion partook somewhat of the nature of a house-warming, as none of the members except the furnishing committee had been permitted a preliminary peep at the room. The early part of the evening was spent in examining the fresh appointments and in mutual congratulation, followed by the presentation of the prepared programme. Afterward, tea was served, and the remaining time given to social enjoyment. The programme was as follows:—

Outline of French History from 1848 . . .	Alice Norcross
Corot	Effie MacMillan
Daubigny	Jane Williams
French Dramatists — Dumas fils, Victorien Sardou and Emile Augiet	Harriet A. Friday

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The members of the Art Society announce a change in the name of the society. The present name is not distinctive enough, and therefore it has been decided to adopt the name Tav Zeta Epsilon. The aims of the society remain the same.

College Notes.

Dr. Washington Gladden addressed the members of the college Thursday evening, March 8, his subject being "True Socialism."

A lecture by Mrs. Candace Wheeler was announced for Monday evening, March 12, but was postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Wheeler.

The students at the Lovewell Cottage in the village gave a reception and musicale Saturday, March 10.

On Saturday evening, March 10, Professor Palmer of Harvard lectured in the chapel, on the "Sonnets of Shakespeare." After the lecture a reception was held in the faculty parlor.

On Sunday afternoon, March 11, Professor Palmer gave a talk before the literature classes. His subject was "George Herbert."

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held Sunday evening, March 11. Miss Agnes Lord addressed the meeting.

On the evening of February 22, the inmates of the Simpson Cottage gave a dramatic representation of the Ruggleses, from the "Bird's Christmas Carol."

The Zeta Alpha Society gave a reception, March 17, to the members of the other college societies.

Professor Brown of Emerson School of Oratory gave a reading before the elocution classes recently.

Professor Sedgwick of the Institute of Technology lectured to the sophomore physiology classes March 14, on the subject of "Bacteria."

Several amendments to the constitution of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE were adopted, recently, at a mass meeting of the students.

Miss Whiting gave a reception to the students in her department Saturday evening, March 10.

Rev. C. A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, preached in the chapel Sunday, March 18.

The Glee and Banjo clubs will give their concert Monday evening, April 16.

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Miss Denio gave a small reception Monday evening, March 12, for the students living at Simpson.

At the request of Colonel Clark, secretary of the Home Market Club, the principle arguments given in the senate held by the Agora on Saturday evening of March 17, were published in the Home Market Bulletin. The college will be proud to know that one of its members, Miss Gail Laughlin, has been offered fifty dollars for her speech on the tariff, to be printed in pamphlet form and used as an educational document on the tariff question.

A meeting of the Christian Association was held Sunday evening, March 18. Reports were given by the delegates from the college who attended the recent convention of student volunteers in Detroit.

The class of '96 have given us another opportunity to praise their good sense. They instituted a new order of procedure at the time of the freshman elections, and no attempt at hazing was made. Instead, the newly elected president and vice-president of '97 were invited to meet the president of '96 at an informal tea.

The freshman class chose the following officers at their recent elections: President, Elizabeth Evans; vice-president, Denison Wilt; recording secretary, Helen M. Gordon; corresponding secretary, Caroline Davis; treasurer, Amelia Hickenlooper; historians, Bertha Trebein, Florence Painter; factotums, Blanche Currier, Florence Bennett; executive committee, Edith Howland, Geneva Crumb, Minnie Miller.

The freshman class are preparing for athletics in the spring. Two class crews and two basket-ball teams have been appointed and will begin their work outdoors very soon.

On Saturday afternoon, March 17, Fraülein Müller and Fraülein Beinhorn gave a song recital in the chapel for the German classes. Many of the German folk songs with which the students had become familiar in their study were sung.

Prof. William R. Thayer of Harvard lectured in the chapel Tuesday, April 3, his subject being Louis Kossuth.

It is proposed to publish the college calendar hereafter in the fall term, instead of the spring term as heretofore. No calendar will be published this term, but a circular containing the entrance requirements for 1895, and other information which may be needful before the issue of the next annual calendar, has been prepared.

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One of the finest concerts of the year was given in the chapel Monday evening, March 19. The concert was a song recital by Mr. Max Heinrich.

Miss Mary Young, '93, Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91, Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, Miss Helen Eager, '93, Miss Lurena Webster, '91, and Miss Maria Kneen, '93, have visited the college recently.

College closed Wednesday, March 21, for the short Easter vacation. Very few of the students remained at the college during the vacation. The new term began Tuesday morning, April 3. Nearly every student was in her appointed place in chapel on that morning.

Alumnae Notes.

On Washington's Birthday, Miss Katherine Horton, '89, entertained a party of Wellesley friends at her home in Windsor Locks. The alumnæ who enjoyed Miss Horton's hospitality were Mrs. May Ely Mitchelson, '88, Miss Carrie Emerson, '88, Miss Florence Fisherdick, '89, Miss Helen MacGregor Clarke,' 90, Miss Louise Danielson, '91, and Miss Caroline S. Eveleth, '93. There were present, besides, Miss Clara D. Capron and Miss Minnie Webster, members for a time of the classes of '87 and '92 respectively. After full justice had been done to a dainty lunch and some time had been spent in a social manner, a business meeting was held. It was decided to form a club, to be known as the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club. Miss Horton was elected secretary and a committee consisting of Misses Emerson, Capron and Horton was appointed to make arrangements for the next meeting of the club, which will be held in Hartford, Saturday, June 2. All Wellesley students, past and present, who live within a convenient distance, are cordially urged to be present at this meeting. Any one desiring to secure further information or to identify herself with the club now forming, may do so by communicating with Miss Katherine Horton, Windsor Locks, Connecticut.

Miss Carrie E. Small, '75-'76, has been chosen principal of the Woodward institute for girls to be founded at Quincy, Mass , and endowed by the bequest of $300,000 from the late Dr. Woodward. She is now principal of the high school in Plymouth, Mass., and president of the Plymouth County Teachers' Association.

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Mrs. G. F. McKibben, '75-'77, is not teaching, as announced in the March number of the MAGAZINE. Mrs. McKibben has four children and lives in Granville, Ohio.

The address of Anna Phillips Lee, '86, is Mrs. Edwin Lee, Hotel San Carlos, 69 South Oxford street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harriet L. Merrow, '86, is graduate assistant in botany at the University of Michigan. Her address is 46 East Ann street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Isabelle Darlington, '86, has been in Kansas City during the winter, in charge of the business of her father located there.

Miss Reed and Miss Williams, '93, were the guests of Miss Margaret Doolittle in the holidays. They have returned to Granville Female College, where they are teaching.

Miss Emily Foley, '93, is studying vocal music. Her address is Mt. Auburn Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Marion Lutz, formerly of Wellesley, '93, has been visiting in St. Louis.

Miss Maude Nias has returned in good health from an extended trip through the West to her Wellesley home, Stone Hall.

Miss Sarah J. Storms, '83-'85, is studying at Harvard Annex.

The engagement of Miss Harriet L. Hitchcock, '87-'89, to Mr. Irving S. Tinker has been announced. Miss Hitchcock's address is Plainville, Conn.

Mrs. Stevens, Sp., '88-'89, who has spent the last four years abroad, is now teaching German in the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Dr. Mary B. Damon, '86, is the resident physician at Smith College, and head of the department of physiology and hygiene. She has also a large private practice in the town. She spent the opening days of the term at college.

Miss Charlotte T. Sibley, '91, is the C. E. editor of "The Word and the Work," published in Belfast, Me. Miss Sibley has also given a number of lectures and addresses during the year. Among her lectures is an illustrated one on "Castles of England and Scotland," and another in "The Great Parliament." Miss Sibley is also working for her M. A. in Greek.

Miss Ada M. Woolfolk, '91, is now at Denison House, 93 Tyler street, Boston.

Miss Eleanor Green, '92, is visiting in New York and New Jersey.

Mrs. M. E. B. Roberts Smith has been appointed associate professor economics at the Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

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Miss Maude R. Keller, '92, is spending part of the month of April in Chicago. Her address while there is 5425 Washington avenue. From Chicago she expects to go to Saltillo, Mexico. Her Mexican address will be Apartado, 91, Saltillo, Mexico, care Miss Edna Johnson.

Miss Josephine Emerson, '92, has been teaching in Assinnippi, Mass., as substitute for Miss Theodora Hastings, a former Wellesley student, who had been ill all the term. Miss Hastings hopes to resume her work soon.

Miss Elinor E. Ruddle, '93, spent Easter with Miss Florence Hoopes, '93, in Philadelphia. Miss Ruddle with Miss Hoopes then visited their classmate, Miss Delarue K. Howe, in Roselle, N. J.

Miss Charlotte Irish, '93, has been traveling in California since February.

Miss Emma McAlarney, '92, and Miss Roberta Allen, '93, have been visiting Miss Sue Lum.

Miss Florence Tone, '93, is teaching at her home, Bergen, N. Y.

Miss Caroline Frear, '93, is taking economics at the University of California in Berkeley, near her home.

Miss Carol Hough, Special, '91–'93, is studying vocal music in New York.

College Bulletin.

April 14. Lecture. Col. T. W. Higginson.
April 15. Dr. M. E. Woods preaches in the chapel.
April 16. Glee Club Concert.
April 21. Lecture. Mrs. Robertson.
April 22. Rev. E. T. Tomlinson preaches.
April 23. Lecture by Mr. Hamilton Mabie.
April 29. Prof. H. A. Frink preaches in the chapel.
April 30. Concert.

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In Memoriam.

A few weeks ago a beloved classmate, Mary Houghton, passed from our midst to go to a brighter home. It is difficult to realize even now that she is not with us. She came back from the holidays tired out, but determined to do her best in all that she undertook. She acknowledged she was not so well as usual, but brightly told us she was getting better. When compelled by weariness to stop her studying, she still insisted each day that she felt better than on the day before. But her languor increased, and the doctor said she must go home for a while to get rest and quiet. She finally went away, and we heard nothing from her for some time. Then came the news of a serious illness, but also of almost certain recovery. Finally, on Monday morning, February 26th, a letter was receivep saying she had died.

We could not realize that Mary was no longer living. We had known her so short a time, had not had time to appreciate her full worth; surely she must come back. The friends of her former Western home had not seen her since she was a child. Her old classmates in the Newton High School knew nothing of her illness, until news was brought them that she was dead.

But she is very happy now. She was almost too kind and patient to be with us long. Those of us who knew her best can never forget her sweet, helpful ways. Whenever we were in trouble, we were always sure of kindly, good advice from her. One of her earliest characteristics was that of taking the part of the most unpopular, and pointing out her best qualities. At home, in the class-room, everywhere, she lived the best and noblest life she knew. No duty was so disagreeable as to be shirked. Her sweet and modest ways gave no knowledge she was near. Her presence was as the first breath of spring: when it comes we are happy, we know not why; there is new fragrance in the air. Her spirit still lingers with us. May it help us live better, purer lives, to be more like what she would have us be. H. D.

Marriages.

WHITLOCK—DRAKE. On Jan. 3, 1894, Miss Lillian M. Drake, '86-'87, to Mr. Elliott H. Whitlock. Mrs. Whitlock's address is South Orange, New Jersey.

MCCULLOUGH—WILLIS. At Newark, N. J., Feb. 21, 1894, Miss Annie Isabel Willis, to Mr. William Alfred McCullough.

Births.

December 7, 1893, a daughter, Margaret Ruth Davidson, to Mrs. Anna Broadwell Davidson, '86. 1525 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa.

December 10, 1893, a daughter, Margaret, to Mrs. Emma Mead Wright, '80, Watertown, Mass.

February 18, 1894, a daughter, Celia, to Mrs. Minnie Prentice Goodwin, '89, Pittsfield, Mass.

Deaths.

In Wellesley Hills, Mass., Mar. 16, Mrs. Abby Hastings Fiske, mother of Ellen Ware Fiske, '92, and Isabella Howe Fiske, '96.

April 7, 1894, at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Christine A. Groff, mother of Sarah H. Groff, '89.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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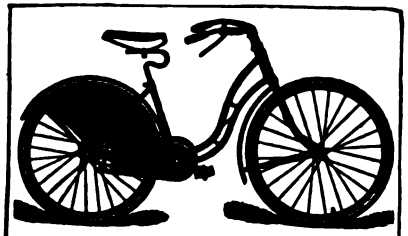

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. II. WELLESLEY, MAY 12, 1894. No. 8.

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PROBLEMS OF ART.

THE question, What is the aim and purpose of art? is in these days so much the more important, that we often meet with the most perverted views on the subject. He who will not go through the world, as it were, with closed eyes, must take some attitude towards this question. Is the mere reproduction of nature, or is beauty, the aim of art?

The Naturalistic school strives for an absolutely truthful reproduction of nature, imitating it in all its details. Do they fulfil thereby the aim and purpose of art, and do they succeed in producing real works of art? I do not hesitate to answer this question with a decided No. They make the great mistake of considering technique, that is, entire command of material, as art. Technique is doubtless of great importance, but technique alone creates no work of art, but only dead copies of nature. This is by no means

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the aim of art. A work of art must never, can never be lifeless imitation of nature, but must rather be spiritualized nature.

It is the task of art to perpetuate the highest forms of existence, and thus, as it were, to annihilate time. But the moment of perfection in nature is always brief, too brief to admit of copying. Herein, then, is the artist a prophet, in that he is able to conceive this highest perfection and reproduce it for contemporary and succeeding generations in outward, visible form.

How is it with the productions of the Naturalists? Every exposition gives us abundant answer. We go into an exposition. A picture of so-called "still-life" meets our eye. A table-cloth, oysters in and out of the shell, a plate of bread, a flask and glasses — all so accurately reproduced that the beholders are well-nigh beside themselves in their admiration of the appearance of reality. Is this a work of art? No.

We approach another picture, which represents a dirty old woman with many folds and wrinkles, depicted with such fidelity to nature that we really fancy we see before us an ugly old woman. But the face suggests nothing further to us. Is this a work of art? No. Why not? Because it only imitates nature to the point of deception, feigns life where there is none.

Opposite these pictures hangs one by Sichel, representing Medea. The face is thoroughly modern, and to one familiar with Berlin studios, recalls at once the face of a well-known model. Not a suggestion of the historic Medea. However, the drapery is so wonderfully painted that we think it hardly possible we have not before us real silk brocade. Is this a work of art? It is only the clever reproduction of clothes.

Another picture strikes our eye—a portrait. The background is gold brocade. Supporting herself in a sentimental pose beside a high, sculptured chair upholstered with red velvet, stands a lady, dressed in white satin. We cannot help admiring the brocade, the velvet, the satin,— the face is of little interest to us. Is this a work of art? No.

Next to this picture we see a Diana, a handsome, healthy woman in the costume and with the equipments of Diana. Is this a work of art? No; it is, in fact, a masquerade.

Not far away is another picture, named Venus, a faithful study of the nude, which may appeal to the senses of some, but will bring to the lips of the true artist the words of Michel Angelo: —

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"Woe to him who dares in blindness and in lust
Beauty from her height to spheres of sense degrade;
She to heaven bears the soul whose love is pure."

Still life, studies of heads, studies of drapery, studies of the nude, have certainly their justification as studies of nature. The artist should and must study nature, so study it, that he knows it in all its details. He must learn, too, to make a true copy, without any idealizing of the living model, not because copying nature is the aim of art, but because before he can idealize nature, as true art demands, he must accurately know nature. Schiller says: "The artist can use no single element of reality as he finds it. His work must be ideal in all its parts. As a whole, however, it must be true to nature."

For this reason, photographs and wax figures, in spite of their sometimes deceptive imitation of nature, are not works of art. They are neither art nor nature. They are less. They lack that embodiment of an idea which alone could make them works of art; on the other hand, they are not nature, for they can only repeat as a fragment accidental phenomena, without their natural completeness. The spirit of the creator does not speak to us, as must necessarily be the case in every genuine art-work, for art is a subjective conception of an idealized reality, a principle which is the central doctrine of the recent movement in art known as subjectivism, whose greatest prophet, by the way, is Whistler, an American living in Paris. The artist lets his own spirit or the spirit which inspires him speak to us through the forms of nature, in the expression of a definite idea. For this very reason representations of one and the same object by different artists of the same age and nation, speak to us differently according to the spirit, character, genius or talent of the artist.

The portrait affords least play for artistic subjectivity, because the aim here is fidelity to nature. Many people are of the opinion that a life-sized photograph, if it should be colored, would be equal to the best portrait from an artist-hand. But this is not so, for photography gives only a picture of a certain side and of a certain momentary mood, which perhaps changes in the next instant. It may be thought that the portrait gives no more. That is a great mistake. Even several dozen life-sized photographs, taken in different moods and attitudes, give no collective impression corresponding to

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a good portrait. Why not? Because there is lacking the unity in multiplicity, the permanent underlying the changing is not brought out. A portrait, if it is a work of art, cannot be replaced by a hundred mechanical copies. The true artist never copies mechanically, as does photography, but seeks to fix the permanent in the changing, and to solve the problem of expressing the soul through the body, so that the portrait shows the man, not as he presents himself at single moments, but as he is in his inmost nature. The artist creates a unified picture, comprehending all essential features of the personality.

In order to make this quite clear to ourselves, let us watch a great artist at his work. After the question of costume is decided, the painter poses his model; that is, he brings him into the right perspective distance and into the most favorable light. He sketches with rapid lines the proportions, then takes palette and brushes and begins to paint, meanwhile busily conversing with the model. He seeks to interest him, touching on agreeable and disagreeable subjects, to bring to the surface even the secrets of the inner life, over which conventionality and good breeding throw a veil, and uses for his work just that moment in which the model forgets himself in an interesting subject. This continues a week or two, and since the good portrait-painter is of necessity a psychologist, he succeeds, in the time given him, not only in making a faithful copy of nature, but in expressing, through the outer form, the soul; that is, he paints a picture independent of all the changes of time, in which, twenty years later, the character, the soul of the man, the permanent in the changing, speaks to us.

Let us take as an example Lenbach's portraits of the old Emperor, of Bismarck and of Moltke; in which the intellectual and the spiritual are so clearly mirrored in the physical that if all histories should be lost, these pictures would reveal to the after-world the essential nature of the men represented. Had Lenbach seized only upon a particular moment, as, for instance, Gussow has done in the well-known portrait of Frau Reichheim, which the sound wit of the Berlin populace condemned with a jest, referring to its everlasting smile, he would have given no complete picture, and would thus not fully have accomplished the task of making the portrait a true work of art.

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Not only in the portrait do we require a unified picture, but in all artistic representations. We demand also, however, when we pass out of the narrow sphere of the painted and sculptured portrait, something more, — an idea spiritualizing nature. The more significant the idea, the higher stands the work of art, if the form corresponds with the idea. Everything which appears in the picture has its justification only in so far as it is connected with the underlying idea and has reference to it; all the separate parts must work together to harmony, or they have no right to exist. If, for example, in a landscape, a figure is introduced, which takes away our attention from the landscape, this is false, unless it heightens the effect by bringing out a contrast. Contrasts may be very effective in all departments, but are justified only if they thus heighten the effect presented, expressing the similarity in difference. The whole must speak to us in its unity, it must compel us to recreate within ourselves the conception of the artist, to a certain degree, to develop it further, for therein is found the essence of æsthetic enjoyment of art.

Take, for instance, Pigelheim's picture, "The Blind Girl." A young Christian who has been blinded feels her way with a staff across a field of brilliant poppies. In her hand she holds a large earthen water-pitcher. The face is uplifted, the lids closed over the sightless eyes. The sky has shed its richest color-charm over the scene through which the blind girl passes. The contrast explains itself. In the sublime beauty of the blind girl, in her evident elevation above this earth, in the spiritual splendor which she seems to see with the eyes of her spirit, lies the reconciliation of opposites which we demand of the work of art.

The idealization must, however, not go so far as to change the very character of that which is represented. If, for instance, Breton paints a peasant listening enraptured to the song of a lark, he paints no longer true peasant nature. Millet has well said of his pictures, that he represents those peasant girls who are on the point of ceasing to be peasants. I do not mean to say that peasants have no feeling for beauty, but I know that with them the sense of the beautiful is seldom conscious, and never rises to rapture. And if Breton, furthermore, paints peasants picturesquely dressed and artistically posed, studio peasants, he never can rival Millet's pictures, which show us the true peasant in the seriousness of his life, a life colorless, sim-

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ple and yet great, as he toils in the sweat of his brow for bread for himself and his fellows.

Here we have the solution of the problem of art, the expression of a thought in idealized nature. Works of art like these lift us above every-day life, in which a more or less narrow round of occupations allows us to develop only one, or at most a few of the inherent powers of mind and soul. They enable us to live a fuller life, lifting ourselves into the sphere of unselfish feeling. They make us feel the infinite in the finite, and bring us thus nearer to the heart of Him who is the source of all beauty, God.

L. C. M. HABERMEYER.

RECOGNITION.

"Unfading Hope's immortal power."

How will you know me in another sphere,
  When reft of earthly form we two may meet,
  And memory wooing back some vision sweet
Of other life and hours that once were dear,
Endeavoring in vain to bring more near
  Joys as elusive now as they were fleet,
  Find in that realm beyond earth's chill or heat
All unrenewed the magic lent her here?

Perchance in that illuminated hour,
  Though naught returned to dust from dust revives,
And earthly loves fail resurrection power,
  The soul of our sweet intercourse survives
To find in radiant common ecstacy
Our hopes have put on immortality.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

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"*PET LAMB.*"

"BUT Mrs. Green is a good woman," said the doctor's wife slowly, "I don't think she intended to slight you."

"*Good?*" said Hannah Brockaway. "Good folks does a sight of queer things. I knew well enough what she meant. I can tell A B C when I see it. Oh, they're all alike. If you have on good clothes they smile on you sweet and hope you'll come often, but if you dress kinder shabby, they have terrible hard work remembering your name."

Hannah Brockaway set her lips closely together and stitched down a long seam before she spoke again.

"It's a queer world," said she.

"The world is a good deal as we take it," said the other. Her tone was slightly didactic.

"I aint findin' no fault with the world," said Hannah, with an answering shade of resentment. "I aint no call to. It's a good enough world, I guess. Only some has it padded pretty comfortable and some has it kinder bare."

The doctor's wife hesitated. Some subtle embarrassment of happiness checked her innocent sermonizing. She looked at the unlovely figure opposite with a childlike pity in her clear young eyes. Then she bent over the little garment in her lap.

"If there was only something you could *love*," she murmured.

Hannah caught up the words with a sharp rudeness. "I've had enough of that foolery," said she. "It don't pay. I've just made up my mind not to care for nothing. It's the only way to get along. You just fling yourself down for folks to walk over, and you don't care at first. Bless you, you don't care. You're so glad they're getting things if you aint. Only by and by, when you look for a bit of gratitude, it's 'Keep away, you're all dirt.'"

"It isn't always that way," said the doctor's wife, gently.

"Maybe not," said Hannah. "It's been the way with me. I've had things hard. I suppose you think I talk queer, but I've had things hard. There's my sister Sally. I wouldn't say it to everybody, but you've spoke about it and you know how 'tis. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for Sally; and when she was a little thing she wouldn't go to any one but me.

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And time and again I've gone without my dinner to get her a bit of ribbon or something like other folks. I always meant Sally should have things different from me. She was pretty, Sally was; and she had the takingest ways. Folks liked her. And now she's ridin' in her carriage, and me workin' my eyes out over store things. And I didn't ask her for money. I'd rather starve than beg, even of my own sister. But I went to her and I asked her for some work. I knew she was havin' sewin' done out of the house. And she sent down word she was busy and couldn't see me. I aint been near her since. I suppose it's his doin's. He said I shouldn't have a cent of his money. And I don't want it, land knows. I never could abide him and his airs. Sakes! you'd have thought he was made of some brand-new, special kind of dust! He was way up, he was, and you couldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. For my own part, I don't like chiny bric-a-brac sort of men. But Sally, she never had no stuff to her. Land, if he told her he liked her better without her nose, she'd up and cut it off. She was that kind. But I guess if it had been me, and Sally'd been awantin' anything, I'd like to see fifty husbands keep me from doin' it."

But the doctor's wife did not smile. She wished she had directed the conversation on a less unhappy theme. She thought Hannah had been hardly used, but she believed it did her harm to talk of it. In that she was mistaken. Speech eased the pent up bitterness, and Hannah's next words had a softened tone.

"I suppose maybe t'aint the right way to feel," she said. "I suppose like enough we've got to have something. I guess we're made that way. All is, kinder seems like it wasn't meant I should have anything, and I might as well get used to it. This world aint our abidin'-place, and I dare say it'll all be made up to us some day." And Hannah sighed drearily, not that she doubted the reality of her consolations, but because they took but vague hold of her imagination.

"I had a bird once," she went on, after a pause. "I thought a sight of him. He used to fly all about the room, and look at me with his little black eyes. And a cat got in one day and got him. I'd been out and I came home and found nothing but some feathers on the floor. I suppose it was a judgment on me for getting him, for I'd had dreadful work to get along that winter, and I owed a man some money I couldn't pay. But I just

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didn't care. I went out and bought him. It was right after Christmas, and I'd had an awful day. You know Christmas is the worst day of the year to me, specially when I've been going out and aint no work on hand. I hadn't that year, and I'd been over to the park all the morning. I kinder like to go over there. Seems like you was a part of things, seeing all the people and all. And there's other women walking about by themselves and you don't feel queer. It was a lovely day and I'd had a real nice time, only when I got home I wished I hadn't gone, it was so dreadfully lonesome. And I got to thinkin' about things until I was so blue I could have gone out and hung myself. And then I went and saw Miss Sharpe awhile. She didn't seem to mind it a bit, and her room was sort of warm and nice and I felt better. And she had a bird hanging in the window, and when I got home I thought about the bird, and how it would be company. So the next day I went and got me one. I suppose 'twas foolish, for I'd been scrapin' along on a dollar a week all the year, and I spent most that on the bird. But I felt dreadful when he died. Seemed like it was Sally and everything else I'd ever cared for all lyin' together in a heap of feathers. I guess my eyes must have been red when I went to church that night. People looked at me kinder sharp. I don't know what they'd thought if they'd known I I was making so much fuss about a *bird!*"

"One does get attached to the little things," said the doctor's wife. "I remember we had a bird once that was killed. It fell from a window in its cage. I think I cried about that myself."

"Yes?" said Hannah, indifferently. "And then I just made up my mind that it was enough sight easier in this world not to care for things at all, then you aint disappointed."

She turned to her work with a summary air, while the doctor's wife made a silent resolve that as soon as she could get out to buy it Hannah Brockaway should have another bird. The kindly purpose, however, was never fulfilled; for that very afternoon, moved by a sudden impulse, Hannah stepped into a bird-store and bought Pet Lamb.

She carried him home a little uneasily. "A body's got to have something!" she said as she set him down. It was her tribute to the little god Consistency. And then she folded up the paper and string with unusual care and went to bed in the dark. It was her offering to the little god Economy.

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When she awoke the next day, it was with a sense of pleasant expectancy not common to her monotonous life. In the gray of the early morning she could just distinguish the tiny thing hopping from perch to perch and twittering to himself with the subdued notes with which singing creatures respond to half-lights. "Pet Lamb," she said softly to herself, "Pet Lamb!" and he had no other name.

As soon as she could she opened the door to give him his liberty, because caged friends are but scant company. But Pet Lamb shrank into a corner and chirped miserably at her and the open door. He had no notion of exchanging his safe conventionalities for a strange and dangerous freedom. With all her kind intentions, Hannah was to him an unfamiliar monster, and her room a vast unknown in which a tiny speck of song and feathers might be quite swallowed up and lost.

Hannah shut the door with a disappointed little snap. "I suppose he's going to be wild," she said, "It'll be just my luck. Goldy flew out the first thing."

However, Pet Lamb soon redeemed himself. Venturing tentatively to the edge of his cage one day, he discovered at one delightful sweep that wings were of more use to a bird than he had supposed. After that his cage became a barely tolerated sleeping place. With all the ardor of fresh enthusiasm he explored every nook and cranny of Hannah's room, and Hannah and he became very good friends.

She often told him that next to Goldy he was the cutest bird that ever was; and the reservation itself was but the instinct of loyalty to the departed. In her heart she loved Pet Lamb the best, for his predecessor had been a pensive bird, much given to mooning by himself and viewing the rest of the world with a kind of abstract disdain. But Pet Lamb was of a social nature, fond of company and possessed of a charming readiness to discuss his neighbor's affairs.

He had, to be sure, his occasional fits of loftiness when he would fly to the top of the tall post of the old-fashioned bedstead and perch there in lonely majesty like a pillar saint or a philosopher absorbed in the blessedness of the contemplative life. Yet certain humorous side glances ever betrayed that his distraction from things mundane was less absolute than might appear. He kept one eye open for his dish of bread and milk, his

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piece of sweet apple, Hannah and the sewing machine, which offered him a perpetual challenge to duets musical. He would fly down presently, and with much shrill satisfaction show that impertinent mechanism what genuine music meant. Or he would alight at Hannah's side to carry on with her protracted conversations.

She talked to him a good deal. She told him of the weariness of her sleepless nights, of the difficulties of getting work, of the slights of careless prosperity, or the airs of the Robinson family. Pet Lamb listened to all with unvarying complaisance nor did his answering chirps ever pique her with a human irrelevancy.

In return he related, no doubt, his candid opinions of the English sparrows who arranged their domestic and social squabbles just outside his window; he confided his hopes in regard to the yellow bird that lived behind the mirror, who seemed not indifferent to his advances, yet ever interposed to his ardor an impenetrable and incomprehensible wall of reserve; he sang to her sweet little songs that smacked of tropic sunshine and his far away ancestral forests.

He could be as full of wiles, too, as a coquettish girl. He knew all the arts of the professional lady-killer. He practised them all on Hannah as the only thing feminine near him, and he would strut about her chair with a comical mixture of self-complacency and ingratiation, while sidelong glances and long-drawn notes pointed his appreciation of his own diplomacy. It was, however, a total waste of energy, for Hannah's heart was but a traitor's citadel.

She never wearied, indeed, of Pet Lamb or his doings. When she was from home he formed the staple of her conversation; and when she could get no daily engagements and was forced to fall back upon laborious and ill-paid "store-work," she found in Pet Lamb's society an ample compensation. And he repaid her fondness in kind. He ate from her fingers. He followed her about the room. He forgot for her sake all the traditions of bird-kind and sang to her by lamplight. And in the early springtime, when strange longings expanded his bird soul with an unknown pain, it was Hannah's voice alone that could arouse him from his apathy of single wretchedness.

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Every night, when she put him into his cage, she said as if it had been an incantation to charm away mishap, "I suppose he'll die. It'll be just my luck."

But Pet Lamb did not die. He lived and flourished. He ate, drank and was merry, as singing birds should be. When a parting came, it was because Hannah herself gave him away. How she could have summoned up resolution enough to do it, has always been a mystery. It seemed so to herself when the glow of generosity had died away, and the pangs of deprivation set in.

It happened in this way. Coming home early from work one day, she discovered a small figure crouched outside her door. She recognized it at once. It was the little cripple that lived on the floor below. He had stolen upstairs to listen to Pet Lamb, who was holding a private rehearsal within; and he lifted intent though apologetic eyes at Hannah's approach. He was pitifully deformed, and his face had the sharpened and precocious look which children get from suffering, or too intimate acquaintance with the seamy side. He had, withal, a shrinking and deprecating air, as if he would excuse his presence in a world in which he was manifestly of so little use.

Hannah did not like children. They annoyed and alarmed her. But the boy's helplessness was appealing.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, not unkindly.

"It's the bird," said Willy, timidly. "It's the bird that sings swater than me uncle's fiddle."

This was enough for Hannah. With Pet Lamb as a link, an intimacy soon grew up between them. And often the boy would escape from the rude health and noisy activity of the life below stairs to Hannah's quiet room. There he lay and listened to Pet Lamb's music or picked out half-tunes on a little flute he had. Pet Lamb accepted a new admirer with the most gracious condescension, and Hannah grew fonder of him every day.

But alas, there came a time when moving day rolled round, and Willy came upstairs to bid an unwilling good-bye to Hannah and Pet Lamb. With the gentlest of forefingers, he stood stroking the bird, his misshapen little figure dingier than ever with the dust of the packing, streaks of tears still on his cheeks, the soft lips rigid with a pitiful control. And he met all Hannah's attempts at consolation with blank young hopelessness.

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"Willy," she said, at last, "Willy, how would you like to have Pet Lamb for your very own?"

And Willy had nodded eagerly, with childhood's narrowness of vision, and Hannah herself had caged the bird and given it into his hand. Nor did the full enormity of what she had done dawn upon her until the last irrevocable little footfall had sounded on the stair.

"My!" she gasped out then. "My! and the woman downstairs is a dreadful careless thing!"

It was a hard pillow that Hannah slept on that night, and the next day dawned vacantly enough. She rose early and got to work.

"I don't suppose they'll ever think to wrap him up," she said, forlornly, as she opened the window and felt the raw wind that was putting the calendar to scorn. "Folks are such fools!"

If the words had a sting, she did not own it, but she sighed as she set the treadles whirring. It was about mid-morning, and she was half-way in a long seam, when a knock startled her. She rose and went crabbedly to the door.

One of the children from the floor below stood there, a round-faced, red-handed maiden, wearing a sheepish and commissioned smile. She had a bird-cage in her hand, and she thrust it awkwardly towards Hannah, saying, "Ma don't like to take your bird away, Miss Brockaway!"

But Hannah drew herself stiffly up. "She ain't takin' him away," said she. "I gave him myself to Willy. I'm very glad he should have him." Only her fingers twitched.

The child hesitated, confused, between Miss Brockaway's manner and her own positive instructions.

"He sings so loud, he wakes the baby," she blurted out, in final desperation.

"Oh, very well!" said Hannah, and she stretched her hand for the cage with a feverish imitation of dignity. "If he ain't wanted! I never thought Pet Lamb was one of the screechin' kind myself!"

The girl reddened, and shifted her feet uneasily. "He's teething," she stammered out, unhappily.

Hannah glared at her. She would have liked to take her by the shoulders and shove her down-stairs. She wanted to shut the door and have Pet Lamb

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all to herself. And when the child had gone at last, she hurriedly opened the cage door. Pet Lamb flew out with an indignant flutter, and settled himself upon the high bed-post. There he began composedly to plume himself. But Hannah sat down on the edge of the bed, and took hold of the post with trembling hands. There were tears in her eyes.

"Pet Lamb!" she whispered. "Pet Lamb! Did he want to come back to his ownty-donty Hannah?"

EFFIE BANTA, '91.

REALITY.

Too long my heart had been a pleasure-hall
  Where gold delight was drunk in cups of laughter,
And tapestries of dreaming hung the wall
  With Oberons from polished floor to rafter.

The walls are bared, the revelry is done,
  The wine lies spilled, the laughter-goblets shattered,—
I broke the shutters for the imperious sun
  And all the fairie host was fled and scattered!

I rent the portals for the Lord of light—
  But ah! him followed countless shadows creeping
Of doubts and dreads and horrors born from night—
  Of nameless things that fill the world with weeping.

L. C. B., '91.

OLGA'S FAIRY STORY.

(A fragment from real life.)

BEHIND an old, weather-stained door, up three flights of stairs, along a narrow hallway, at the very top of the gloomy tenement house, lay Olga's fairyland. These two bare rooms would seem, perchance, all unlike the childhood realm of love and beauty to those under the spell of the wicked witch of Disbelief, those whose world-weary eyes see only the dismal things of life, and whose world-weary hearts are full of darkness and unrest, but then they, and all such sad ones, being the victims of a malign enchantment, can never hope to understand the mysteries of fairydom. Happily, some there are whose eyes are still open to the truth, who see life as it really is, and for such our story is written.

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The dark little room at the back was not, indeed, a part of the fairy kingdom proper; it might rather be regarded as the dungeon of the wicked old giant, who in his youth forgot how to love, and so lived miserable ever after. The fact that it was situated at the top of the house, instead of far down beneath it, is only one of the queer things that occur in all fairy tales.

It was quite as dreadful as any dungeon ought to be, for there were big dark holes and cracks in it, through which the tormentors sent by the tyrant used to come sneaking and creeping in the long night hours; one could not see them in the darkness, but one felt them, nevertheless, and oh, how they pierced and stung with their icy fangs!

Then in one corner was the cupboard where the wolf lived, a growling, snarling old monster, who barked angrily, and beat against the door, frightening all the royal court; sometimes he even came out — but that is too dreadful to tell about, even in a fairy tale with a giant in it, and fortunately it did not often happen.

Now this dungeon opened right into the palace of the beautiful young princess, who was watched over and protected by the fairy godmother. Strange enough, if one of those people with the world-weary eyes should enter here, they would see only a big room with two large windows looking out over chimneys and house-top laundries and city smoke; a bare room with no carpet on the floor, no pictures on the whitewashed walls, no ornament of any kind on the small, wooden mantel, that seemed to have a lowly, apologetic air for existing at all in connection with the empty brick fireplace underneath; a scantily furnished room with just a few stiff, cane-bottomed chairs, and in one corner, just beneath the windows, a long, unvarnished table littered "when work was plenty" — people always work in fairyland though they don't always know it — with cloth and silk, tailor's wax and heavy irons, piles of half-finished coats, and other piles all carefully folded and ready to be taken to the store, and bending over them all the day and long into the night a stolid-faced man ironing, cutting, stitching, week days and Sundays too.

So it all would appear to that most unfortunate individual in the power of the wicked fairy of Disbelief, but the princess, of course, saw things in their true light! In the first place, she knew that everything about her was fashioned of pure gold, for did not the golden radiance come streaming in

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through the big windows, transforming into a likeness of itself all things on which it fell,—and it fell everywhere, even the far-off corners were not overlooked. It was really quite a clever idea of the fairy godmothers to send this golden shower down from the sky, where she lives, for the most part, among the clouds, a very bright idea, and a great improvement on the old-fashioned, mechanical way of touching each separate and individual article with her wand. It is, indeed, a well proved fact that the older our old earth grows the wiser the fairy godmothers become, and the more capable of helping all the poor princesses who are kept in bondage by the wicked World-giant.

Then, too, the little princess knew that the earnest-eyed man bending over the golden table by the windows was none other than the royal king himself, who was attempting to solve the difficult problem of humanity, not by means of the propositions of political economy, not even by the axioms and maxims of social science, but, as a real king should, by true living and glad doing of that which it was given unto him to do. The sweet, bright-faced woman sitting at the other end of the long table was the little queen mother, and, no worthier sovereign could have been found in all the land of fairydom. She sewed too,— and cut and ironed, all work on the great problem; and she sang the while the sweet old songs of the Vaterland, and took ever the most loving care of the princess, and the littlest princess whose brown eyes had opened upon the wonders of the fairy universe only two short years ago. Our heroine, Princess Olga, was five years old, not too young to recognize fairies when she saw them, and not so old but that the glory of babyhood still lingered in her wide blue eyes, in the curves and dimples of her mouth and chin and in the lisping of her baby tongue.

So they lived all together in the palace, the king and the queen and the little princess and the littlest princess, and were as happy as kings and queens and princesses ought to be. Sometimes, it is true, they were cast into the dungeon, and sometimes the wolf beat loudly at the door, and sometimes the wicked old World-giant threatened them from his gloomy abode, but happily they had a charm which was potent to mitigate all these evils. What the charm was may not be revealed, for the good fairy does not like to have her secrets disclosed, but at least we know that it was a kind of love potion, and that we may all have it just for the asking.

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What do princesses do to entertain themselves all day long? In old-fashioned tales they used to play with golden balls, or take lessons in spinning from queer old women, or wear beautiful roses unlawfully stolen from magic gardens, but when the wise fairy godmothers discovered how much trouble such dangerous forms of amusement always brought about, they abolished them altogether, and introduced a less harmful set of games. So our modern princess, first of all, learned lessons, and that is always the best thing to do whether you are a member of the royal family or just a commoner. Fortunately, the little queen mother had been a school-mistress once, before she married the king, and so she was very, very wise. There is not much difference between queens and school-mistresses, after all, when we come to think about it, since the best queens are always teachers, and the wisest teachers are queens. The greedy old queen who did nothing but eat bread and honey in the kitchen went out of date long ago, the world has no fondness for her any longer, and she is relegated to the dustiest, darkest corner of the book shelves; and the birch rod teacher has lain at rest for many years under her own birch tree. Peace be with her, we have no use for her more.

So our little princess studies all sorts of beautiful lessons, and the delightful part of it is that she thinks all the time that it is play, and she is as happy as the happy little birds, and she plays too, and imagines that it is work, and then she is as happy as the gay-winged butterflies of summer days. And all the while the littlest princess sits on the floor in the midst of the golden radiance. She catches at the golden motes, closes her tiny hands over them, and then peeps carefully within to see how many she has caught. How the baby laughter gurgles out when she finds the chubby fist quite empty. Alas! we "grown ups" catch after golden motes sometimes, and when we think we have quite a handful we look down and find — just nothing at all in the empty palm, only we do not laugh as the littlest princess did.

When the work and the play are all done the Princess Olga and the littlest princess stand beside the big window, and look out over the sunset country, across purple mountains and golden castles and long streets of silver, where war steeds prance, and knights in gleaming helmets ride by and the strange little cloud princes and princesses wave and beckon to the

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little earth princesses down below. Sometimes the queen mother comes and stands beside them with her sewing in her hand, but she does not see the knights and steeds and silver streets; before her stretch out the pleasant meadows of the Vaterland, she hears the church bells ringing, and from afar comes the murmur of the Rhine mingling with the voices of the German *Mädchen:*

> "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
> So nenne endlich mir das Land!
> So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
> Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,
> Das soll es sein; das, wackrer
> Deutscher nenne dein!" . . .

And then it all fades away, quite away, and the brooding darkness hides the sunset realms.

So this is Olga's fairy story. Not finished? no, it is only just begun, but the beginning is the most important part,—and the end is yet to be. No, there has not been a word about the prince, and the ogre has not appeared once on the scene, nor the fairy godmother, but they will all come by and by, and perhaps as the years pass there will be a longer tale to tell, though whether told or left among the unwritten records of the years, it will be a fairy story just the same. There was a wise old poet once, a poet, though he never wrote in verse, and he tells us that

> "Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's finger."

So, looking into life with earnest eyes, even as a little child, we can read all the story, and, making its truth our own, be satisfied.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, '93.

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THE SONG OF THE LOTUS.

Sleepily, sleepily,
Swaying and shifting,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Nodding and drifting.
Odors of spicy balms,
Shadows of eastern palms,
Cobwebs of phantasy,
Twining and twisting.
Out of a melody
Spinning soft slumbers,
Waving a mystery
Into the numbers —
The river's full bosom
Beneath thee is swelling
With passion's desire.
Out of the east from
His full-orbèd dwelling
Flings the moon-lover
His passion's pure fire.

JULIA S. BUFFINGTON, '94.

A MAY DAY.

"O Auntie, come quick and see what I've found on the gate! There's pansies, and pinks, and hepaticas, and blood root, and — and some arbutus, and — 'and everything'!"

Jessie was likely to burst her small throat, she was so excited. And so, words failing to express her satisfaction in her discovery, she had finished with that familiar phrase and the exclamation point.

Jessie was a small child, and the two long chestnut braids which hung down her back waved gaily back and forth most of the time, thereby losing for her many a gay ribbon, and causing, through knotty snarls, no end of tears and trouble. Her dancing blue eyes and the merry laugh which showed her white teeth and sweet dimples, won for her many friends. It is easy to agree with her aunt who declared, one day: "Jessie's hard to manage, but she's such a happy child that one must forgive her mischief, the little tease!" So Jessie had her own sweet way most of the time;

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turned up her small pug-nose at rebuke; laughed if caught in mischief, and looked roguishly at auntie, when sent early to bed every Sunday night, when Mr. Amos Patterson came to call.

Aunt Susan was forty; but then, "you'd never know it." She had always tried to "keep her heart young," and, indeed, the neighbors had for for some years suspected the reason. As Mr. Walker — who lived next door — expressed it to the new minister: "There hain't been a Sunday night for nigh onto twenty years, that I hain't seen his buggy or sleigh a hitched at the Williamses' gate.

Ere this, however; nay, before Jessie's enthusiastic summons had been entirely finished, Miss Susan's tall, lithe figure might have been seen coming down the front steps of the trim white house. The Halls lived opposite, and kept the post-office in their front room. At mail time, when the old stage came thundering into town, a group of men and a few teams might always be seen in front of the small building. Then, while the mail was "changed," they gravely discussed the state of the weather, the crops or some other topic of such vital interest. But just now, the one long street of the village with its shading elms, boasted, as far as Miss Susan's keen, gray eyes could see, not even a pedestrian. One dark brown lock had escaped from her crimping pins, and was at the mercy of the cool spring wind; but otherwise there was no sign of agitation, as she stepped firmly to the gate to see, "what nonsense that child was up to, now!"

She looked over to the post-office again, and when she saw that the blinds were not yet opened, she seized the small market basket, hurried round to the "back stoop," and sent Jessie over to "Mis' Walker's for some buttermilk."

It was the first day of May, and Miss Susan looked off into the clear blue sky. The fleecy clouds, touching lightly the verdant tops of our Vermont hills, seemed so merry that morning. But Miss Susan scarcely noticed. She looked down at her flowers, and fondled them "for a bit," forgetting the broom she'd left in the hall and the pies she'd left in the oven.

"It was just such a morning as this," she murmured, as she gathered all the arbutus together. "He came to see father about something or other, he said, and yet he stood here a-talking to me. He brought me some May-flowers then, and I thought may be he'd got something on his mind — per

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haps he had; but he never got rid of it, for that peddler came just the wrong minute, and I jumped up to go and find mother; and when I came back Amos was gone. I remember it was kind of awkward the next Sunday night, but it haint seemed to make no difference sence. He's been as regular as the clock and as constant as the stars." Again, lost in revery, she gazed off into those clear blue depths. But all too soon she was rudely startled by the gate-latch click as Jessie came skipping down the path.

Miss Susan was investigating the oven when the little girl came into the kitchen with her usual spring, this time upsetting the buttermilk on auntie's clean floor. But the expected scolding was evidently postponed, for auntie looked up and actually smiled, while Jessie wondered, and then smiled back said she "didn't mean to," and ran off to her play.

Every little while all the forenoon, Miss Susan caught herself humming snatches of a little song. It was a song they two had learned at singing school together, the winter previous to that spring, round which clustered so many sad as well as happy memories. All day long the house was filled with the bright spring sunshine, and Jessie wondered again at dinner, why grandpa really had the custard-pie which had been so sharply refused him at breakfast time, because Aunt Susan had declared that she was "going to clean house, and couldn't bother with extras!"

But that evening when Jessie heard the early summons to bed, and a little later caught, through the blinds, a glimpse of that old-fashioned buggy down by the front gate, she nodded her wise little head emphatically. Jessie had made another discovery.

MARY ELLA CHAPIN, '95.

A BABY.

PEOPLE never could understand how that white, delicate baby came to be one of the six Kreuzer children. Mr. Kreuzer was a handsome man, of the large, dark, florid type. Mrs. Kreuzer was an ugly woman of the small, dark, greasy type. Lizzie, the oldest girl, was dark and had dull eyes, cheeks that hung down with fat, and very large feet. Jakey who came next was three shades swarthier and twice as dull. The rest of the children were of much the same pattern until you came to Mary. In her

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was concentrated enough loveliness, both of disposition and of body, to have made the rest of the children tolerably attractive had it been distributed among them. Where did the baby get the delicate features, the skin like the petal of a tuberose, the blue, blue eyes, and the rings of golden hair, not bushy, obstinate curls, but silken rings that lay close to her head, seeming to express, in their soft clinging, the gentleness of her nature. Not because her mother had any æsthetic instinct, but because the dresses had been given to her, she often wore white. She had a pathetic, unbabylike way of not getting soiled by all the dirt around her. In this respect she was as unlike her brothers and sisters as she was in everything else. Mrs. Kreuzer washed up all six of them in the morning, if she had time, and then washed her hands of them by turning them out in the yard for the rest of the day. By night, in consequence of plentiful slices of bread and molasses, and indulgence in mud-pies, it could scarcely be discerned what manner of children they were. Mary, being but two and-a-half, was scarcely old enough to get any solid enjoyment out of mud-pies, but had she been older, one could not have imagined the slender, blue-veined hands at such employment.

That hot summer, she liked to sit for hours on the old stone flagging in front of the door. A big horse-chestnut threw its grateful shade over her, and she often raised her blue eyes, with a reflective look, to its rustling top, and then to the sky above it. The flies swarmed in and out of the room behind her; oniony, garlicky, German smells came from it, and her strong, coarse, tyrannical brother Joe, aged four, often tumbled over her and hurt her in his eagerness to get more bread and molasses. She seldom made any outcry and she never seemed any more a part of these things, than would a star from heaven.

Mrs. Ray, leading her own well-dressed, carefully tended children past the house one day, saw her sitting so and was struck by her pathetic beauty. She even spoke to the easy-going mother, who just then came out and commented on the child's loveliness and fairness. Mrs. Kreuzer seemed scarcely to have noticed it or thought of it. She caught Mary up for a moment as if with an impulse of affection, but quickly set her down again, saying, as she hurried away, that she must "make the supper." After that Mrs. Ray always looked for the baby when she went by. She generally saw her either before the door or at the gate, clasping the palings with her dainty hands,

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and looking up between them at the passers-by with eyes as blue as the sky above her.

One day, when the summer was far advanced and it had not rained for a long time, when the roads were ankle deep with burning dust, and a dulled brown coat of blight and dust had covered Nature's green, little Mary lay with her cheek pressed against her favorite stone, the one cool spot she could find. Mrs. Ray, in passing, saw the little white figure stretched out, and went in the gate with a quick feeling that something was wrong. "Isn't your baby sick?" she asked of the mother who came to the door at the sound of her footsteps. Just then, Joe, charging through the door with the usual bread and molasses, stepped on the little outstretched hand. She seemed not to notice it, even. "I should have the doctor for her," said Mrs. Ray," lifting her with tender alarm. "I guess its only the warm weather," Mrs. Kreuzer replied, with a stolid good-natured sort of contempt for the American woman's foolishness, but with a note in her voice that warned her that she might be trespassing.

All the next day the little cheek was pressed against the cool stone. Towards nightfall even the phlegmatic Mr. Kreuzer became alarmed and sent for the doctor. He could do nothing for her. She had been neglected too long, he said briefly. Before the sun had risen the next morning, some one had folded for Mary the hands that seemed too weary to fold themselves, and placed in them the heavy-scented tuberoses that in their waxen whiteness seemed a part of her flesh. There were the candles, and the holy water, and the priest, and the other accessories of a Catholic funeral. Mrs. Kreuzer wailed loudly and shed tears by the side of the little grave, but coming home she was able to comment on her cheap mourning with interest, and to laugh with some appearance of enjoyment at the joke with which a good-natured neighbor tried to beguile her, as for the children, they seemed to have forgotten the day's unusual excitement as soon as they had their supper.

"Mamma," said little Beulah Ray that night, when her mother had heard her prayers and was sitting by her bed in the moonlight, "why did God give Mrs. Kreuzer such a pretty baby when He knew she wouldn't love her?" I don't know, dear," said the mother, with a tremor in her voice. She sat for a long time in the moonlight, trying to find the answer to this question. She did not find it that night, nor has she ever found it.

M. C. Roberts, '97.

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WHEN THE MIST CAME UP FROM THE MARSH.

When the mist came up from the marsh last night,
The moon hung low in the fading light
  Her golden bow in the western sky;
  A glow remained where the sunsets die,
When the mist came up from the marsh.

When the mist came up from the marsh last night,
The tangled reeds from the mantle white
  Stared out like thoughts thro' the mist of years,
  And the evening wind had a sound of tears,
When the mist came up from the marsh.

COMPARISON OF THE ATMOSPHERES OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AND "TWELFTH NIGHT."

IN comparing the atmospheres of the two plays, As You Like It and Twelfth Night, let us first see where the scenes are laid. The former is out of doors, is full of woodland associations; we hear the songs of the birds, the babbling of the brook; we see the gently swaying trees and the beautiful flowers. It is a truly pastoral scene; the air is full of poetry, the winds blow undisturbed by the turbulent passion of the world outside. All is quiet and restful, tuned to the magic harmony of this charmed spot.

The scene of Twelfth Night, on the contrary, is laid in-doors. It is a picture of city life; the hot breath of the multitude stifles us. To be sure, there is poetry in Twelfth Night, but it is introduced, is not part of the very nature and fibre of the play, as in As You Like It.

Then to consider the plots — how different they are! The one truly ideal, the interest lying chiefly in the characters and sentiments; the other fanciful, but with the interest centered in plot and situation. Although in As You Like It, we find a Nature composed of incongruities, yet we do not feel that it is unreal or unnatural; for the magic poetry of the place pervades all.

The seriousness of As You Like It is not sad or melancholy, not passionate, but blithe, healthy and natural; while in Twelfth Night we find the Duke lackadaisical; Oliver artificial, and, in general, the characters with

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none of the bird-like notes of those of As You Like It. In As You Like It, poetry predominates; it breathes through everything, and not only is it deep, but also fanciful and sprightly. Poetry, as I have said, is not native to Twelfth Night, and when it does occur, it is only sober. There are no charming songs like

"O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?"

but still, in all Shakespeare nothing can be found finer than Viola's character, especially in her description of her father's daughter, or in her description of Oliver.

Perhaps the key-note of the two plays will be found in the comparison of Rosalind and Viola. Rosalind is full of blithe playfulness, while Viola assumes it, for she is all seriousness. She cares only for the proprieties of her real character, and does not carry out her disguise so well as Rosalind, for her heart does not beat easily in this strange costume; "she plays a part, and we never forget it is only a part." On the other hand, Rosalind is anxious to carry her assumed character well, and although her heart flutters and faints, yet she is always striving to act out her role.

In love these two characters are very different. Viola's love is deep, silent, patient, neither asking nor seeking any reward. She is sweet and tender with none of the saucy pertness of Rosalind. Yet Rosalind's love is just as sincere, in spite of all her roguishness and mischief.

The humor of the two plays reveals very different atmospheres. In As You Like It we find caprice and fancy, the humor is toned down; all the fun is gay, sprightly, full of whims. Could anything be more fascinating than the jests of Touchstone, or the pranks of Rosalind? In Twelfth Night, the humor is broad, rollicking, boisterous. There are many practical jokes and drunken catches by Sir Toby when he falls into one of his "paroxysms of mirth." We have comic effect, the mad-cap frolic. Yet the "high-fantastical" Sir Andrew, the empty-headed echo of Sir Toby, affords us, in his very harmless aspiring, much amusement. In both plays the humor is perfectly spontaneous, although so different, and all the characters indulge in fun because they cannot help it.

In general, As You Like It is a picture of an ideal life, full of soft and delicate imagination. Caprice and fancy peep out at every step, and we smile or laugh softly. Twelfth Night is a true comedy, with a certain

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sweetness and pleasantry, but here we burst into a roar of laughter. It is full of a genial, free and easy spirit, rising to the perfection of comic effect in the wild and boisterous frolics. In both we find improbability of incident, but in As You Like It, it is an idealized improbability, often playful, at times serious, but always pervaded with a spirit of exquisite poetry.

Each play has its shadows, which gently fall across the brighter spots, and each in its different way teaches the same lesson. The Duke fitly phrased it when he said: —

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

But let us not close with a sombre thought; rather let us think of As You Like It as pervaded with sunshine and flowers, let the blithe song of Amicus ring in our ears: —

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

MARY C. ADAMS, '95.

MY GLANCE OF SUMMER FIRE.

Sweetest warbler of the springtime,
Rich thy liquid note, and rare!
Thou'rt a lover, I can see it
By thy bold and saucy air.

'Tis thy loved one thou art calling
To thy airy dell aloft!
'Mid the blossoms May time opens,
'Mid a fragrance pure and soft.

Blossom bower! May-time fragrance!
Subtle charm of lover's song!
Who'll resist you, who but loves you,
Loves you fond and loves you long?

A. E. B., '91.

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LAURA LYON WILLIAMS.

THE bright spring days that seem so full of promise have this year brought to the class of '87 a crushing sorrow. On the morning of March thirty-first, Laura Lyon Williams, our beloved president, passed quietly from earth to her heavenly home.

Our hearts are too heavy with grief to think beyond the sad present, but there is left to us the comfort of tender memory and the assurance that the influence of her noble life will always be with us, an inspiration towards the highest and the best.

In the loss of our president, '87 mourns one bound to us in deepest love, and one in whom was rare strength of character and purity of life.

Whereas, We, the members of the class of '87 of Welleslay College, have lost by death our beloved friend and president, Laura Lyon Williams,

Resolved, That, in our irreparable loss, we seek comfort for our sorrow in expressing our deep love for her who has gone, and our affectionate appreciation of her unselfish service to us.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family and friends, who in her death have sustained the deepest affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes of the class organization, and that copies be sent to the family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Signed,

EDITH A. TRUE,
SARAH JANE STORMS,
MABEL NEVINS MATHER, } *Class Committee.*

"SHORT DAY AND LONG REMEMBRANCE."

Our Wellesley knew thee but a few swift years,
  A maiden spirit, fresh as morning skies,
  Pale beauty of the face and frank young eyes
With privacies of tenderness and tears.
Half shy, half proud amid thy clustering peers
  Thou borest thee in queenly lily wise,
  Yet swaying toward them in a sweet surprise
Of love and faith — prophetic atmospheres.

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For summer shone, and goldenly thine heart
  Bloomed into bliss, but now — oh, strange, new ache
That makes itself familiar — now thou art
A broken lily, all untimely dimmed,
  A broken lily, for whose vanished sake
Our speech is faint, our eyes are overbrimmed.

There is a life outwearing even grief,
  Our shining lily, of the sunbeams fain,
  Smit by a sudden vehemence of rain
Is dashed to earth with ruined cup and leaf.
But Death, her troubler, holds his mortal fief
  Of Love the overlord, whose meads retain
  A perfume sweeter for the bruise and stain,
Abiding fragrance of a blossom brief.

Transplanted, be it so, to gardens bright,
  Where drooping lilies, sprent with honey-dew,
By angel touches wax more dazzling white
  Than eye conceives beneath this baffling blue,
At least remains to us of shadowed sight
  Thy folding effluence of fair and true.

God pity all whose hearts are anguish-torn
  For loss of her, but softest mercies flow
  On these, her little ones, who cannot know
What cause their baby voices have to mourn.
In vain their fitful cries pursue her borne
  From rooms belovèd, yet content to go,
  Sealed in that ivory trance from joy and woe,
Her bridal raiment now serenely worn.

Too young for memory, too young to miss
  Her cherishments, and yet it may not be
As they had never felt the mother-kiss,
Nor reached their wandering hands to catch her smile.
But, haply, dreamland keeps some charmèd isle
  Where love shall brood them safe from storm and sea.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

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Editorial.

I.

WE are glad to be able to note this month that one of Wellesley's friends has shown her interest in the college in a very substantial way. The college has received a gift of ten thousand dollars to provide for one of the many needs. This money will be used to build a new cottage, which will be conducted on the same plan as the Eliot. We are glad that the money is to be used in this way. We need more cottages of this kind, for they make it possible for girls of moderate means to go through college. We all wish as many as possible to have the opportunities of higher education, and each new cottage of this sort would give these opportunities to thirty or forty girls, who would otherwise find it very difficult to gain a college education.

This gift makes us hopeful that in the not far distant future our dreams of a new chapel, gymnasium and science building will be realized. Though we may not see these realizations ourselves, while we are students here, yet we hope that those in the younger classes may see, at least, the beginnings of these buildings we so much need. Certainly it cannot be long before some one will recognize our needs and provide for them.

II.

WHO can realize, as the sound of busy hammers and trowels reaches her ear, that the boat-house, that air-castle which for so many years has been floating ahead of us, ever eluding our grasp, has actually been caught at last and fastened to a firm foundation on the shores of Lake Waban?

Yet such is truly the case, and with joy we watch the rapid transformation of the flimsy and perishable material of which air-castles are commonly built into more substantial brick and stone.

Our surprise at seeing the boat-house fast becoming a realization will soon change to a feeling of wonder how we did without it.

The "tubs," with their rough, painted sides and iron row-locks, were strong to resist hard usage and bad weather, but the new crew boats, with their glossy coats of varnish and nickel outriggers, must be carefully treated, and demand the protection which the boat-house will soon afford them.

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The boat-house will certainly fill a long-felt need, and as far as can be judged in its present state of incompleteness, will be an addition to our picturesque lake shore.

III.

NO one who has observed any member of the Legenda Board during the past week, will be surprised to hear that the '94 Legenda has gone to press. The editors no longer wear that agonized expression, peculiar to the man who must bring forth a new joke within the next twenty-four hours. They are sometimes even seen to smile in the corridors.

Not only from the expression of the editors, but also from more accurate information, we are led to believe that this year's publication will be an extremely good one. Those who never saw Mr. Durant, and who can know but little of his personality, will be glad to learn that the Legenda will contain, besides the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Durant and their son, in whose memory the college was founded, a sketch of the life of Mr. Durant by Professor Bates. A memorial which will more nearly touch us, who are the present members of the college, is that of Miss Shafer, which we shall all be glad to have in a permanent form.

That part of the Legenda which contains the matter peculiarly characteristic of college annuals, is entirely different from the publications of the past two years, since it is again upon a humorous basis, and the choicest wit of '94, which we all know is exceptionally delicate and keen, has been expended upon the jokes and sketches. Besides the usual class lists and the accounts of other organizations, an especially attractive feature of the book will be the newest of the Glee Club songs.

It is hoped that the college, which boasts but two publications, may show its loyal spirit by supporting this one.

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The Free Press.

I.

Advice by an Alumna.

This is the time of year when many of the seniors are thinking anxiously about the future, and wondering what good or bad fortune the fates will award to them next year. I suppose the majority of them will enter upon a teacher's career, and I therefore take this opportunity of offering a few suggestions to those students who intend to earn their daily bread by teaching. There are certain questions which nearly all college girls ask, and which oftentimes remain unanswered. It is for the purpose of answering a few of these questions, that I have written this short article.

1. Do not be too conscientious.

When you fill out your registration blank do not be too conscientious. Nearly all seniors hesitate about underlining studies not fresh in mind or never studied. My advice would be, underline everything, except music or a language. You will very probably be called upon to teach all branches unless you are so fortunate or unfortunate as to engage in deportment work. It is not so difficult to teach new studies as it may seem. I remember I was especially conscientious in regard to not underlining botany, book-keeping and astronomy, all of which studies I have taught, two of them in my first year, with apparently good results.

2. Do not specialize.

This is advice which it is too late to follow, and, according to the belief of some, is unsound. My experience, and the experience of the majority of graduates will coincide with mine, I think, proves that the more general a college course is, the better equipped the teacher. One or two years, work in almost any branch will fit one to teach it acceptably in ordinary schools. When a teacher is obliged to teach from three to eight different subjects at one time, then a general knowledge is desirable. If one desires to specialize she may do it later. After teaching for several years, she can take advanced work in some American or foreign university.

3. Do not aim too high.

I believe with Emerson "hitch your wagon to a star," but, nevertheless, many young graduates hold too lofty aspirations and expectations and are disappointed in not realizing them. They will not teach certain distasteful studies, they will not teach for less than six or seven hundred dollars. Alas! in these days of sharp competition, an inexperienced teacher is fortunate to obtain any position, even if it only offers five hundred dollars. I should venture to state that the

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majority of the positions in the East do not offer over five or six hundred dollars. A salary of eight hundred dollars is rare, and a position which offers more than that to a woman is an exceptional one. It is discouraging, I admit, for a woman to take advanced work in a university and perhaps not obtain any larger salary than before, while a man's salary might be doubled, or at least largely increased.

4. Do not forget the importance of discipline in a school-room.

Perhaps the most difficult thing with which a teacher has to contend is discipline, and at the same time it is entirely unprepared for. I wish the various colleges fitted these students who intend to teach more fully for their duties and gave them an opportunity to test their powers of government. Very few college girls fail in teaching, but some do fail in discipline. The three things which have been most helpful to me in discipline, are to command respect, to be firm and to keep the students busy.

I fear you may think this a discouraging article, but not so. It only presents the practical aspects of a teacher's life. The field is a wide one and a varied one. It is, withal, an enjoyable one. Only enter upon the work with wholeheartedness and you will succeed. If not at first, then "try, try again."

E. HATHAWAY, '90.

II.

Domestic rank is, perhaps, a painful necessity, and therefore it is useless to talk against the institution itself. But there is one thing about domestic work which is not a necessity at all and this is simply the unequal distribution of the work. Every one knows perfectly well how unequally the work is distributed among the students and the most unpleasant part falls principally upon the two lower classes.

The department work is divided between those who have virtually nothing to do, and those who have from four to six periods a week. If one of these last named, ventures to complain, she is told that, "the honor of being a department girl compensates for the large amount of work."

There is no justice in this equality and there is no reason for it. As the work is now divided, those girls who have the harder work, have the most of it. Take for example, the library and dining-room work. Should this be so?

E. S., '96.

III.

During the spring term, there is much class business to be transacted, frequent meetings are necessary and the old question, "What shall we do about a quorum," clamors for an answer. I believe that in some way membership should be made

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voluntary; as it stands now, all who are fully qualified by their academic work are practically members of the organization. One girl who felt that she ought not to attend class-meetings, tried to withdraw, but was told that there was no way to manage it. She must still be counted in reckoning a quorum; therefore she still goes to class meetings. Attempts have been made to impose a yearly fine of twenty-five cents as a condition of membership, but this was opposed and the tax is only "asked," which means that every one is dunned for that amount whether she really cares to belong to the class organization or not. If, however, this were the condition of membership, only those who care for their class "twenty-five cents' worth," would pay it and the rest would be free to go their several ways. In every class there is a certain number of girls who do not attend class meetings and take no part in the work of the class, but they count towards a quorum and waste the time of the girls who have to wait until the necessary number can be found to do business and weary factotums must raid the library and drag out unwilling victims. S. E. W. B., '94.

IV.

Not many weeks ago, I visited in a home where the daughter is preparing to enter Wellesley. It was easy to see that for some reason she was not enthusiastic over going to college. As soon as we had a chance to talk alone, she began, eagerly: "Is is really true that the girls at Wellesley are just digs, and don't care a bit about being agreeable and nice and jolly?" When I asked what had given her such an idea, she told how some of her friends, also who are fitting for Wellesley, came one day to visit the college. On their return, this was their comment upon the girls whom they had seen: "They didn't look interesting or jolly or pretty at all. They just rushed" (Think of their using our word "rushed"!) "round the corridors, and looked as if they had to work awfully and didn't care about anything else." No wonder that the heart of my merry little friend sank at that! Mine sank, too.

Then I tried to tell her how it really is, — that the girls work hard, but that they do care about other things, do care to be "interesting and jolly and nice and pretty." She, however, could not understand why they did not show it when her friends were here; and I wondered whether that day were exceptional.

But is it not a shame to us, college students, that three young girls should have all their enthusiasm over college life here shattered, because we are not strong and courageous enough to roll the burden of our work off of our faces, and to go about our corridors in a happy, leisurely way, as if life were, after all, the glad thing that it really is for most of us.

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There is no difficulty, when we first return after vacation, in keeping our buoyant spirits. The test comes later, when work presses heavily and we have lost our early freshness and vigor. Then is the time to prove "the stuff we're made of." There has been an unusual amount of grumbling and complaining this year. True, many of us do work too hard, but our best way to lighten the load is by refusing to let it press heavily upon us, depressing our spirits. "It would make any one ill to be declaring constantly how overworked he was," a friend said to me, recently.

Why not delude ourselves for the remainder of this year into thinking that we really can accomplish what we have to do, provided only that we take life quietly, say little about our "pressure of work," sleep enough every night, keep hopeful hearts and glad faces?

Can the young woman whose buoyancy vanishes in the presence of hard work and weariness, whose long face and complaining voice, as she relates her woes, wear out the strength and patience of her friends, can she, I say, hope to meet the wear and weariness of life, and be a woman whose college course helped to give her the self-control and freshness of spirit necessary for happiness and success?

In these college days, not only are we fixing our attitude toward the work of life, but we are giving to our faces lasting expressions of cloudiness and worry, or of sunshine and serenity. C. S. H., '95.

V.

In a free press article in the April magazine, we are informed that to a first-year student living in the village, Wellesley seems peculiarly out of touch with the rest of the world.

As this student has seen fit to give us some of her experience and observation on the subject, it may not be out of place for another student, who has also had a year of village life, to give some of her own observations in reply.

We can sympathize with the writer in her aspirations to broaden her intellectual horizon by close contact with Boston and Cambridge, but since we are left in ignorance of the character and extent of her expectations, we are not in a position to offer suggestions. It seems to us, however, the individual fault of the student, if, after a month or two, Boston degenerates to a "mere shopping place," Cambridge to a "contemporary myth," rather than a result for which the college is responsible.

Again, the writer complains that she feels "so little stimulus to keep abreast of events," that the calm secludedness of Wellesley makes it difficult to care about reading the papers even if one has time. We have heard this com-

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plaint before, but may we ask from whom this stimulus should come? Is our interest in outside events so slight, are our minds so feeble, that we must depend on some external stimulus, some pressure from without, to force us to keep in step with the world of to-day? Surely, it is from ourselves that this stimulus should come. We are unworthy this name of "college women," of which we are so proud, if our desire to keep abreast of events is not strong enough to overcome the slight difficulties in our way, which are, after all, mainly of our own making.

Furthermore, the writer is "conscious of no vital connection between the Wellesley world and the larger world of progressive thought." We are obliged to confess that this feeling is shared to some extent by many, but we are equally sure that the remedy lies within our control. We have heard that a "Wellesley girl" is a synonym for a "dig." We have realized, many of us, that there is something at fault, when we have waited long and weary hours, time and time again, for the number required for a quorum. And when the quorum has been secured, have we not realized that it is only the few who really have opinions and give voice to them! Ought this to be? Are we not too individual, too bent on following our own hobby, our own line of thought, to the exclusion of all other interests? And, moreover, do we come to college to bury ourselves in our books, to develop ourselves along one line, or are we moved by the desire to broaden our horizon, intellectual and otherwise, in every possible direction, seeking to know as much of the life and problems of the present day, as we do of the customs of the ancients? To come back to the point in question, if this latter supposition is true, are we likely to be content that there should be no vital connection between us and the outside world?

If we admit, as the writer of the previous article does admit, that a larger mental food lies really within our reach, it is certainly a source of shame to us, if we must wait for a "something in the air" to whet our appetite for this food.

We do not, we cannot, believe that this is true of all of Wellesley's students. Shall we not make it impossible that it can be said of one, that, by returning to Wellesley, "she lets go the hand of the world's activity."

M. C. D., '94.

VI.

There has been a growing realization of late that something unhealthy in the atmosphere of work is abroad at Wellesley. The impulse is to worry over one's work, and to let the mind dwell on all that is before it in the term, until the thought becomes a constant burden, not thrown off even in recreation. Now, why should this be so? Every one knows that work is better done when done

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quietly. The attitude toward study should be more scholarly, more worthy of the true college student. The work is not too difficult for the average student, and any one, on reflection, would be ashamed to admit such a statement. Why, then, this constant worrying, fussing, fuming, that increases the difficulty tenfold?

And it is not only that the worry hurts the one who thus indulges, but all her friends and neighbors suffer with her woes as well as with their own. Thoughtlessness is surely the cause of this selfishness. It does not relieve the burden to talk constantly of it, neither is it a help to a friend. It may be a girl's natural impulse to confide all her troubles to another, but let her act the part of a true friend and bear her own burdens uncomplainingly. For the sake of the peace of mind, even of the health, of those who live with us in the same community, let us then be braver about our work, a little more confident of our own powers, and we shall find our tasks better done and our health less affected by the end of the year.

D., '95.

VII.

An article which appeared last month, advocating an open library on the Sabbath, suggests another aspect of the library question. The library, which is such a source of pleasure and profit to each one of us, is entrusted to the free use and enjoyment of the student every week-day. Before we can justly ask for an enlargement of our privilege in this direction, it is for us to consider whether we deserve it.

As matters stand now, the library is entirely at our disposal, and the freedom which the present system grants in the use of books is the greatest possible when the rights of each individual are considered. The one thing requisite to make the present system successful is that each one should feel an individual responsibility in the careful use of books, and a due regard for the rights of others. When the librarians state that books necessary for reference disappear at the rate of ten volumes a night; when serious annoyances are caused by the loss of books which are laid back in some secluded corner to await the convenience of some one individual, the abuse of privilege has become so great as to need a remedy.

There are various plans which might be adopted to remedy this growing annoyance. The book-cases might be locked and books dealt out by request; or a vigilant committee might be stationed at the library door to examine all persons passing out. By far the best way would be for each one of us to make this question a point of honor; to realize that the removal of books is not an individual matter, but that it casts a reflection on the whole student body. This thoughtlessness in the use of library books calls for an immediate remedy. Shall we not make this a matter of individual and college honor, and thus apply the remedy that lies within our power?

N., '95.

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Exchanges.

This past month our Exchanges have seemed fairly redolent of spring. The short story has a noticeable setting of glowing maple buds and trees new-leaved, while arbutus and April violets are largely apostrophized. We are glad that tradition has been set aside, and several dainty spring poems have escaped the omnivorous scrap-basket to grace the pages of a magazine. But with this season come practical considerations as well. Incoming editorial boards have devoted whole pages to stern resolutions, and pathetic appeals for the co-operation of students. These appeals are often upheld by ingenious arguments. We quote from the "Yale Literary Magazine":

"If, as it is said, mature men forget that they once were young, there is work for the young man to do in making permanent record of his youthful experience, of the way in which his youthful eye beholds the world, its people and their works. Such records well written have an individual value of their own, which is to be compared to a foreigner's view of the land in which he visits. Ignorance is not always a bar to interest."

This magazine contains several short but interesting essays. "The College Days of a Yale Poet" gives an account of that institution in its state of pristine simplicity. Despite the fact that "men attended chapel before sunrise, held their first recitations by candle light and studied without translations," Nathaniel Parker Willis managed to pass a gay four years at his Alma Mater. "A New Idea," by Emerson Gifford Taylor, is a clever sketch of a club-house philosopher. We clip the following from the verse: —

FALLEN STARS.

I saw one night a star slip down to earth
From out the vault of Heaven's depths of blue,
And grieved; till, at the morning's happy birth,
Its ghost laughed at me from a drop of dew.

Warwick James Price.

In the "Harvard Monthly," as usual, we find a supply of all good things. The stories are especially well written. "The Reformation of Johnson," by L. W. Hopkinson, is commendable for its delineation of character; "A Stroll with the Marquis," by Jared Waterman, for its vivid description; and "The Perjured Lovers," by Julien P. Welsh, for the quaint humor which colors it. Of the poems we most enjoy "Now with Return of Spring," by Joseph T. Stickney, but it is too long to quote. Instead we clip:—

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PEACE.

Tho' inland far, prisoned with mountains round,
  Oppressed beneath a space of heavy skies,
  Yet hear I oft the far-off water-cries
And vague vast voices with the winds confound.
While as a harp I sing, touched with the sound
  Most secret to its soul, the visions rise
  In stately dream, and lifting up mine eyes
I see the naked mountains fire-crowned.
Far in the heaven the golden moon illumes,
  The crowded stars toil in the webs of night
And the sharp meteors seam the higher glooms.
Then shifts my dream: the mellow evening falls;
  Upon the shore, alone, in the wet light
I stand and hear the infinite sea that calls.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney.

The "Harvard Advocate" still comes on the crusade against illegibility. We refer all students of junior rhetoric to the first April number of this magazine. They will there gain useful hints on the matter of translation.

With the exception of those in the "Harvard Monthly," the best short stories in any April magazine are found in the Nassau Lit." The sketches written in a lighter vein, especially "The Subsequent History of Miss Muffet," and the ghostly tale in which the spirit figures in modern dress, are excellent. The story entitled "So Runs the World Away" is hardly as well written as the former productions of its author. But it is of such an unusual character that we take advantage of the permission given by the "Lit." to make a few quotations.

The sentiments of the hero, the heroine and the author seem to be surprisingly at one in their estimation of women. The ambition of Fletcher Barnes is to "shake mankind" with "thoughts," and to be "a leader of men." "The truth came gradually borne in upon him" . . . "that along those steep and rugged paths which he must climb women cannot go."

"Ay!" exclaims the author, "woman is the lesser man, and man is sufficient unto man."

After a parting of seven years, Fletcher meets the heroine under a flaming sunset. They shake hands and sit down. He proposes to her and she rejects him in a speech of two pages.

"You know," she says, "that we have not the strength to follow you, nor the depth of being to equal yours, and that woman is the lesser man. Yes, Fletcher, woman is the lesser man, but alas for the man that finds it out."

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On finishing this speech, the heroine departs, and Fletcher resumes his steep and rugged path. "Time" did "his work." "Fletcher Barnes, leader of men, stood by a window watching the moon riding high in a fleecy sky. . . . He was thinking how a man with work to do in the world, and a mission to perform must leave women behind him; . . . for woman is the lesser man, and her nature is cast in a lighter mould."

If it is true, as certain wise people say, that our firmest beliefs are but the result of constant reiteration, a single reading of this article should conform our sentiments to those of its author. But we would refer, those who may be a trifle skeptical on this point, to a recent article by Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he comes to the conclusion, that the world cannot well get along without both man and woman.

"An Opinion," by Juliet Hammond, and "An Interpretation of Hegel," by Teresina Peck, are two thoughtful, scholarly articles in the "Smith College Monthly." The three short stories of this magazine, though artistic, are rather depressing in their portrayal of the dreariest New England life.

Of the many good prose articles in the "Wesleyan Literary Monthly," we like best "Is George Meredith Worth Reading?" by Cornelius R. Berrien. It shows a keen insight both into the merits and faults of this novelist, who is undoubtedly, "caviare to the million." The "Bric-a-Brac" contains well-drawn sketches and sprightly verse. We take the following from the magazine: —

CHOLLIE.

"Aw — please wepeat — if you will be so kind,
I weally — aw — was wandewing in my mind."
"Was wandering in your mind? But then, you know,
You'd such a very little ways to go."

F. L. K.

The contents of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" furnish the most pleasing mixture of literary papers, stories and verse. We would especially praise Mr. Kent Knowlton's discussion on "The Place of Jane Austen as a Literary Model."

Indeed, we think the disguised "heavy" article has attained the greatest success during the past month. The subjects chosen may often have been of undue weight, but they have been treated originally and with care. The interest of the short story seems to lie in its startling dénouement, rather than in its artistic treatment; as for the verse, it has suffered a slight reaction from the excellence of the previous month.

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We quote the following from the "Columbia Literary Monthly": —

A Song of Innocence.

THE CHILD SPEAKS.

Unready for life with its bustle and jar,
  Having breathed the Dream-World air,
In a World of Dreams I've lived so far,
  And the World of Dreams is fair.
But I am a part of the infinite sum
  That is called Humanity,
And the call to enter life will come —
  The life of Reality.

The time is approaching. I'm losing the hold
  On imaginings, fancies and dreams
That composed the life that I knew of old;
  But the Real — so strange it seems,
That I cry: Leave me some of my childish hopes,
  A few of the child's beliefs;
Perhaps they may prove the saving ropes
  When I'm wrecked upon Real Life's reefs.

A. S.

And this from the "Inlander": —

A Prelude.

It was evening, and dead low ebb of the tide,
The color of all the world
Was like the inside of a shell
That is purple and gray,
With a fading yellow band on the western rim
Between the sky and the sea.
But the still mist drifted in
On the breast of the sleeping tide
And mingled the sea with the sky,
Till the breakers out on the bar
Burst their vaporous vanishing white from the midst of the clouds.
Then from under the silent mist,
Out over the the swells of the dim indefinite dunes,
Came a sigh and a breathing stir,
Somehow a ripple broke, — and the tide turned in.

Maude Elaine Caldwell.

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Book Reviews.

MARCELLA, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. 2 vols. Cloth, $2.00. Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book, which has long been promised by certain newspaper sages, is now eagerly hailed by the many admirers of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve."

In "Marcella," even more than in these two novels, Mrs. Ward shows her ability to portray the development and final crystallization of character. The aim of the book is to clearly set forth the varied phases of socialism. We view the problem mainly through the eyes of the imaginative, impulsive Marcella. And unconsciously our interest centres in this wayward, impulsive girl. The misery of the poor takes on a tragic intensity as Marcella moves among them. The statistics and dry facts heralded in the "Labor Clarion" scintillate with meaning under the scorn of her flashing eyes. We watch her as she advances from the egoistic extravagance of one and twenty to the calmer, clearer thought of after years. But in all her struggles with the apathy of the poor, with the easeful indifference of the rich, or with the hypocrisy of self-seeking reformers, we find the same hatred of oppression, the same "large and passionate humanity" which "plays about her."

It is not alone from Marcella's standpoint that the question is viewed. Each incident, each character, serves to present a new aspect of the troublous problem. The brilliant but unscrupulous Wharton, in his feverish quest for sensation, has thrown himself into "the great tragic-comedy of the workingman's movement, for the sake of the amusement it will bring him. And through him we feel its excitement and dramatic force. Mrs. Boyce, on the other hand, is one whom "the sentiments of life avoided. She wished to see things in a dry light, and enjoyed "playing with the ironies of the situation." In London we meet the more violent socialists, from the lean and hungry type, raging with jealousy and despair, to the sturdy and determined leaders of Parliament. On the Mellor estate, conservatives are found of every grade, from the primitive little Miss Raeburn to her decided but broad-minded nephew. In the sardonic chat of Mrs. Jellison, the ancient wit of the village, is revealed the hopeless cynicism of the oppressed; in the dogged action of the deformed poacher, their feeble revolt from tyranny. In fact, Mrs. Ward has been wonderfully successful in her attempt to present a system of thought as it is held by the various social classes in the England of to-day.

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The evident endeavor to plead for a special view of the subject might classify her method with that of Charles Kingsley. It cannot be denied that "Marcella," with the proneness of an English novel to sin against artistic form, suffers from its diffuseness, its free use of conventional lines and somewhat melodramatic incidents. Nevertheless, Mrs. Ward, with her firm intellectual grasp of the subject and clever depiction of character, stands supreme in the school of novelists to which she belongs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Evolution of Woman," by Eliza Burt Gamble. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Flower of Forgiveness," by Flora Anna Steel. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Society Notes.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, on Saturday evening, April 28. Fannie Bradley Greene, '94, was formally received into the membership of the society. The following was the programme of the evening:—

Cymbeline.

Shakespeare News . . . . . Ada Marshall Belfield
The Fourth Period of Shakespeare's Plays . . Millicent L. Peirce
Cymbeline — A Plot's Study . . . . Levenia Dugan Smith
Dramatic Representation. Cymbeline, Act I., Scenes 2 and 3.
Imogen — A Character Study . . . . Emma Christy Brooks
Shakespeare's Use of the Disguise . . . Sara Katharine Conner
Dramatic Representation. Cymbeline, Act I., Scene II.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, was present at the meeting.

A regular programme meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Sigma Fraternity was held on Saturday, April 7. The subject of the meeting was Dumas. The following programme was given:—

Dumas' Relation to the French Theatre . . . Alice H. Schouler
Dumas as a Realist . . . . . Mary H. Holmes
Music . . . . . Roberta Z. Allen
Dumas as a Moralist . . . . . Anna C. Witherlee
The Dramatic Power of Dumas . . . . Roberta Z. Allen

Miss Caroline E. Dresser, '90, and Miss Mabel Curtis, '90, were present at the meeting.

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The regular meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held Friday evening, April 13, in Society Hall. The subject of the meeting was Florence in the Time of Lorenzo de Medici. The following was the programme:—

Picturesque Florence	Agnes L. Caldwell
Lorenzo the Magnificent	Adah M. Hasbrooke
The Immortality of Florence	M. Denison Wilt
Savonarola	Florence Forbes
The Fall of the Medici	Cornelia Huntington
Music	Pearl Underwood

The Society of T. Z. E. held its regular meeting April 28, the programme of which was as follows:—

I.	Works of Meissonier and Duvan	Helen MacMillan
II.	Millet	Alberta Welch
III.	Academic Sculpture — Chapa, DuBois, Saint Marceaux, Mercié	May Kellog
IV.	French Historians — Augustin Thiery, Guizot, Michelet,	Maude Keller

At the regular meeting of the T. Z. E. Society, April 14, the following programme was presented:—

I.	Works of Rousseau, Diaz and Dupré	Fanny Austin
II.	Troyon	Charlotte Goodrich
III.	French Novelists — Alexander Dumas, Balzac, George Sand,	Alice Wood
IV.	French Grand Opera. Spontinic and his followers,	Edith Sawyer

A regular meeting of the Agora was help April 7.

Programme.

Impromptu Speeches.

Questions of Reform.

The Referendum	Louise Richardson
Proportional Representation	Susie Hawley

Should senators be elected by direct vote of the people?

Affirmative, Edith Rhodes

Negative, Bolinda Bogardus

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday evening, April 14. The programme of the evening was an interesting talk by Professor Chapin on the "American Classical School in Athens." Miss Nellie Stimson, '95, and Miss Grace Townsend, '97, have recently been received into the society.

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College Notes.

The June number of the MAGAZINE will be a Tree Day and Commencement number. Necessarily it will be delayed until after Commencement, and must therefore be sent to the home address of all subscribers. Notice must be sent before June 9, if extra copies are desired, or if the address in the Ninety-four Legenda is not the one to which the MAGAZINE is to be sent.

A few copies of the Ninety-three Legenda may still be obtained by application to Miss Florence Tobey.

On Saturday, April 7, Kate Douglas Wiggin was expected to read in the chapel, but the engagement was postponed because of Mrs. Wiggin's illness.

Miss Hodgkins addressed the missionary meeting Sunday, April 8.

The first concert of the term was given on April 9, by Professor Carl of New York. It was an organ recital, and though the pleasure of both artist and audience was somewhat marred by the rattling of the pedals, it was an exceptionally good one. The selections were from Bach, Guilmant and other noted composers.

For the past few weeks, Professor Hill has been giving a series of lectures on the history of the pianoforte. This course, though especially intended for the students of the School of Music, could not fail to be of great interest and value to the college at large.

On the evening of April 14, Miss Hart invited the members of her classes in English I. to meet Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the Faculty Parlor. Colonel Higginson gave an informal talk on "Some People Whom I Have Met." Among the number of his distinguished acquaintances were Tennyson, Darwin, Carlyle, Lowell, Hawthorne and others. Miss Stratton, Miss Hart and Miss Sweeny received.

Mrs. Morton has been taken to a hospital in Boston. It is hoped that she may be able to return in about three weeks.

On Monday afternoon, April 16, the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society gave a very pretty reception in their new hall.

The engagement of Miss Maud Keller, '92, to Dr. Arthur Evans of Chicago, is announced.

The Glee Club concert given in chapel on Monday evening, April 16, was, as usual, a marked success. A number of beautiful pink and white azaleas, with which the platform was decorated, added to the festive appearance and made an appropriate setting for the dainty gowns of the girls. The Glee Club was in

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exceptionally good voice but both clubs showed the results of careful training and it was generally admitted that the Banjo Club has never done better work.

The following programme was given: —

PART I.

Massachusetts Bicycle March . . . Arr. by Lansing

Banjo Club.

College Beautiful . . . . Wellesley Songs

George Washington . . . Arr. by Junius W. Hill

Image of the Rose . . . . . G. Reichardt

Solo by Miss Hoyt.

Merry Maidens' Galop . . . . . Robinson

Banjo Club.

Lady Bird . . . { Words by Katherine L. Bates
Mens Sana . . . { Music by Junius W. Hill

Queen of the Sea . . . . . Armstrong

Banjo Club.

PART II.

Lullaby . . . . . Chadwick

Skylark . . . . . Osgood

Jack and Mary . . Arr. from Yale songs by Junius W. Hill

Solo by Miss Wood.

On the Bank of the Hudson . . . . Robinson

Banjo Club.

My College Girl . . . { Words by Alice W. Kellog
. . . { Music by Junius W. Hill

Constancy . . . . . G. P. Ritter

The Wellesley Charioteer . { Words by Maria Russel Russell
. { Music by Edith Sawyer

Flash Galop . . . . . Lansing

Banjo Club.

The Wellesley Medley . . . Arr. by Mary Alice Knox

Solos by Miss Yates.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 17, Professor William R. Thayer of Harvard lectured in the chapel on "Modern Italy."

Miss Crafts, of the freshman class, has left college on account of ill-health.

On Wednesday evening, April 18, the junior class gave a party to the sophomores. A clever little farce called "A Lion Among Ladies" was given, after which the girls danced and refreshments were served.

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The long wished for and much needed boat-house is at last fairly under way. It has sprung up as if by magic and will probably be completed in time for Float. The number of private boats upon the lake is larger this spring than ever before, probably because this certain means of shelter is being provided.

On the evening of Patriots' Day, Dr. Edward T. Porter of Lexington, Mass., spoke in the chapel on "Some Memories Awakened by the Day." The Beethoven Society sang several patriotic songs and the audience joined with a good deal of enthusiasm in the refrain.

Miss Caroline Williamson, of the class of '90, returned to college the first of May, to complete her work for the second degree.

On Saturday evening, April 21, Miss Bates invited the members of the Phi Sigma Society and of Literature VII. to meet Miss Robertson of the Boston Browning Society in the Faculty Parlor. Miss Robertson's reading of a number of selections from Mr. Browning's work was wonderfully appreciative and all her listeners were charmed.

Miss Margaret Oats, of the class of '97, did not return to college after vacation because of ill-health.

The chief social event of the past two weeks was a Fairy Cotillion given in the gymnasium on the afternoon of April 23, by the Misses Chace, Roberts, Conner, Miller, Jones and Crumb. The artistic decorations and the dainty costumes of the girls made the gymnasium especially attractive.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie spoke in the chapel Monday evening, April 23, on "Culture as the End of Education." Mr. Mabie showed that true culture requires a sincere sympathy with our fellow-men and a thorough knowledge of life, as well as mere book learning.

On the afternoon of April 28, President Walker, of the Boston Institute of Technology, lectured in the chapel on "Metallism."

On Saturday evening, April 28, the department of elocution gave a representation of the "Princess" in the gymnasium. An especially charming feature was the Delsarte drill. This representation was intended especially for the freshmen, but the entertainment was repeated on the following afternoon for the seniors.

Miss Emma Hough and Miss Estelle Andrews, of the Wellesley School of Music, gave a recital in the chapel, April 30.

A change has been made in Rhetoric III. for the year '94-'95. Two courses will be offered; one, the regular forensic course without the debates; the other, a major course, to consist entirely of debating work.

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On Saturday afternoon, May 5, Dr. Josiah Royce of Harvard College lectured in the chapel on "The Natural History of Conscience." A reception for Dr. and Mrs. Royce was given by the philosophy department in the Faculty Parlors, in the evening.

The class of '95 has chosen its Legenda board. The names of the editors are as follows: Sarah E. Capps, editor-in-chief; Florence Forbes, associate editor; Ada Hasbrooke, Helen Wilder, Mabel Wellman, May Merrill and Martha Waterman, literary editors; Mary Louise Roberts, Gertrude Jones and Arline Smith, art editors; Elizabeth Peale and Isa Skelton, business managers

A reception was given to the Harvard Glee Club, at Freeman, Saturday, May 5.

Miss Gregg of New York addressed the missionary meeting, Sunday, May 6.

Miss Bigelow, '93; Miss Conant, '90; Miss Cornelia Green, '92; Miss Hazard, '93; Miss Curtis, '90; Miss Dresser, '90; Miss Hill, '93; Miss Page, '95; Miss Freeman, '96; Miss Hamlin, '91; Miss Peasley, '95; Miss Keith, '93; Miss Hardon, '92, have been among the former students who have lately visited the college.

It is requested that all subscriptions for the boat-house be paid to Miss Canfield, '94, as soon as possible.

For those who desire a brief trip abroad, the party which Mrs. Denis is to conduct to Europe this summer offers many attractions. The party will sail from New York, June 16, on the S.S. "Fulda," of the North German Lloyd Company. The following are the places of interest to be visited: Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Verona, Milan. A halt for the Sabbath will be made at the Italian Lakes, and then the journey will be continued over the Simplon to Visp, and thence by way of Martigny and Chamounix to Geneva. From here the party will continue to Frieburg, Baden-Baden, Heidelburg, Worms and Mayence, going by way of the Rhine to Cologne, and then to Rheims. A halt of ten days will be made at Paris, where excursions will be made to various places. On leaving Paris, Amiens will be visited on the way to England. The party will sail for home on September 12, from Southampton.

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Alumnae Notes.

The March meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Saturday, March 17, at 2.30 o'clock, at the home of the vice-president, Lillian V. Pike, 3908 Ellis avenue. The meeting was unusually small, many of the members being obliged to send regrets. The president, Miss Wren, was unable to be present, being absent from the city. Those present had the pleasure of listening to two violin solos by Miss Florence Wing, '92, accompanied by Miss Agnes S. Cook, who also played a piano solo. A letter concerning the needs of the Wellesley Record Association was read to interest the club in the liquidation of the debt of that association, and a beginning was made toward collecting money on behalf of the Record by asking the members of the club present to contribute what they could then, and arrangements were made for notifying the other members not present. Some further business of a local nature being transacted, light refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned.

Miss Estelle M. Hurll, '80, formerly instructor in ethics at Wellesley, has interesting art papers in the January number of the "Art Interchange," and in the Easter number of the "Congregationalist."

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, of Somerville, author of "A Winter in Central America," which is an account of a trip made by her across Central America a few years ago, has left with her father, Mr. James S. Sanborn, for Europe and the Holy Land, for a winter's tour. Miss Sanborn possesses a rare gift of description and of relating scenes and incidents exactly as she sees and experiences them. Her friends will look forward for another book on her return, — this time a narrative of her wanderings through Palestine. (Boston Traveller, Feb. 11, 1894.)

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, '86, is in charge of Beecher Hall, Chicago University.

The friends of the late Laura Lyon Williams, '87, will be glad to learn that her four little daughters, who have been ill with scarlet fever since their mother's death, are on the road to recovery.

Miss Mary E. Stinson, '89, has recently been visiting her classmate, Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, in her home in Brooklyn.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, spent part of her spring vacation with Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89.

Miss Cooley, of the botanical department, is spending the year at the University of Zürich, working in the laboratory of Professor Dodel, on problems connected with the embryo plant.

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Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, is planning to study at Oxford, England, next year.

Miss Anna B. Jenks, of the class of '90, is a student at the Zürich University, devoting her time to the study of German and Latin.

Miss Annie Louise Lord, '90, is teaching modern languages in the University of Denver.

Miss Mary B. Peterson, '90-'91, is teaching mathematics in the South Side High School of Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Delight Sweetser, student at Wellesley, '90-'91, sailed April 18, on the Friesland, for Geneva, where she will spend a year studying French. The summer will be spent in travel. For the next few months, and again until late in the fall, her address will be 11 Rue Lévrier, Geneva.

The address of Maria Baldwin, '91, is 509 3d street, N. W. Washington, D.C., the parsonage of Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, of which her father was appointed pastor in March.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Wrenn, '91, to Mr. Barnes is announced.

Miss Grace Underwood, Miss Louise Brown and Miss Candace Stimson, all of '92, have started for Japan with Dr. Stimson.

Miss Cora Perrine, '91, who is assistant in Chicago University library, is at home for a month's vacation.

Miss Hattie Jones, '91, is in Florida tutoring two boys.

Miss Madeline Freeman, '93, has accepted a position to teach mathematics and the sciences in the high school at Thompsonville, Conn.

Miss Clara Helmer, '93, has been South with her parents and is visiting college on her return northward.

Miss Alice Mae Reed, '93, was present at the Junior Promenade of Harcourt Seminary.

Miss Mary McPherson, '93, sailed for Europe, April 4, and will locate at Zürich, Switzerland.

Miss Grace Freeman and Miss Annette Sherwin, former members of '94, are studying at Chicago University.

Miss Alice Downing, '96, who has been studying at Chicago University, is now at her home, Aurora, Ill.

The class letter of '91 is soon to be ready.

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The MAGAZINE would call the attention of the alumnæ to the '94 Legenda, which promises to be good.

The section for child study met on Saturday, April 7, 2.30 P. M., 12 Somerset street. Subject, "The Emotions of the Child."

Since Christmas there has been a University Settlement in Chicago. It is situated in the Stock Yard district, on Gross avenue, near 47th street. There is a Day Nursery at the Settlement. Two university men are residents.

Miss Mary Marot, Sp. '89-'90, has a drawing class. Miss Marot is chairman of the working committee of the Philanthropic Society of Chicago University.

Miss Agnes Cook, formerly of '96, with some assistance, recently gave a musical at the Settlement.

Miss Grace Jackson and Miss Jane Wetherlow, both of '91, frequently assist in work at the Settlement.

Miss Hoyt, '89, graduated from Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital of Chicago, April 3, 1894.

A meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlement Association will be held on Commencement morning, June 19, at 10.30 in Room D. All alumnæ are cordially invited to be present, whether members of the association or not.

College Bulletin.

May 13. Dr. J. W. Cooper preaches in the chapel.
May 21. Concert.
May 27. Rev. E. H. Hughes preaches.
May 28. Temperance debate.
June 1. Tree-day.
June 2. Mrs. Wiggin reads in the chapel.
June 3. Dr. A. McKenzie preaches.
June 4. Concert.

Marriages.

BURTON — SCANDLIN. Miss Mabel Elliot Scandlin,'93, to Mr. Chester O. Burton of New York, at Mount Hope, Wednesday, April 11. At home after May 1, at 216 West 22d street, New York.

HODGSON — ALLEN. Miss Mamie Allen, formerly of '96, to Mr. Francis Marion Hodgson.

Births.

Born, March 2, a fourth daughter to Mrs. Laura Lyon Williams, '87.

Deaths.

Entered into rest on March 31, 1894, Laura Lyon Williams, president of the class of '87. Services on April 3, from her late home in New Brighton, Staten Island.

Died at her home in Lexington, Ky., on May 3, 1894, Drusilla Rutherford Douglas, formerly of the class of '93.

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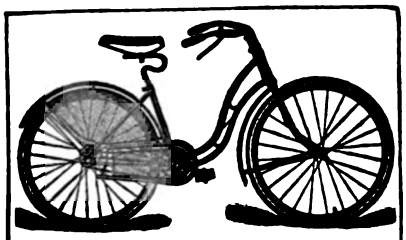

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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GREETING TO THE DAY.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! While bending skies of azure
Speak to our hearts a message sweet and glad,
  Pour out a joy that knows no measure,
  Empty thy cup of purest pleasure,
  And freely spread thou forth thy treasure.
Hail, Tree Day, hail! We cannot then be sad.

Chorus.

  Nature around now joins our singing,—
  List to her music softly ringing,
  All courage, joy and comfort bringing,
    Hail, Tree Day, hail!

Hail, Tree Day, hail! We answer to thy summons,
As loyally we've answered oft before.

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Once from the sea, a long voyage over,
Once from the Court of wisdom rover,
Once from the haunts of bird and clover,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! We come to thee once more.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Right royal is thy welcome,
Gracious the greeting which to thee is brought,
Nasturtiums bright—glad jubilation,
Roses, sweet peas, full of elation,
Young daffodilly, sweet carnation,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! For thee with fragrance fraught.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Dost see the waving branches?
Hark to the message which they now unfold.
See'st thou the silver willow bending?
Sycamore, evergreen attending,
And Tupelo, white pine grace lending?
Hail, Tree Day, hail! To thee the homage told.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Accept our gladsome service.
Thine has it been, and thine shall be alway,
Over Time's waves, so swiftly flowing,
Grant that these melodies faint growing,
May e'er with thine own joy be glowing,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! All hail to thee, Tree Day!

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HAIL, Tree Day, hail! Hail to all nature, glad in thy festival! Hail to thy memories, and hail to thy promise! Hail to the friends that fill up thy joy!

The waves of thought recede, and returning, fling high up the strand of the present, memories of the past, memories of aspirations wherein the soul mounts higher, of struggles whereby the soul grows stronger; memories of temptations met and mastered, of victories hoped and realized; memories of friendship in whose aspiration there was striving and attainment; and finally, the memory of that life for two years lived among us, in that "high scholarship, staunch integrity, and rare sympathy" which inspires to the noblest efforts. Such memories add an undertone of sadness, but all the fuller and the richer, for the minor strain, shall be the note of welcome we extend to you to-day.

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With gratitude and appreciation we greet the benefactor of our college, and the guardians of its welfare.

With earnest, loving greeting, we turn to you who, in the four years through which you have trained our intellect and "guided our search for truth," have brought into our lives the richer experience of high and noble fellowship, the inspiration of strong lives, lived not for themselves alone, the sympathy and helpfulness born of a larger knowledge, and a deeper insight into those problems which must so soon confront us.

Almost inaudible is the note of sadness in the greeting we bring you, our merry companions and trusted friends,—you who are to carry on the work which we have begun, to do what we have attempted, and to attain where we have striven. To you, as in the succeeding years you shall stand where we do to-day, Ninety-four would offer her cordial greeting, her sincere good wishes and her earnest congratulations.

But the minor note rises and swells, and almost drowns the strain of gladness in our greeting, as we turn to you for whom this Tree Day rings the first chimes of the Angelus of your college day. For you, then, is the greeting of closest friendship. Together we have lived and thought, together dreamed and realized, accomplished and failed, and to-day, bound by these ties, united in a common friendship, we stand upon the heights our own dead selves have raised, from height to height advancing as we have done "ye nexte thynge," always remembering,

> "He who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing — only he,
> His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
> Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Then once again, to one and all Ninety-four gives greeting, for one and all she brings best wishes, with one and all she leaves her last farewell.

LIZBETH GERTRUDE ANGELL, '94.

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ADVICE OF THE WISE FOOL.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

O, WELLESLEY folks, just look a little pleasant, please! The Wise Fool appears, not to benumb attention, but to offer remarks charged with emotion, luminous as a Stone Hall corridor, æsthetic as a plank walk, brief as a Students' Concert. Her reliability is unequalled, save by the Norumbega bell or the probability of oranges at dinner. Though communicative as a freshman history class, and ancient as the Backwoodsman himself, she will no more flatter than the class photographer. She will surfeit you with jokes like the Ninety-three Legenda. Malice she bears toward none, save anonymous abstractors of umbrellas, overshoes and library reference books. Naught hateth she but the safety ink-well, the leaky fountain-pen and the post-office key. The thread of her discourse is warranted as exciting as the "reading of the minutes of the previous meetings," and, if lost, can be obtained at the general office, — if identified by persons of unimpeachable veracity. Unwelcome advice will be posted on the general bulletin board, that there may be no likelihood of its ever being read.

To the faculty, the Wise Fool is wise enough to say nothing. She offers congratulations on the general clearness of papyrograph papers, and the high stage of development attained by office hours, able to stand alone. True, she is somewhat disturbed over the public announcement that a distinguished member of the mathematics department is soon to give lessons in dancing and æsthetics, — but of this, more anon. Her heart has bled at the sight of grave professors dusting their recitation rooms, in the lack of sufficient freshmen to perform domestic work. She is prepared, at a moment's notice, to fight a duel with that photographer who stated that "sittings on the faculty" would soon be made. In behalf of '94, the Wise Fool takes solemn pleasure in presenting you with one thousand bound volumes of Special Topics and Student Lectures, in covers of imitation calf, deeply bordered with green, and suggestive of absolutely nothing but midnight kerosene.

With you, '95, the case is different. The Wise Fool knows that you were selected for the recent experiments in the new curriculum and junior registration, that, in case of failure, as little valuable material as possible might

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be sacrificed. Therefore she will charitably expend upon you all the advice you are capable of comprehending. '95, if you attended chapel more frequently, you would have heard before this that "Love vaunteth not itself." But why rest on your laurels at all? Poor souls, poor souls, a more minute pillow 't would be hard to find! Because of your hoarded ammunition in the past, you are expected to do some fine sharp-shooting, so far as the MAGAZINE columns go. And where, O where are those junior teas you begged '94 to substitute for Prom.? Can it be you have imitated your ancestors of revolutionary fame, and thrown your tea overboard in rebellion? '95, why did you establish the precedent of wearing flowers when you debate? Is it artfully to distract attention from your unsound arguments, or is it consolation for the flowery language prohibited by your instructor? By the way, it is a significant fact, that in the so-called *junior* open debate, one of the four speakers was a senior, another a sophomore. Why, O why did it take you so long to elect your senior president? Do you adjourn and ballot, adjourn and ballot, for variety's sake, or for lack of Robert's Rules of Order? Are senior elections secondary to Glee Club concerts? Do you go home early because too lazy to continue your meetings, or in order to rest your poor befuddled brains? You had no reason to be ashamed of your candidates — neither was indigenous to your soil — why, then, did you veil them in secrecy? '95, right here the college must be notified of the reason '95's cheer was not heard at the Special Flag Raising on Tree Day, a year ago — your estimable organization had serenely absented itself, to have its photograph taken.

One day, '95, when the Wise Fool was examining you under a compound microscope, your virtues slipped into the field. Though your college career resembles a gift book, embellished with cuts, you are as economical of brain force as '94 is extravagant. Combining special topics and forensics makes gray matter go a long way when one hasn't much to spare, and there are many pages to cover. The Wise Fool would not be at all surprised to hear that you have given up Senior Day, — there being absolutely nothing with which you could combine it. You emulate the manners of George Washington, — 'tis well, though late in life. But why not go a step farther in the right direction? Cut down your tree! Only *half* maple is better than *all* maple, to be sure, but a course in botany, with sycamore field work,

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would repay you more than tons of maple sugar bestowed upon you in derision.

Wax not so complacent, '95. A Roman triumph, with only gifts as trophies, is but reflected glory, however loudly boasted. Five feet was not so great a feat — ask '96. And when you pull out of your pie plums gathered, stoned and baked by '94, and have opened your mouth to shout, "What a big boy am I!" just tabulate the fact that '94, though perfectly willing to be umpire of all your constitutional difficulties, really feels quite competent to appoint her own committees without your gratuitous assistance. It gives the Wise Fool joy to prove '94's compassion for your *brief* career, by bestowing one thousand choice suggestions, culled from Daily Themes, to entice you through the mazes of that course next year. And to the first row of seniors that are to be, '94 bequeaths the delight and responsibility of getting up in chapel the instant the hymn begins. Did you expect '94 would leave you Senior Day? You look relieved, and so does '94.

'96, the Wise Fool feels that you've really succeeded in one thing — "Being your ain sels," "Much Ado About Nothing." But you'll never get a matriculation card in Poly Con, if you spend fifty dollars on an honorary member's pin, and pay out four hundred dollars for a boat, scorning a fine second-hand one offered at half-price. Entertainments may pay up your debts, '96, but the habit sticks. However, you are not noted for scholarship, but for adorning the corridors, and perhaps it is just as well to try to be ornamental, if one cannot be useful — though you make a bad mistake in being sentimental. The college is in need of spoons, but not that kind. You exert an influence, '96. This was shown by the unusual quiet in the Main Building the night you magnanimously resolved to keep the rules. You can do almost anything in the dark, however, as the bumps on your faces testify. You are always in a hurry to get out of chapel ahead of the seniors, '96, but in other respects you are *too slow*. Even your tree hasn't quite waked up in time for Tree Day, though its lack of verdancy matters little if you are near. '96, the advice of the Wise Fool is, to use technical terms, "Take a brace." If you wish to be happy, don't waste valuable time searching chemical laboratories for H_2O. Don't wash your hair with sulphuric acid. Don't devote much energy to serenading. Don't fail to study statistics as to the origin of half-shells and boat-houses, before making

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speeches at launchings. Don't spread a report that '94 stands in awe of '96. You might be called upon to furnish evidence, and that would be embarrassing — for you.

You usually mean well, '96, though you are terribly careless about elevator etiquette; and you do have a pretty stiff programme. Like the lark, you are rapidly dying of early rising, and may in time become extinct — who knows? Indeed, you labor fairly well under some conditions, but do not let diaphragmatic action and the devitalization of the lower jaw prove too discouraging. Persevere, and you may even yet become a Wise Fool. Would you like to become a Wise Fool, '96? Only get *wisdom*, and the deed is accomplished. To you, her humble worshiper, '94 presents most tenderly the shades of Senior Day, her old forensics for your use next year, and all her senior privileges — second-hand, 'tis true, but none the worse for wear.

'97, the Wise Fool welcomes these wandering gypsies most heartily. It is only since your arrival that the small boys began to hunt for greens upon the campus. You were a long time getting started, but large bodies move slowly — without ponies. You are useful in the college, '97. Were it not for you, many lectures would have had no audience to speak of. The Wise Fool is interested in you; in your athletic enthusiasm and devotion to the Playstead, your cheerful view of the financial situation, and your biological interest in snakes. She admires the precocious discrimination shown by your fear to entrust Tree Day secrets to the Legenda Board; but, in view of the fact that those very Tree Day secrets, with all possible and impossible details, appeared in a prominent newspaper a month ago, she deems you fit objects of her best advice. Remember, then, — and let others pardon a necessary simplicity of speech — that the College Settlements Association is not established for the payment of laundry bills and broken crockery. That exact statistics as to the average age of the faculty are among the few things not required in the entrance exams. That it is a fatal breach of college courtesy to ask a senior whether she has ever been conditioned. That Harriet Martineau is not a member of the freshman class. That wholesome bread, simple crackers and nourishing milk are far more appropriate than nine courses at freshman spreads. That a knowledge of Greek does not imply admission to the Greek-letter societies. That a free use of the senior wardrobe and Society Hall is not safe for freshmen. That tackling is unfair, even

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in the War of the Roses. You may remember a certain war of snowballs, whose decision is pending still. '97, a word from the wise to the wise ought to be sufficient. Gaze upon '96's Tupelo yonder, and devote yourself to that branch of horticulture which concerns itself with trees, that yours too may not *pine* away and die. '97, begin thus early in your youth to reflect that it is always well to decide whether or no you will have Senior Day, before you elect your Senior Day speakers. And finally, if you must elect them by a three-fourths quorum, do sit up all night and complete the work, for when once that quorum is gone, there is no knowing when you will ever see it again. '97, the class of '94, having done her best to influence you by her enforced presence in the Main Building all this year, now bestows upon you, her pet and plaything, all the proofs of her class photographs, believing these, numerically speaking, to be the best proof of her affection. And, that you may not flunk the remainder of your college course, for lack of an inspiration, '94 also bequeaths to you her voluminous note-books — not knowing what else to do with them.

'98, the Wise Fool sees in you the first-fruits of the elective system — a working knowledge of the solar spectrum in earliest infancy. She therefore hopefully proffers the following Rules of Conduct, believing they will keep your tender feet from many a snare and pitfall: (1) The library entrance is not the best place for confidential talks, and impromptu receptions in library alcoves are decidedly bad form. (2) Scorn not the duties of factotum. They fit one admirably for the work of a ward politician. (3) Encourage not the presence of your canine friends in the vicinity of chapel. 'Tis not profitable for them or you. (4) Inaugurate the precedent of photographing all committees. It will be their only reward in this life. (5) When infected with "Wellesley rush," meditate upon the calm deliberation with which the college grounds are cultivated. (6) Do not, in a moment of rashness, don the cap and gown, for to wear these sacred symbols reversed, may be more of a *trial* than you think. Finally, 'tis true that the excuse blank has been reformed, and wires surround the lonely spears of grass on Art Building Hill, but there remains *one* service for you, having the courage of youth, to perform for Alma Mater. Calculate the weight avoirdupois of the heavy articles in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE — a new field for original investigation, just opening up, which will do far more to benefit your fellow-

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men than the cruel circulation of questions on "colored hearing." '94 holds out as a reward, dear child, her latest patent for a rattle — senior dignity in cap and gown.

Specials, ye everlasting specials, the Wise Fool has at last discovered the reason for your existence — a problem whose solution was given up as hopeless long ago. They say you don't do anything — you don't even flunk and go home, but the Wise Fool knows better. You brighten the cheerless catacombs with conversation, every word of which is distinctly heard in the faculty parlor above. Specials, the Wise Fool will not presume to advise you — most of you have seen more years of life than she. She makes you, instead, the custodian of '94's fame and reputation, believing thus its preservation will remain assured forever.

'94! '94! the Wise Fool has kept a log-book of your four years' voyage, and, as you have parted with all your possessions, except the Wabanannung, she presents you with this, hoping it may take their place. Open its pages, stained with salt water, crumpled by wind-storms. Do you remember that perilous passage with the Legenda on board, when you nearly capsized because you did not understand the chart? Do you recall deep waters of resignations — not conducive to resignation — when you would have gone to the bottom of the sea, if the old ship had not stood firm and staunch?

Ah! '94, yours has been no aimless sailing of a pleasure yacht, as the log-book shows. You have been *for war, for war!* — you, who placed the first half-shell on Waban and established the crews on a physical basis; you, who put through the boat-house, being chairman and treasurer of its committee; you, who founded two societies and introduced political rallies among college interests. You have started new ideas, waged fierce contests against great odds, taken high stand, and the prescribed courses in physics and conic sections gave you a backbone which stood you in good stead. You have been ground so often that the dross has fallen away, and your true worth is seen at last. Friction vanished when once you reached your rightful sphere, the top. But there is no longer any necessity to boast, '94, for there your work stands to speak for itself. "Let the deed shaw."

You will leave a large part of yourself here in Wellesley, '94, a large part of your heart and your labors, when you go out — to compose monographs for the Wellesley library, or to create alumnæ notes for the WELLESLEY

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MAGAZINE; to adorn teachers' agencies and political caucuses, or to lose your trains by ventilating railroad stations. But you will go out, even as you have lived, not accomplishing all that could be wished, but ever keeping in the front of progress, stepping to life's music with the old-time courage and steadfastness; and the cheerful nasturtiums will still light up your pathway; "Doe ye nexte thynge" will still be a watchword; the green and silver will wave triumphantly over many another battle-field; and willow branches will mean laurel boughs.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, '94.

"ZU NEUEN UFERN LOCKT EIN NEUER TAG."

Now Nature throws her gates ajar
Of sea and sky and hill,
And bids the organ winds afar
Her temple's vastness fill.

The pœan swells its volumed tone
In chords majestic, free,
Or shrills, like spirit heavenward flown,
Its perfect ecstasy.

Lo! At the inmost shrine, all rife
With incense, as ye bow
Ye ask of Nature, "What is life?"
And she gives answer, "How?"

. . . . . .

Do you see? Do you hear?
'Tis as steady and clear
As the call of the thrush from the tree;
'Tis as soft and as low
As the voluble flow
Of the brook on his way to the sea.

"It is June," comes the lay,
And all hearts are so gay,
Earth is drunken with fullness of powers.
"Love, love!" is the glee
Of the wind and the sea,
And the sigh of the bee-wedded flowers.

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Each sod is astir
With a thrill and a blur—
Wee creatures that pine for the light;
Each palpitant cell
Of the leaf is a well
Whence flow living fountains of might.

Yet above and through all,
As the sunlight doth fall,
Is the throb of a mighty unrest.
You may feel, if you will,
Creation stand still
In awe of its hopes unpossessed,—

Till fainting, it fades
To the wintery shades,
And its quest? Ah, but one thing is sure;
Somewhere in the bourn
Whence the season's return,
The quest and its answer endure.

. . . . . .

So do they wait, earth's sisterhood!
Unconscious and unblest;
They wear the soul's divinest mood,
The sign of man's unrest.

So do they seek! As grows the moon
From arc to perfect round;
They grope in darkness for life's boon,
What, think ye, have they found?

. . . . . .

Song.

Sleep, sleep,—
Sisters, then sleep!
Cloudlets are drifting like dreams to the west,—
Dream, dream,—
Borne on a stream,
Helpless obey we its blind behest.

High, high,—
See, through the sky
Flees the new moon like a dream to the west.
Dim, dim,
Shadowy rim,
Blossoms the full moon within her breast.

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Sweet, sweet!
Flying so fleet,
Vision thou art of our own still unrest.
Lo, lo!
Give us to know
What thou dost seek in thy lonely quest!

Far, far,
Now to each star
Hear the winds whisper the answer, O hush!
Hist, hist!
If we but list,
Dew-fallen murmurs around us may brush.
Sisters, O hush!
The moon shall reveal
Secret of what we feel.
So patiently dream,
Till the brightening beam
Of the full moon shall gleam
Upon us!
Sleep, then sleep!

. . . . . .

The stars of incense dimly shine
And slow the ocean's peal
Blends with the wind as round the shrine
Life's shadows seem to steal.

From Nature's veiled lips there pour
The sad prophetic lays
Of souls self-fettered to the shore
Where useless past decays.

She lifts against the lives misspent,
In parables her word
Of warning and of comfort blent,
And thus her voice is heard.

Nor in the soul of Nature true
Alone the longing hides;
The soul of man is guided too
By unexplainéd tides,

By their mysterious instinct swayed
To leave the sheltering home
Of love and faith and, undismayed,
Obey the ocean's come.

. . . . . .

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O the waves sweep in
From the tossing rim
Of the ocean dim and gray!
'Neath the trampling beat
Of the wind's swift feet,
Their proud necks bend and sway.

Then caught in the yellows
Of sparkling shallows,
The billows curve and rear,—
White foam flung out
Like a trumpet shout—
And the sands lie stripped and bare.

So life sweeps in
From its mystic rim,
In the tide of a strong desire;
And ye feel the beat
Of its impulse sweet,
Feel strength and will flash higher.

And "Come" is the call
From horizon wall,
And "Come" from the far unknown;
"O, come," she lures
"To my fairer shores!"
And the soul replies, "I come."

. . . . . .

So ye are pilgrims from afar,
To find new worlds are fain,
And, led by will-o'-wisp or star,
Have launched upon the main.

O, think not that before you gleams
The harbor ye have sought
In youth, or that your prophet dreams
To noblest fact are wrought.

Ye sought the realm where glories lure,
Beyond the sunset bar
Whose shining surf breaks high and pure
Beneath the western star.

Where thought shall be as lucent pearls,
Full-jewelled, though, with pain;
Where love shall smooth his tangled curls
And smile at you again.

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And Faith,— ah, through the robe of doubt
  Her wings, unbound, shall shine,
The dust and ashes, dull without,
  Become a crown divine.

You thought your voyage ended here?
  Unworthy then your quest;
Life opens wider still her sphere
  Of ideals unpossessed.

Before you stretches still her sea,
  Wide, beautiful and lone;
And still through clouds of phantasy
  The changeless stars look down.

Ye listen for life's sobbing beat
  On isles beyond your view,
Whose shining prophecies retreat
  As still your souls pursue.

O, think ye there to drink life's cup
  In draughts full, rich and clear,
While ye keep still the barriers up
  Of self against it here,—

While still with feverish hearts astrain
  To conquer life, ye heed
Nor cry for help, nor voiceless pain,
  Nor your own nature's need?

Ye dull! how oft God's tender calm
  Has bid you stay! How oft
Has wrapped you, as with subtle balm,
  Has soothed with touches soft!

"More Life," ye cry! O, 'tis no star,
  No distant goal is life;
It lies around you, not afar,
  God's peace around your strife.

It beats and throbs, a godlike "must,"
  Its fullness on your lack,
While ye toil night and day to thrust
  Its mighty surges back.

Ye make of friendship, habit, God,—
  Close walls of self, then fret
Against the rigid measuring-rod
  Which ye yourselves have set.

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Ye fain would walk life's waves, yet fear
  Doth make of truth a wraith
Until it speaks, "Lo, I am here,
  O, ye of little faith."

Afraid to think the daring thought,
  Or in the deed untried
To feel a message soulward brought
  From that which shall abide,—

Ye bind your souls to what is proved,
  Cramp down each impulse vast
Which stirs within, and hold unmoved
  The shore-tradition — fast.

So are ye safe! Ah, vain! The truth
  Ye cling to in your past
Hath burst its form, and left your youth
  Its broken shell, upcast.

And now, before you on the sea,
  It joins the spirit's call;
What was, what is, and what shall be,—
  The Future holds them all.

O, sailors, comrades on life's sea,
  Or sad or wise or gay,
Be sure your lives, if brave and free,
  Can never lose their way.

And would ye know what ye have sought
  And what the truth shall give?
Be not content within your thought
  To compass life, but live.

Through searching, loving, working find
  A life the truest fact.
God's angels see; on you, His blind,
  He laid the blessing "act."

Then lift your heads in noble scorn
  Of doubt, and face the west;
Behind the sunset lurks the dawn,
  Behind your search, its quest.

Then greet the Future with a cheer,
  The past mistaken scorn;
A new day opens wide its sphere,
  All hail the unknown dawn.

JULIA STEVENS BUFFINGTON, '94.

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CLASS SONG, '97.

I.

Thy dear groves and hills so green,
  Thy lake of sun-lit gold,
We with loving eyes have seen,
  And in loving hearts shall hold.
So the olive of the moss,
  The gold of autumn groves,
And the pine that rough winds toss,
  Loyal Ninety-seven loves.

Chorus.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
  We, thy daughters, praise and love thee.
Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
  Our best we bring to thee.

II.

Like our flower, so full of light,
  Our golden daffodil,
May our lives be brave and bright,
  Full of sunshine and good-will.
Not content to nurse and dream,
  Swift action be our law,
And our purpose not to *seem*,
  But to *act* and "Let the *deed shaw*."

JULIA DAVENPORT RANDALL.

ORATION.

FAR into the night I watched my simmering philtre in yon swinging caldron. I awaited that most sacred hour when with the archest magic of our race I might read the future. Nor did I wait in vain — once again did the stars forewarn me. And of a truth 'twas a strange conjunction of the shining prophets — one full of meaning. Our favorite planets, clear and brilliant, in the ascendency, were approaching others which I knew not. Mars declining. All bespoke a friendly conclave of the nations. More, however, I could not read of certainty; but from the old traditions of this land I learn, O gentle guests, that 'tis your honored custom to meet with such wandering tribes as we, who tarry for a time among you, and to

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ask them, as it were, for their passport to your own good favor. We, a tribe of simple-hearted gypsies, are nothing loath to do as you require. We have much to tell you. On this festive day which you have chosen, we are most glad to welcome you to our shady forest glades, and to let you witness the mystic rites and ceremonies of our race. At last would we declare to you the symbols by which in future you may know us, the facts and emblems from which you may learn our tastes, our virtues and high aims. Of our loyalty to our "College Beautiful," this land in which we have cast our lot, we will let our deeds in past and future tell you all. See them aright and never for an instant will you doubt us.

When, a band of free and freedom-loving gypsies, we did, in our strange wanderings, cross the borders of this land, 'twas with many doubts and fears — naught knew we of its laws and customs. But full propitious on the eve of our arrival were the auguries of our destiny — our energy and high aspirations, our own great stars. How faithful they are as prophets, our life, our deeds and actions will most truly tell you. In our journey to this our present resting place, not one among us but had many conflicts with the forces chemical, mathematical, and, mayhap, physical which did try to overcome us. How well we conquered, our numbers here must tell you. We passed the one great obstacle placed in our path by the magistrates of the land, seemingly to prevent our unconditioned entrance. But enter it we did, all our great host, the largest in the land. Soon we learned to climb the hills, even one snow-covered did we climb with ease. And at the summit of each one were we never slow to make the best of what we found, even were it an ice-bound fort filled with crafty sophomores, who met us not with weapons we had chosen, but with deep and complex strategem, which did put us to a disadvantage in the contest. We, in our former merry life, had been accustomed to open play, and understood them not. But here another time were our good planets gracious. Truly, think you not, they have proved ever faithful in their prophecies of our good fortune.

And that we might in future follow this same straight path to victory, by which our destiny has so far led us, we did express the principle which should ever guide us, which, pointing out the way to conscientious action, should ever bid us not to tarry by the way in idle boasting, but to "let the deed shaw" what we are. And so, taking on ourselves this vow, we have

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let our colors show something of our character and tell better than any words of ours, the end for which we strive. They are the *gold* and *olive*. Not the green, we would remind you, which characterizes the verdancy of early spring, and which suggests to some jesting, thoughtless spirits ignorance and immaturity, but the olive have we chosen, the olive of somewhat later growth, telling of life and vigor, having in it the possibilities of development and the promise of the glorious autumn fruitage. This promise our gold bespeaks, and for some reminder of it, for our own encouragement, need we but turn to our golden daffodil, the flower we have made our own. Can we but obey the dictates of your honest face, O sprightly daffodil, this land and all its people must be at least a little happier because we have chosen thy bright light-heartedness to be our inspiration. And also you, O sturdy white pine, who, in the golden afterglow of sunset, do wear in such perfect harmony our colors, you have we made our own. We dream of you as a tree with wide-spreading branches, one more ornament for our "College Beautiful." May you grow straight and true and strong and ever upward toward the light. May you be to us and to every wanderer in Wellesley's woods a symbol of the truth, the strength, the steadfastness, we admire.

MARGARETTE D. PURINGTON, '97.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

OUR heartiest greetings, little sisters, I would tender. To-day, from every garden and forest have come the roses, red and white, in gala array. From their midst they send me fluttering down, every petal a-quiver with gladness and mirth, to welcome you, '97. Though you are waiting now to say you do not need the warnings and advice of the roses, yet we love you, '97; we have your interests deep at heart. We know that you are yet young in the ways of the world, and since our petals are a little fuller blown, and we have faced the bitter winds a little longer, we would say, give some heed to our advice.

So the roses have bade me tell you a little story. Now, once there was a beautiful forest, into which, every year, there came some new flower to be

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watered by the springs of knowledge welling up throughout the forest. The flowers lovingly called this woodland "Alma Mater." One year, there came into its glades a tiny bud; quiet and uninteresting it was called. But one bright morning, the flowers found that the quiet bud had bloomed into a delicate white rose, who pricked them sharply for their taunts.

So the buds bloomed and opened wider, until, on the great forest gala day, the roses carried off the laurels, as to-day, little hoyden gypsy, we expect you to do.

When again the forest was resplendent in autumn glory, another bud was admitted, a tiny green thing. On and on they came, buds innumerable, until the forest could hold no more. Two virtues marked them all: their deep reverence for the nasturtium, imposing in cap and gown, and their love of activity. All day they chased the bright butterflies, or tossed the snowy thistledown at each other, or at the roses. Well might they flutter about in these airy sports; they had the time.

Back in the early history of the forest, the wells of knowledge were dug very deep, and to drink of them, the flowers must needs dip deeply in. Often the plunge was fatal, many were drowned. But e'er these little green buds came, the wells were repaired, the waters of knowledge brought nearer the surface. Only slightly need the young flowers dip for their draught. Thus they were blessed with golden leisure to chase their favorite phantom. What marvels they were! How they strove, and trained, and trained again! How the venerable forest was overhauled to find the grassiest spot of all for their playground.

Yet with all their training, despite their marvellous agility, when a mighty breeze at midyear blew, and the waters were very turbulent, many of the buds were broken by the blast; many engulfed by the surging waters; many, though not destroyed, fatally bent. So, e'er the buds had time to open, many were gone, and the flowers never knew what they would have been. But soon the poor bedraggled buds raised up their heads, and in the sunshine that came after the storm, they began to bloom.

Little girls, what do you think they became? Out from the tiny green coverings peeped little yellow tips; and lo! they blossomed forth dainty daffodils, in whose bright faces we saw our own little '97.

Once, '96, longing for a frolic, invited her little sisters of the daffodils to

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a snow-fight. Though one small maid was heard to lisp, "I think it's real mean in '96 to challenge us, when we were just going to challenge them," yet they accepted the summons; they made the rules and chose the weapons, too. But in the fervor of the fight, they forgot the weapons they had chosen, and alas! they used their little hands. They forgot the rules they had made, and e'er long, by their Herculean strength, they were tossing their smallest members, despite their frightened protests, among the children of the roses. But '96 forgave them; they were such little girls.

At last, at last, '97 was to have a class meeting! Perhaps it was the sage advice received long ago from '95, when she told '96 that "hazing was a relic of barbarism"; or perhaps it was the naturally angelic tendencies of the rose children that prompted them to disappoint their little sisters. Be that as it may, '97's candidates suffered needlessly, locked up in the dark, for the class meeting reached its close in safety.

Soon after this, a little '97, who had drunk more deeply of the forest waters than many of her class, was allowed to join the ranks of the rose children. When, to the consternation of all, this little girl sorely vexed and grieved her tiny sisters by masquerading in the sacred cap and gown, the naughty sprites disowned her, and sought to lay her sin at the door of the unimpeachable rose children. They only smiled and said that yellow daffodils could never be white roses.

I grieve to tell it, but after the novelty of the first class meeting, quorums were ideals to be sought for in the '97 assemblies. One night, the weary little factotum, unsuccessful in her search for classmates, asked two of the rose children to "please help fill the vacant places." They, fearing to corrupt their world-renowned morals, refused the invitation.

Now the time had come when '97 must choose colors that should represent her in the forest world. So with loyal devotion still to her revered eldest sister, and with a modesty becoming her years, she chose — green, representative of her primeval state, they thought in the forest, for they hoped '97 would outlive her verdancy; but by her tree she told them she was "ever-green."

And now, '97, that, as a dainty flower you have peeped forth from your green coverings, though you tell us you shall ever remain within them, we do not despair. The roses extend to you their heartiest congratulations

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upon your beautiful Tree Day, and are glad to have honored you by tendering the services of the chiefest of the roses.

One word of advice we leave you. Since all the year you have been blest by our rare influence, we know that you will profit by the example so steadfastly held before you, and we would say with feeling, "Be good, and you'll be happy" — but you won't have any fun!

Though your path through the forest has been smoothed before you, yet you are treading it well, and it is with pride and pleasure that I hand the spade to you. Dig deeper in the wells of knowledge, drink of their satisfying draughts, and when the waters become turbulent, and the winds beat fiercely round you, know, little "daffy-down-dilly," that you have always a staunch friend in the roses, red or white.

AGNES L. CALDWELL, '96.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

WITH great pleasure have we been listening to your pretty story. Perhaps we might more appropriately call it a romance; for a romance,— do you remember your rhetoric? — "is a record of those things which we *pretend* are real, while all the time we know they are not." But call it what you will, we have been delightfully entertained.

This has been a gala day for us gypsies. For a long time have we been looking forward to this hour with mingled pleasure and fear; the pleasure which naturally comes at the prospect of associating with civilized people, and the fear which is becoming to us in approaching such superior beings. In our midst there are very wise fortune-tellers, who have told us wondrous things about you. Said they to us, "On that day you will hear the most eloquent words that woman can utter, and before long you will be glad to change your wild life to one of wisdom and culture." Thus spake the fortune-tellers, and they were not far wrong.

But far be it from us to change *our* manner of life to yours. Were it not for our out-door sports and freedom, we might not so far excel you in basket-ball and rowing. We have seen with our own eyes that wonderful skiff of yours, for the sake of which you have denied yourselves spring

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gowns and other luxuries. Although your voyage in life has heretofore been successful, we wish to join your other friends in warning you not to tip over. You know a college education ought to broaden one's views, and it is sometimes dangerous to be too narrow. But if your bonny "bird of the lake" should bring you to grief, call for '97, who will gladly come to your rescue and bring your scattered birdlings home.

Since you have been reminded of it once before to-day, please recall to your minds again that snowball fight. We know you have tried hard to forget it, and indeed we do not wonder. In one point, however, you deserve congratulations. Perhaps you remember that you yourselves gave us the chance to defeat you. Or, to speak quite plainly, it was '96 who forestalled our plan by giving the challenge for that battle. It was hard for some of us to interpret the very high spirits of the sophomores just before that memorable contest; but the reason came out in due time and touched us all with its pathos. When they gave us that challenge, it was the very first time the '96's ever got ahead of anybody. Surely we can pardon you for feeling elated, and we feel like saying, "Try again, big sister; if you had had our advantages, it would not be such a strange experience for you." This historic battle also brought to our notice your sweet, unselfish natures, so very apparent in some of your number. How delightful to our ears was your sweet "Excuse me," which came like soothing balm after your hardest snowballs. The shrinking, sensitive side of your nature, which we saw so plainly at that time, makes us all the more surprised at your warlike character to-day. But we would humbly suggest that in the next struggle you lose it would be better not to do *quite* so much tackling. Then you will not have sore consciences to aggravate the pain from your wounded eyes. But we see on your faces unmistakable signs of repentance, so we will forgive you.

I wonder why you rejoice with such unseemly mirth over our rather late organization. That it was not *our* fault we have surely proved to you, by doing in two weeks work which kept *you* occupied for two months. We have always tried to give you credit for the same amount of courage we ourselves had, but where was the hazing we so confidently expected? Perhaps you were frightened when last year you tried your power on *little* '97. No wonder then you did not dare attack the whole of us. Now let me

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explain to you the fright which you *say* you saw on our faces before our class election. That was purely a freak of fancy, due to your last year's memories, or it may have been simply the reflection from your own faces. Do not for a moment think we lay the lack of hazing to want of energy on your part. No doubt you were spending your strength on your lessons like the dutiful children you are.

Perhaps you have noticed as I have, a strange transformation to-day. You have heard the white rose actually boasting her own superiority over our gleaming daffodil. Does that seem to you consistent with the proverbial modesty of the white rose? We would not wish to wither her with scorn, for she might completely hide her head, but if her character to-day is truly being her "ain sel," then we are disappointed in the lovely white rose. Which shall have the brighter record and be more true to its colors, the white rose or the daffodil, we are willing to wait and "let the deed shaw."

At this point we want to thank you for your kind advice, so graciously given to-day and at the beginning of the year. At first we felt a little puffed up to think we were the few honored ones to receive such wise counsels. Our pride, however, was somewhat humbled when we saw that you favored every one, even the seniors, with your words of wisdom. Do you recall that demure senior opposite who meekly trotted to the bread-room at your bidding? She, at least, will never forget with what kindness you greeted her on her return, and with what condescension you explained to her the workings of the college. This, of, course, happened before the arrival of the caps and gowns. Since that time we give you credit for showing a little more discernment.

In speaking of caps and gowns, I am reminded that only recently have you realized the difference between this costume and ordinary raiment. Did you not find to your sorrow that the "divinity which doth hedge" a '94 is not entirely due to the virtue of the cap and gown? We admire your lofty aspirations, but we shall learn from you that the shortest way to senior dignity does *not* lie through appropriating their outward apparel. For some reason — I cannot tell why — the word presumption keeps coming to my mind. Of course it has no connection with your class, so I will banish it from my thoughts.

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From my long neglect of the subject in hand, you will soon begin to think that "I hesitate to call a spade a spade." '97 takes with gratitude this honored heirloom, and asks the good wishes of all her friends, that she may win as good results from her digging as did the class of '96. You may treat many and perhaps all of the things I have said, as variables, assigning to them any value you please, but remember that the love we feel for you, our sophomore sisters, is most truly a constant. To you, in all seriousness, we owe much of the happiness of this, our freshman year. Although we may not have the pure, spotless record of the white rose of '96, we shall hope to be true to our own flower, the sunny daffodil, by making the world a little brighter and happier for our presence. Can we not, each one of us, with never-failing loyalty to her own class, still help each other to be her "ain sel'," and to "let the deed shaw"?

HELEN WEBSTER PETTEE, '97.

Editorial.

I.

THE days of festivity and gladness, which are the sure tokens that the end of the college year is nearing, bring to each one of Wellesley's true-hearted daughters a new sense of loyalty and loving devotion. The weariness and disappointment of the long months spent in hard study pass, and fair ideals of truth and beauty bring new encouragement and promise.

In the midst of all this enjoyment there is felt an undernote of sadness as each year Wellesley sends forth from her protecting walls those who return to her no more. It is not for us to moralize. Each member of the senior class realizes, as can no other, the sadness with which the ties that have bound each to the others, and all to the college, are loosened. Yet we who remain behind for a little to dream of life and plan for its fulfilment before its reality dawns upon us, would extend our hands in a warm grasp of sympathy and fellowship, as a token that fair hopes follow, while with us remain a sense of loss and a fond remembrance of the class of '94.

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II.

ONCE or twice during the year it has been the custom of the editors to ask again the old question, "Why is it that the girls do not write for the MAGAZINE?" Each time the need for freer contribution is expressed more forcefully, each time the editorial tongue grows more persuasive, and yet arguments, entreaties, fall apparently upon unhearing ears.

Instead of following the time-honored example of our predecessors we have decided to try a new course of action, and by telling what we most want for the MAGAZINE hope to rouse some latent ambition or to fire with enthusiasm some loyal college spirit. In turning over the pages of back numbers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, we observe with a just pride the large number of excellent papers which have given to the monthly a tone of dignity and scholarship. Yet we must admit that the solid article has been in such preponderance as almost to justify the Legenda grind.

It is a well-known fact that the "heavy article" seldom appears in the columns of the men's publications. It may be that their conspicuous absence is due to a certain false pride, or an abnormal fear of appearing ridiculous, but it is certain that a man does not send in an essay upon which he has not spent weeks of careful thought. We are constantly told by those of authority that the kind of writing which young people can do best is in the line of the short story or the lighter sketch. No one wishes to peruse the opinions of a philosopher of twenty summers upon some abstruse question which only an Emerson should attempt. It must, however, be remembered that very earnest literary effort may be well spent upon the short story. We have at times been forced to conclude that the girl who is asked to contribute something light thinks the work of a few hours or of an evening at most quite sufficient. Our life here is so hurried and nervous that the results of our labor are seldom finished and, alas, almost never artistic. Too often we write for the mere sake of writing. If the structure is good and the massing correct, we are satisfied. Too often we choose a certain subject because it will work up effectively, entirely forgetting that to reach the heart of another we must be touched ourselves. As it is the true story which appeals to the child, so it is the record of our own experiences which appeals to us older children.

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Not many people have a large number of embryonic tales and sketches laid up within the storehouse of their brains, but material will come to the notice of him who searches for it, and we urgently ask that all loyal members of the "college beautiful" will be on the outlook this summer for the "literatesque," which useful word might well be in our vocabulary. With a long vacation before us, we are optimistic enough to hope that after the first delight of absolute laziness is over, some will give a portion of their time and thought to the production of such articles as will raise the standard of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to the level of the "Harvard Monthly," or the "Nassau Lit."

III.

THOUGH no one who has enjoyed the privileges and advantages of a four years' course in college is disposed to doubt, or even to question, the value of a college education, yet we should be broad enough to realize that education is not necessarily the product of a special method, the collegiate. It may as well be the result of general training; of independent scientific research; of literary ability; or, best of all, of character. No one questions the excellence of the first method, but, especially among college-bred women, is the second apt to be underestimated. Mr. Mabie, in a recent lecture, showed us how little true culture depends upon the mere acquisition of book-learning, and how petty is the collegiate complacency which is said to characterize the possessor of a recently acquired degree.

The non-collegiate woman has opportunities for a deeper insight into life and a broader knowledge of current events than we. Intense desire for knowledge, with persistence and discrimination in choosing the best materials, can develop a strength of mental ability and an amount of learning which will compare favorably with the power of a college graduate. As it is becoming the natural, the customary thing for women to have a higher education, it is painfully evident that girls often come to college merely for a "good time," or to satisfy the ambitious longing of some fond parent. Thus, we cannot expect to always realize that which should be our ideal, the all-around woman.

Miss Irwin, the new Dean of Radcliffe College, is a good example of a finely educated, cultured, non-collegiate woman. She has seen much of the world. She has moved in the best circles of society and shows how true a

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refinement is breadth of sympathy and a keen appreciation of the relationships of studies and events.

IV.

TO the lists of the needs of the college, as set forth by the calendar, there might well have been added, as many a weary parent or perplexed young man would testify, "a guide-book of Wellesley and vicinity." At length, though no philanthropist has given us a chapel or a new gymnasium, this minor demand has been satisfied. Two of Wellesley's alumnæ have recently published a very valuable little volume, under the title of "The College Beautiful." The charming introduction by Professor Bates is an eloquent justification of Wellesley's right to her distinctive title, "The College Beautiful." This sketch is followed by clear descriptions of the college buildings and organizations, and well written accounts of college days, recreations and athletics. A few statistics are given for the benefit of the accurately minded, and there are a number of exceptionally good illustrations, many of which are identical with the views sent to the Fair last summer. The most useful feature of the book is the maps; one, of the grounds and immediate surroundings; the other, a road map of all the country within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles.

The whole book is very attractively gotten up, and is a most desirable souvenir of the college, while the information which it contains will be found valuable and interesting to both visitors and students.

V.

IN looking over an old copy of "Harper's Magazine," our attention was caught by an article on Wellesley College. It was written by Dr. Edward Abbott and, coming out in August, 1876, shows the college at the beginning of its second year. With considerable interest we looked to see what ideas of the student life in those days it gives, what it suggests of the many and rapid changes which we know have taken place in the eighteen years since it was written.

As the object of the article was probably to bring the college, which was not then old enough to be well known, before the public, a large proportion of it is devoted to details in regard to the college buildings, the courses of

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study and the students' current expenses. In those days College Hall was the only building, although Dr. Abbott anticipated even then the early need for more room. The observatory which we sometimes hear referred to as a kind of "castle in Spain," he mentions as a want already felt. The description of College Hall is decidedly clear and true. One notices most the increased amount of room now devoted to laboratories and offices, as the need for them has become greater with the rapid growth of the college, and as more dormitory room has been supplied by other buildings. In describing the library, Dr. Abbott says, "Compared with its capacity, the contents of the library at present seem inconsiderable." Now it is somewhat different; we are beginning to wonder what will be done when the few spaces left in the galleries are filled. The comments which the article makes on college athletics are amusing. In speaking of a visit of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to Wellesley, it says: "When Mr. Longfellow visited the college last autumn, it was a delightful row they gave him in an eight-oared barge called the Evangeline, and it would be a fine crew which they could doubtless send to compete in grace and skill, if not in strength, with their brothers of Harvard and Yale." We wonder what Dr. Abbott would have said to the Loch Learoch and its crew. The preparatory course at that time connected with the college is mentioned, and the regular collegiate courses outlined. It is rather interesting to compare these, as well as the requirements for admission, with those of the present.

We wish Dr. Abbott could have shown us more of the real college life in those early days than we gain from slight glimpses. The college has grown and advanced rapidly. It is a question worthy of attention whether the student has developed in the same ratio, whether the close bond which existed between college and student when numbers were smaller has grown stronger as the life has become more complex. We cannot compare with the past but, as one looks beneath the surface and watches the thoughtful earnestness with which many questions of college interest are discussed, there does seem indication of present growth in the manner in which the student identifies herself more and more with the college, not simply as a student, but as a part of its organization and as responsible for its well-being.

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The Free Press.

I.

There is a saying that teaching is the noblest of professions, but the sorriest of trades. One is often reminded of it at this time of the year, when many questions are asked by those who are planning to enter the work, and much advice is given by those already engaged in it. This advice comes so often from the standpoint of teaching as a trade, that I wish to offer a few suggestions to our future teachers from the other standpoint — suggestions based entirely on some years of experience in teaching somewhat varied subjects in private schools.

To hear some teachers talk of their work gives one many new ideas in regard to teaching. One could prepare quite a neat little catechism on the subject, beginning with: —

Q. What is the chief end of teaching?

A. To make a living, and that as good as possible.

To those who have any temptation to take such a view of this work, let me say an earnest word. Teaching is a profession for which there should be just as clear a "call" as is generally felt to be necessary for the ministry. Whether you can teach or not, you are not likely to know without trying your powers; but if, after a fair trial, you find that the work in itself has no attractions for you, if it does not bring real happiness, if it is mere drudgery, then, if you must support yourself, do it in some other way, and leave teaching alone.

Something should be said in regard to filling out the registration blanks. The young and aspiring teacher has been urged to declare her ability to teach the entire list of subjects, excepting only languages and music. The first exception is certainly a wise one, despite the fact that all would not agree with it. I could tell you of two girls who were introduced to the Latin language by a woman with no knowledge whatever of the subject, who managed to keep a few days in advance of the class. The results were not all that could be desired. The girls were put into a class beginning Latin the next year, and found the grammar quite unfamiliar ground.

In the case of music, the grounds for the exception are by no means clear. There are few girls here without a passably good ear for music and a knowledge of the notes of the scale. One would suppose them quite as well fitted to give piano lessons to a very young pupil as to instruct older students of keenness and intelligence in chemistry or logic, without having studied those branches. There are teachers, so called, who fancy that a text-book and the ability to read are the

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two essentials for success in their work. I know of a teacher in a New York private school who thought it an extraordinarily easy matter to teach geometry. She had never studied the subject, but nothing could be easier than to "hear" the class, after warning them that it was an extremely exact science and must be memorized word for word, including the lettering of the figures! This method may have led to admirable results in the way of accuracy, but I am inclined to doubt even that. In filling out your application blanks, the one thing to aim at is absolute accuracy. When you are asked what subjects you can teach, remember that *can* is in the present tense, and do not add your name to the already too long list of the blind who are trying to lead the blind, generally with the proverbial success.

You will probably for a time find it necessary to teach some subjects for which you do not especially care. That is one of the many taxes laid upon inexperience. You will probably be urged to teach subjects of which you know little or nothing. Often a new teacher comes to the first day of the term with only a general idea of the work expected of her. Insist upon knowing just what branches will fall to your share, at least have a maximum limit set. If the statement has been made in writing, you can politely and firmly refuse to undertake work in other subjects. I have known college girls who supposed they knew what their work was to be, and who, at the beginning of the school year, found added to the list unfamiliar studies, which they could not well refuse to take. By a little care this may be avoided. One can imagine circumstances in which a teacher may feel it necessary to teach a new subject, but it is the rare exception. The work cannot be well done without giving too large a share of one's time to that particular subject, and even then one can hardly give to her class a broad and inspiring view of it. To teachers who realize this lack, it means discouragement and a sense of failure; to others it means superficiality, and a consequent lowering of ideals. This does not necessarily apply to subjects once studied, but now partly forgotten, or to those closely allied to other branches to which one has devoted her attention. In either of these cases a teacher may well feel a reluctance in undertaking the work, yet in most instances there is no reason why her work should not be successful.

Do not measure the desirability of a position by the salary which it brings. The advantages of a school where a small salary is paid will often be greater than those of a school where large salaries are paid. Opportunities for outside pleasure and work, sympathetic and helpful associates, appreciative and earnest students are more desirable than money. Find a place where you can be your best

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self, do your best work, and secure the broadest development. All this may perhaps be better secured in a hard place than in an easy one. The experience gained in the first few years is worth far more than any amount of salary; aim, then, at gaining the best experience.

Do not fancy that the largest salaries are paid to the best educated teachers. In private schools the largest salaries of which I know are paid to the teacher's grandfather, manners or dress, rather than to her brain.

The question of specializing must be settled by each student for herself. Perhaps it is true in general that the woman who has done a little work in many subjects will find the best position when she leaves college, but she has not the same chance for advance in her work as her classmate who has spent her time on fewer subjects.

As for the matter of discipline, most students will agree that we gain considerable knowledge of it in college, for the first essential for the control of others is self-control. One who has self-control, self-respect, sympathy and common-sense will find little difficulty in maintaining order in the schoolroom.

But one week's experience will teach you what a whole year of precept could not. Only go to your work with high ideals and strong purposes, and you will succeed. And your success will be measured, not so much by the amount of actual knowledge in your pupils' minds, as by larger thoughts, and a whetted appetite for further knowledge, which are the best gifts that you can give to them.

HELEN A. MERRILL, '86.

II.

"When sorrows come they come not single spies, but in battalions."

Such is the sigh of the Wellesley girl as these bewitching, tantalizing days of May fast chase each other into June. The first of June! Phrase fraught not as to the girl of former periods, with the idea of roses and luxurious abandonment, but to most of us with an overhanging sense of final papers or examinations.

If such are the feelings of the girl who has naught save her college schedule proper to tax her, is there anything to describe those of the girl bearing the burdens incumbent on a member of all the associations and committees one could readily think of in two minutes? and, that at this time when membership in all associations or clubs, for various reasons and one in particular, means responsibility; when festivals are coming, and when academic work, as is usual towards the close, is, with a few humane exceptions, piling itself high on her shoulders. Let us watch such a prodigy. She is a member of her class crew. Float is

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coming, bringing not only additional practice in rowing, but also a programme of songs. As a member of the Glee Club, the culmination of whose agony as well as fun has barely passed with the Glee Club concert, this creature feels it devolving on her to undertake this programme. This means to attend any rehearsal, to say nothing of finding a possible time for each, to warble her throat hoarse and her patience threadbare — all of course with the happiest air imaginable. Tree Day is coming. Being able to play the piano and possessing, the unfortunate accompanying quality of willingness, she plays hours for the rehearsals whose name is legion. A member of the boat-house committee, whose cause is so near to her heart as to cause it almost to break at the lack of college responsibility which is eloquently manifest, she thinks, in the dejected state of the boat-house coffer, she attends the protracted mass-meetings for fixing the price of Float tickets. Magazine bills and association dues lie in her box; class meetings are all important to her; receptions and student government conferences fill up her evenings, causing her to sit up till one o'clock on Friday night to write the society paper due on Saturday; prominent magazine articles, forced to be put off till the last moments, must be written before breakfast in the few mornings previous to the day set for them. She does not grumble. She was simply overheard to say in answer to her friend who was remarking that she was engaged in writing five papers, "I would like to study just a little. I wish I had time!"

What does it mean? That this jumble at the end is but the climax of a strain which all the year, though perhaps unconsciously to herself, has been upon her. But what is it doing for her?

All these outside things are classed superficially by outsiders with college life. They are the fascinating part which seems to them the real college life. But are they? Ask any girl here who has come unforced what was her purpose in coming to college and she will be an exceptional girl if she does not say that it was to become broadened, to gain nobility of intellect and breadth and sympathy of interests. The ideal was high; in theory, the balance was kept between solid work that tells and outside work which should be recreation. But the stress was laid, unfortunately, in practice, on the "breadth of interests" as appealing to her as nearer her ideal than "nobility of intellect." Accordingly she engaged in everything offered her outside her studies, feeling buoyant in the firm belief that in engaging in such a variety of things and in learning to do them all creditably well, she was becoming broad. What was the outcome? Just what it will be for all of us who have begun and continued in the same line; who find the burden of manifold duties doubly heavy now at the close of the year when we

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are conscious that they have been sapping the strength needed for the burden and toil of the end.

And what have they given us in return? We will find, if we live through it as our sisters have, simply this, that scattering and broadening are far from synonymous. To prove this, one needs only to look at a girl who on entering her college course showed brilliant promise of becoming a scholar, but who, drawn into these fascinating outside things (all the more fascinating because by doing them all she won praise for her cleverness), scattered her powers and, all too late for her to prevent it, realized that her ability for doing scholarly work was gone. A girl can gain versatility, aptness and adaptability by devoting her time to this part of the life. But are these worth the price of scattered faculties and a habit acquired of scattering attention everywhere without definite application anywhere? Could not this adaptability have been less expensively learned elsewhere?

What we are here for is to lay a foundation, and when we consider that it is the only foundation we shall have a chance to lay for all that comes after and depends on it, the situation does look a little serious. But it is true. What we want, then, first of all is a solid, thoroughly built foundation on which, afterward, anything we chose to build will stand well. If we use our mind rightly, if we apply it keenly and steadily while we apply it at all; if we accustom it to dealing with and developing questions worthy of it, and if we keep before it habitually the one solid object toward which all this tends, should we not find that, unconsciously to ourselves, it was becoming broad and choosing the subjects best for it to deal with later. Would it not more easily and readily adapt itself to anything to which it is called without losing its basis? What now is work and a putting out of itself in every different direction, would then be, if we may judge by those who have made the best success, merely pleasant, invigorating exercise of strongly balanced faculties. Let us put our minds down on something worthy of them, and on that of which before we have felt an inability to gain anything but a kind of childish comprehension; let us get the true scholarly grasp.

The question is now of course asked, "Shall we give up all our crews and clubs and settle down disagreeable, slow old digs?" This is a hasty question and an irrelevant one, as a moment's thought will show. It is asked at the moment when one sees only the two extremes — all or none. But the basis of consideration is relation and division of labor. Where there are between seven and eight hundred girls in our college, is it exactly necessary that the burden of our "delightful college life" should rest on the shoulders of the same thirty or

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forty? We are said to be girls of sense enough to solve our difficulty. Why not show that we are by leaving the old blind methods and starting from the true point and basis which will lead us to the correct solution.

The problem is simply one in proportion. Why do we not solve it by its own method?

M. D., '96.

III.

Two Free Press articles in the last number of the MAGAZINE have helped to crystallize a thought that has been in the mind of one reader for some time. They are the articles on the aspect which Wellesley life may present to an outsider, and on the tendency to worry which so many of us manifest. There is undeniable truth in both, sorry as we may be to acknowledge it. And once more the question arises, Why is it? Is it not possible that an answer may be found in a loss of perspective of which we are all conscious at times? Many of us have had the experience, during even the short vacations, of looking back on some occurrence of the previous term with an amazed wonder that it ever could have troubled or annoyed us as it did. Many of us have felt, at the very time when we were making ourselves miserable over some happening not wholly pleasant, that when the disappointment or weariness of the hour had passed, and the balance of things been once more restored, our chief regret would be for the lost courage and self-control. When we get away from things they begin to assume their rightful proportions. And with this suggested answer comes another question: Is it not possible to regulate this tendency, at least to a certain extent? We hold our work here as important, and rightly; and we discriminate, and usually with justice, between different phases of the work which are of greater or less importance. But the work here is only a training for the larger work to come, and for the finer discrimination which we will have to exercise in future. If we get into the habit of letting a forensic, or a history lecture, or a literature paper not only assume the most commanding position in our horizon — as it should, for the time — but fill the whole horizon — as it should *not*, at *any* time — are we not, each time this occurs, losing just so much self-control, just so much clear-sightedness?

I do not think that this tendency is confined to college, nor to a view of college work, but I do think that there are some special temptations to its indulgence at college. But it is a tendency to be met with, and, so far as possible, overcome in every position which we may be called on to take; and, just as college offers special temptations, so it also offers special opportunities for gaining the strength and the insight which will be needed through the whole of life.

I. C., '94.

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IV.

In the "Advice by an Alumna," which appeared in the Free Press of the May MAGAZINE, undergraduates are advised not to specialize. May another alumna, who believes this advice to be very unsound, be permitted to say a word? First, let it be understood that when I say I approve of specialization in an undergraduate course, I refer only to the limited amount of specialization that is likely to be carried on by a candidate for a degree at Wellesley, — four years of college work on some chosen subject, with, possibly, an opportunity to double in the senior year, making five courses in all. When I was a student, I was strongly of the opinion that the college would send out abler women if there were a rule that no one should receive a degree who had not carried some one subject through three or four years of her college course. My experience as a teacher has served to confirm this impression. I rejoice to see that the new curriculum makes some such provision as this.

We believe that the chief end of education is mental development, not knowledge, and advanced work in one subject, even for the short time that it is possible in an undergraduate course, produces a certain strength and maturity of mind which cannot be obtained in any amount of time spent in elementary work on a large number of subjects. My strong college friends were those who were doing advanced work in some line of their own choosing, and my strong students are those who have decided upon a similar course. It has been suggested that after one has taught a few years, one may, perhaps, be able to go to a great university for advanced work. It is to be noted in this connection that a teacher who is only capable of doing elementary work is not very likely to have a salary sufficient to allow her to save money for future study. But still further, if by confining herself to very elementary work, a college graduate has kept herself a child mentally, until she is twenty-five, it is difficult for her ever to grow up, even in the atmosphere of a great university.

It is true that advanced work ordinarily counts for very little in securing a first position, but it is often true that even a degree is of little assistance at that time. Frequently the college graduate obtains no better position than she might have had, had she never been to college at all. But she knows that the days are coming when her degree *will* be of service to her, and if she is in earnest about it, it will not be long before she will be able to turn the little advanced work she has been able to do to account, too. A general knowledge is certainly desirable for one who has to teach "from three to eight different subjects at a time," and yet the teacher who is altogether innocent of specialization is still liable to be

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called upon to teach subjects she has never studied. As has been pointed out in the article before mentioned, deficiencies in elementary work can be made up while one is teaching.

Suppose we do happen to know a little more Greek or mathematics or philosophy or something else than we can ever make direct use of as teachers — are we ever going to regret it? We can always make indirect use of it. I venture to say that, other things being equal, the student in first year Greek enjoys her work more because her teacher has read Æschylus and Sophocles. Then, we do not go to college solely that we may become successful teachers, but that we may be well-developed, thoughtful, useful, happy women. No one is more to be pitied than the teacher who is "nothing but a teacher," for, in being "nothing but a teacher," she even misses being a good teacher. In the enlargement of life that it brings to us, in the fountains of pure delight that it opens to us, advanced work more than pays. For "the life is more than meat."

MARY TAYLOR BLAUVELT, '89.

V.

Why not dub the Free Press the "Growlery?" Few, indeed, are the articles in this department which are not of the genus growl. To be sure, this life is a "vale of tears," and the benefits of protesting against it in print are not inconsiderable. The proud author of a Free Press article peruses her Philippic with the self-satisfaction of a hero and a reformer, feeling that, in spite of misprints, no one could read these stirring lines without rising to put down the evils therein decried. So, even if it accomplishes nothing more, the printed protest changes the individual grumbler into an amiable optimist, and the individual is the basis of society.

But has any would-be contributor ever reflected upon the effect of a little whole-hearted commendation? It is undeniable that the speaker of a pleasant word is always the better and sweeter for it; and it would make every one of us more amiable for at least a week to come upon a bright spot in this waste of woes.

Do, somebody, please say something nice about something, no matter what, so long as it is nice!

VI.

Surely no girl has ever spent a year at Wellesley without feeling her life gladdened and enriched by the beautiful outdoor world which is ours. We sing of it, we talk of it, even the most prosaic of us enjoy it. But some of us enjoy it selfishly. A girl too easily forgets that she is but one of the thousands for whom these grounds exist. Perhaps it is mere carelessness, but it is carelessness

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amounting to selfishness which leads a girl to break down the limbs of an apple-tree in order to adorn her room with its blossoms; which makes the paths wide and irregular and unsightly; which tramples out the grass; which uproots the wild flowers. To crush a blade of grass or pluck a flower seems a very little thing, but every such act robs every other Wellesley girl of that much of her "goodly heritage." When you consider how much it means to others' enjoyment, would you not rather get your skirts dusty than spoil the trimness of the paths, or leave your violet bowl empty than take every single violet that brightens some grassy bank for hundreds of passers-by?

VII.

Might we not, with good results, economize the energy which we expend in slamming doors? One slam is not wide-spread in its effects; it only makes the nerves of one's neighbors on the corridor jump, or, at most, stops the clock. But imagine that slam multiplied by a thousand! Would it not be true economy for us to save up our individual, scattering slams until some great occasion, and then unite our efforts? How effective it would be, upon the visit of some prince or potentate, to station an experienced girl at every door in College Hall, and, at a given moment, for all the thousand doors to go to simultaneously in one grand slam! What were church bells and cannon to our Wellesley salute?

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

After being twice postponed because of unfavorable weather, the annual play given by the Shakespeare Society was presented on the afternoon of June 2, near Longfellow Pond, with the green slope for a stage, and the trees for scenery.

The play chosen for this year was As You Like It, of which the dramatis personæ was as follows:—

Duke, living in exile . . .	Elizabeth Bartholomew
Frederick	Levenia Dugan Smith
Amiens } lords attending on the banished Duke	Adeline Lois Bonney
Jacques } lords attending on the banished Duke	Caroline Fitz Randolph
Le Beau	Sarah Ellen Capps
Oliver	Helen Russel Stahr
Jacques	Caroline Fitz Randolph
Orlando	Grace Miller
Adam	Elizabeth Bailey Hardee

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Dennis	Mabel Thacher Wellman
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar	Christine Caryl
Charles, the wrestler	Marion Wharton Anderson
Touchstone	Alice Windsor Hunt
Corin	Gertrude Wilson
Silvius	Elizabeth Snyder
Rosalind	Virginia Sherwood
Celia	Edith Ray Crapo
Phebe	Grace Cromwell Waymouth
Audrey	Dorothy Allen

Lords, Pages and Foresters.

Scene — Frederick's Palace, Oliver's Orchard, The Forest of Arden.

In the midst of the presentation came the rain which had been feared, and the play was obliged to be finished in the gymnasium.

Although regretting this interruption and the change of scene, the audience had seen enough of the play before the shower to appreciate the additional charm given to the costumes and the acting by the green background and the natural surroundings.

One fact generally remarked was the special fitness of each girl for her own part, while every one in the audience was charmed with Rosalind, Celia and Orlando, and found a continual source of amusement in the contrast between the extremely melancholy Jacques and the grotesque Touchstone.

After the play, the society received its guests in the Art Building, where singing by the Glee Club, during the serving of the delicious refreshments, formed a part of the evening's entertainment.

TREE DAY, '94.

Tree Day came on Friday, June 1, and, to the surprise of all, proved to be a pleasant day in a week of rain.

About two o'clock in the afternoon all the classes except '94 assembled amid much mutual cheering before the main entrance of College Hall. After all were seated the seniors in cap and gown came singing their "Greeting to the Day."

The senior exercises were opened by an address of welcome by Miss Angell, the class president.

The programme that followed gave us glimpses of '94 as it had appeared on the three previous Tree Days,— as sailors, court fools and willow dryads. Between

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these glimpses '94's Herald brought to us the Mariner, who spoke of serious things; the Interpreter, with her graceful verse, and the Wise Fool, who discoursed on the virtues and follies of the several college classes — the virtues of '94, the follies of her sister classes. The exercises closed with singing of the "Greeting to the Morrow."

Then the long procession formed and marched to the new '97 tree, the caps and gowns being followed by the Psyches of '95, the red and white roses of '96, who waged continual warfare, the specials appropriately adorned with evergreen and everlasting, the musical scale of '98 and, last of all, by the gay, roving gypsies of '97, who looked like a long, rainbow-hued ribbon as they wound over the green campus.

After the oration, delivered from the great gypsy wagon, and the presentation of the spade by '96 to '97, came a graceful gypsy dance with an accompaniment of tambourines and of music from the opera *Carmen*.

The end of the programme being reached, the day closed with class cries and songs and much singing of the musical Wellesley cheer.

FLOAT.

Float is the one great gala day of the year when Wellesley and the world meet. The crowd that begins to gather in the afternoon wanders through the corridors, gazing with curious eyes on the various college wonders, lunches under the shade of the sacred Tupelo, and lends an air of novelty and interest that arouses in the hearts of Wellesley's inmates a throb of pride and loyalty that the attractions of Wellesley's Float should create such a widespread interest.

Several novel features gave evidence that '94's Float was to be one of special interest; the promise of the new boat-house, the sight of the crews in daily practice under careful supervision, and the unique spelling on the Float tickets.

At half-past six the large crowd was seated on the college shore of the lake and on the veranda of the boat-house, awaiting the appearance of the crews, who soon came trooping down from College Hall, led by the senior crew, and disappeared within the portals of the boat-house.

Soon the sound of a cornet solo drew the attention to the end of the boat-house veranda, and to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," the swelling folds of the Stars and Stripes floated out on the evening breeze, followed by the applause of the onlookers. A moment of anticipation followed, until from the shadow of

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the boat-house the crew of '94 advanced, stopping only to give its cheer before making its way in quick and even time across the lake, followed by a round of applause from the shore. The other crews followed in quick succession, passing, until against the distant shore they rested in sharp outline against the deep green of the foliage. The circuit of the lake was made several times to display the skill of the rowing, and then, as the evening deepened, the crews gathered near the shore to sing college songs.

The boats and canoes that had been darting here and there over the lake, always at a respectful distance, now drew near with their gay display of banners and Chinese lanterns; out from the green leaves along the shore came the gleam of lanterns hidden among the branches; the moon came up to smile on this scene of unusual beauty, while on the shore the people listened and applauded as the sound of the Wellesley songs came in from the lake.

As the darkness gathered, the lights from the shore sent forth a flood of soft light, that reached to the shadow of the farthest banks. All listened in a silence touched by sadness, as to the measured waving of the crew caps there came the strains of the song that always touches a tender chord,

"Where O where are the grand old seniors?"

The songs over, the Wellesley cheer was given, and the crews separated, rowing away in the path of the light that came from the shore, only to come back again in a little while to place the boats under the protecting shelter of the boat-house. The great crowd rose and passed away; silence rested on the shores of the lake, and Float was ended. Only the moon remained to pass over the peaceful scene, touching the white rotunda of the boat-house, making it gleam among the green of the trees, and lighting the quiet towers of College Hall, while the last song of the evening floated across the lake,

"Lake of white, at holy night,
In the moonlight gleaming,
Softly o'er thy wooded shore
Silver radiance streaming.
On thy wavelets bear away
Every care we have known to-day,
Bring on thy returning way
Peaceful, happy dreaming."

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College Notes.

One of the most charming concerts of the year was given in the chapel on the evening of the 7th of May. The programme consisted entirely of the compositions of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, probably the foremost woman composer in our country. The selections, which were delightfully rendered, are only a few of Mrs. Beach's productions. It may be interesting to know that among her works may be found a Mass in E flat, the "Festival Jubilate," which was performed by the Apollo Club of Chicago and Mr. Thomas's orchestra at the dedication of the Woman's Building, and her Scena and Aria from Schiller's "Mary Stuart," which was the first composition by a woman ever placed upon the programmes of the New York Symphony Society. Mrs. Beach was assisted in her concert by Miss Emma S. Howe, Miss Priscilla White, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer and Miss Elise Fellows. After the concert, a delightful reception was given in honor of Mrs. Beach, by Professor Hill, who was formerly her instructor.

On Monday, May 21, a reception was given at Wood Cottage by Miss Hurd of the School of Music.

Misses Capps, Hunt, Merrill and Leatherbee received their friends at the Art Building, Monday, May 21. The entertainment for the afternoon was dancing.

On Saturday evening, May 26, Miss Woodman invited her classes in physiology to meet Professor Sedgwick of the Institute of Technology. In the early part of the evening Professor Hayes read a paper on Woman's Dress from the Standpoint of Sociology. This was followed by a few informal remarks from Professor Sedgwick.

Rev. E. H. Hughes of Newton Centre preached in the chapel Sunday, May 27.

The concert Monday evening, May 21, was given by the Beethoven Society, assisted by the harpist, Mr. Heinrich Schencker, of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

On Monday evening, May 28, the annual temperance debate was held in the chapel. The subject was, Is National Prohibition by Constitutional Amendment the Best Solution of the Liquor Problem? The speakers are chosen each year from the argumentative course in rhetoric. They were this year Grace Nichols, Grace Jarvis, Eleanor Stephenson and Isabelle Moore. After the debate a vote was taken. It stood, affirmative, 55; negative, 26.

Work on the new cottage is rapidly advancing. It is expected that this cottage will be ready for use by September.

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On Monday afternoon, May 28, the members of the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society gave a very pleasant reception and dance in the Art Building.

A fixed schedule of recitations has been arranged, to be put in use next year. The various subjects offered are divided into groups, and no student is allowed to elect, the same year, two subjects in a group. This will aid the lower classes in arranging their courses, though many of the juniors find it impossible to take courses which they had planned for their last year.

Mary G. Cannon has been chosen captain of the '95 crew for the senior year.

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in the chapel Sunday evening, June 3. Rev. Dr. Boggs of Ongole, India, addressed the meeting.

Professor Whiting gave a children's party Monday afternoon, May 28. Almost all of the guests present were children of Wellesley graduates.

A very interesting lecture on Women in Mathematics was read by Professor Hayes, before her classes in mathematics, Wednesday evening, June 13.

The various societies have elected and installed their officers for next year.

Dr. McKenzie preached in the chapel Sunday afternoon, June 3.

The last Students' Concert of the term was given Monday evening, June 10.

The College Settlements Association has chosen for its new president Helen James, '95. Miss James held the office of vice-president from the class of '95, and the vacancy left by her election as president has been filled by Gertrude Carter, '95. Edith Jones has been chosen as secretary.

Mrs. Sherwood spoke before the five o'clock prayer-meeting Sunday, June 10.

Dr. Webster's class in philology recently visited the Peabody Museum at Cambridge for the purpose of studying the Indian relics to supplement the work they have been doing in the Indian archæology.

Rev. Mr. Merrill of Newton preached in the chapel Sunday, June 10.

Some discussion has been held recently in the Christian Association, whether it would be advisable to have a student as president for the ensuing year. The result of the recent election of officers shows that the majority of members preferred a president from the body of students. The officers chosen were Cornelia Huntington, president; Miss Pendleton, first vice-president; Helen Dennis, second vice-president and chairman of missionary committee; Sarah Hadley, third vice-president and chairman of temperance committee; Elizabeth Ziegler, fourth vice-president and chairman of general work committee; Louise Loomis, corresponding secretary; Gertrude Dennis, recording secretary; Ruth Hume,

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treasurer; Miss Emerson, chairman of devotional committee; Alethea Ledyard, chairman of reception committee, and Emily Brown, chairman of Indian committee.

A new college guide-book entitled The College Beautiful has recently been issued by Miss Hill and Miss Eager of '93. It contains much information concerning the college, and is plentifully illustrated with pictures of the college buildings and objects ot interest. Besides, it contains two good maps, one of the college grounds and one of Wellesley and the surrounding towns.

On the evening of May 23, a meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Worcester, at which delegates from the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE were present. About twenty of the leading college periodicals were represented. The business meeting was devoted to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and to action upon certain proposed changes in the constitution of the association. The meeting was followed by a banquet.

On Saturday evening, June 2, following the presentation of As You Like It, the Shakespeare Society gave a reception to its guests in the Art Building. The Glee Club was present and assisted in making the evening a most enjoyable one.

On Saturday evening, May 6, previous to the concert in the village, Freeman Cottage entertained the Harvard Glee Club at an informal tea.

The department of History of Art has recently received from Mr. and Mrs. Amos W. Stetson and Mr. Martin Brimmer a valuable gift of three carbontypes for the lecture hall of the Farnsworth School of Art. The subjects are the façade of Amiens Cathedral, French Gothic; the interior of San Miniato Church, Florence, Italian Romanesque, and the Santa della Salute Church, Venice, Italian Renaissance. The gift is valued at $125.00.

On Saturday evening, May 19, the Wellesley Societies united in giving a reception to the Harvard Union and the Wendell Phillips' Club of Harvard. The reception was held in the Art Building, which was tastefully decorated. The Glee Club was present, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

The Tennis Club of Wellesley College, held, during the third week in May, a tournament on the clay courts of the club. The tournament was interclass, each class playing for its champion. The class champions were Miss Dodge, '94, Miss Chase, '95, Miss Cobb, '96, Miss Dewson, '97. '95 won from '94, and '97 from '96. The finals between Miss Chase and Miss Dewson resulted in victory for the freshman class. The playing took place every afternoon at 4.15 and was well attended.

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On the morning of June 9 the '94 Legenda was put on sale for the first time. A rapid sale followed, and the groups of girls soon seated on the stairs and in the corridors poring over its contents with delighted faces gave good evidence of its merits. The college may well be proud to be represented by such an annual as has been brought out this year, and the Legenda Board may take to itself the fruits of well-deserved success.

A conspicuous novelty at Float this year was the new boat-house, which offered seats to quite a large number of the admiring public.

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Commencement Notes.

'94 held its class dinner at Woodlawn Hotel, Auburndale, on the night of June 15. The class history was read by Misses Isham and Boswell, the class prophecy by Misses Bixby and Pressey, and the following toasts were given, Miss Laughlin acting as toastmistress:—

Fostering Mother . . . . . Sarah H. Bixby
"Answer to her every call."

'94's President . . . . . Edith Crapo
"Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel."

Precedents . . . . . Elizabeth McGuire
"What custom wills, in all things should we do it."

The Last of a Noble Race . . . . . M. K. Conyngton
"The last still loveliest."

'94's Faith . . . . . Edith Judson
"If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree."

The Prom. We Didn't Have . . . . . Emily Shultz
"Oh, thou Tupelo!"

Those Who Toiled in Vain . . . . . Mary Clemmer Tracy
"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."

Followers—Faithful and Otherwise . . . . . S. C. W. Benson
"Variety's the very spice of life."

Our Only Backward Step . . . . . Anna K. Peterson
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Evaluated for Zero . . . . . Isabella Campbell
"Sufficient unto ourselves."

'94 . . . . . L. Gertrude Angell
"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

Our Future . . . . . Alice W. Kellogg
"Let the dead past bury its dead."

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., of Chicago. His subject was "The Ideal Woman, Her Perils and Opportunities." Dr. Barrows took for his text, "And he came in unto her and said, 'Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee'," and showed how very like those of the educated American young woman were the ideals of Mary of

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Nazareth. He spoke of the power of a strong Christian character, and of the great sphere of influence which a learned woman may have, and yet, though he recognized the work which women have done for the world as scientists and poets, he laid especial emphasis upon her life within the home as containing the possibility of the most complete development and the widest influence. The Beethoven Society sang the following selections during the service: "The Lord is My Shepherd," Henry Smart; "Teach me, Oh Lord," O. B. Brown; "Blest Redeemer," Marchette.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature of Baccalaureate Sunday was the vesper service, at which there was given the following musical programme: —

"O Lord be Merciful" . . . . O. B. Brown
Glee Club.
Adagio from the Sixth Symphony . . . Widor
Organ Solo.
"Peace, Troubled Soul" . . . . H. I. Sleeper
Quartette.
Pastoral, Sonata in D minor . . . . Guilmant
Organ Solo.
"My Heart ever Faithful" . . . . Bach
Solo by Helen Foss.
Andantino . . . . . Chaveret—Guilmant
Organ Solo.
Thy Word a Lamp unto my Feet . . . H. P. Main
Mr. Morse and Glee Club.
In Memoriam . . . . . H. M. Denham
Organ Solo.
Our King . . . . . Rotoli
Glee Club.

The regular president's reception to seniors and alumnæ was given by Mrs. Irvine, Miss Stratton and members of the faculty on Saturday evening, June 16, in Stone Hall parlor.

On Monday, June 18, at 3.30 P. M., the College Glee and Banjo Clubs entertained the seniors and their guests with the following programme: —

I. Pretty Maids' Drill . . . . Albrecht
Banjo Club.
II. (a) College Beautiful . . . . Morse
(b) Boo Hoo . . . . Lewis Thompson
(c) Modern College Girl . . . Ritter

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Glee Club.

III. Flash Galop . . . . . Lansing

Banjo Club.

IV. (a) Wellesley Mother Goose . . . Edith Sawyer
(b) Wellesley Bells . . . Wellesley Songs

Solo by Miss Yates.

(c) Sprightly Maiden . . . . Sue Lum

Glee Club.

V. (a) Wellesley Charioteer . . . Edith Sawyer
(b) Mens Sana . . . . . J. W. Hill
(c) Wellesley Mädchen . . . Arr. by M. A. Knox

Glee Club.

VI. Galop . . . . . Stearns

Banjo Club.

VII. (a) My College Girl . . . . J. W. Hill
(b) Medley . . . . Arr. by M. A. Knox

Glee Club.

Finis.

The fact that the songs rendered by the Glee Club were all Wellesley's own gave an added interest to the programme.

The Commencement Concert this year was given by the Beethoven Clnb of Boston, assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen. The Club has given many musical treats to Wellesley students, but Monday's concert was one of the most delightful.

The work of the club was especially fine in the sympathetic rendering of Handel's Sonate di Camera No. XV., in A major, and in the dainty, graceful movement of the Schubert Ballet Music. Mrs. Allen's voice was at its best. She sang Senta's Ballad from the "Flying Dutchman" with great brilliancy, the high tones being especially effective in their ringing quality. In contrast to the dramatic element of this number was the tenderness of Gounod's beautiful serenade, "Sing, Smile, Slumber," with violin obligato, the encore to Mrs. Allen's second selection. The 'cello solo by Miss Pray was excellently rendered, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by their hearty applause.

The morning of June 19 dawned with just a suggestion of cloudy weather, but a cool west wind freshened the atmosphere, and finally drove away the clouds, so that the day became a perfect one for the Commencement of the Class of '94.

The Commencement exercises opened with an organ prelude by Prof. Junius

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W. Hill, the Menuetto Poco Maestoso, of Tours. Prof. Lord then read from the Latin Bible the 103d Psalm, followed by prayer from Bishop Foss. After the singing by the Beethoven Society of Mendelssohn's beautiful Motette, Laudate pueri, the orator of the day, Rev. James Gardiner Vose, D. D., was introduced.

His address was a very fine one. In the development of his theme, the "Ideal and the Actual," there were many suggestive thoughts. A few of these, jotted down while listening to the address, may be of interest to those who were not there to hear it. Taking the words, "What one wishes in his youth, that does he have the fulness of in his old age," he showed how the "ideal is not lost through change of form." If we find it impossible to work for the good of society in general, we may know that, "for the great multitude of workers, the work is for individuals." So we can go on and "save the world by doing our next duty." As change of form does not annihilate the ideal, neither does change of place. "It is not the place that makes men learned," and "universities are not made by apparatus, but by great lives." The way to overcome circumstances is to be a circumstance yourself," so "the epic of life, and every life is an epic, may be wrought out in lowly circumstances." "The Ideal is not lost, because never attained. It is always beyond. The great danger is the letting our ideal fade into the light of common day.

After the address, Dr. MacKenzie rose, and, referring in a few tender words to our beloved Miss Shafer, and to the fine work of the chairman of the faculty, announced that Mrs. Irvine had been chosen acting president of the college for the ensuing year.

The chorus, "The Smiling Dawn," by Händel, was rendered by the Beethoven Society before the conferring of degrees by Professor Stratton, and afterward were sung "My Lady Sleeps," by West, and "Lewie Gordon," harmonized by Professor Hill.

After the benediction by Dr. Webb came the organ postlude, the Finale from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The Commencement exercises in the chapel were followed immediately by the Commencement dinner in the great dining-room of College Hall.

After the banquet was served, Miss Stratton spoke of the history of the college during the year just closing, and then introduced Dr. McKenzie, who continued the story of Wellesley life as regarded from a trustee's standpoint. He spoke of the pressing needs of the college, the changes made in its management during the past year, and the welcome additions of a new cottage and science building to be made in the coming year.

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He was followed by Dr. Vose of Providence, who spoke of the changes in college Commencements made during the years since his own, expressing his pleasure at being present at this Commencement in particular.

Miss Stratton then read a letter from Richard Watson Gilder, in which he spoke of his pleasant remembrance of his recent visit to Wellesley, and his regret at being unable to attend Commencement.

"Alma Mater" was then sung by the Glee Club.

Miss Stratton next introduced Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of the class of '84, whose theme was college loyalty and the firm bond existing between the alumnæ and their Alma Mater.

Bishop Cyrus Foss of Philadelphia next spoke of the connection between the Church and education.

The Glee Club then sang "Lake of Gray" and "My College Girl."

The next speaker was Mr. Edward Stanwood, who told of his visits to the college as a member of the visiting board of the English department.

Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, ex-professor of English Literature, made the last address, and took for her theme, "The inspired woman," her past accomplishments, her present work and her future hopes.

"The College Beautiful" was then rendered by the Glee Club, and this was followed by the college cheer, in which all present heartily joined.

The general reception given by the college on the evening of Commencement Day finished the programme of festivities for Commencement week. The lawn in front of the college lighted by Japanese lanterns, and the strains of the orchestra floating down from an upper corridor and mingling with the hum of voices, gave an enjoyable social air to College Hall. Members of the faculty stationed at various places in the first corridor received during the evening. The last words of greeting and farewell were said, and the college year closed, bringing to each one of Wellesley's daughters present a new sense of love and gratitude for the college which has given so much to make life better worth the living.

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Society Notes.

The regular meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held April 28, in Society Hall. The subject was modern Italy. The following was the programme:—

The Pope and the King	Edith L. R. Jones, '95
The Italian Heroes — Cavoni, Mazzini, Garibaldi,	Catherine R. Collins, '94
Music — Song	Elizabeth M. Wood, '94
Picturesque Italy	M. K. Isham, '94
The Poets' Italy	Emily H. Brown, '96
The Present Political Situation in Italy	Pearl L. Underwood

A meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held Tuesday evening, June 12, at which Miss Augusta Hunt Blanchard, '96, was initiated into society membership. After the initiation ceremony, followed the installation of next year's officers. They were: Florence T. Forbes, president; Winifred Augsbury, vice-president; Adah May Hasbrook, recording secretary; Elizabeth H. Peale, corresponding secretary; Helen Dennis, treasurer; Mary Field, editor; Pearl Underwood, first marshal; M. Denison Wilt, second marshal. The society was glad to welcome at this meeting Miss Sue Taylor, '91, Miss Mary Dennis, '93, Miss Isabelle Sims, '93, Miss Cora Stewart, Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Miss Martha Conant, Miss Clara Helmer, '93; Miss Mary Hazard, '93, and Miss Lydia Pennington, '93.

Tau Zeta Epsilon held the last regular meeting of the year in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Tuesday evening, June 12. A letter was read from Miss Maud Keller, who is visiting in Mexico, after which the following programme was presented:—

Bastien Lepage	Alice Wood
The Manufacture of Stained Glass Windows as Seen in Mrs. Whitman's Studio in Boston	Annette Finnigan
French Critics — Taine, Ernest Renan	Adeline Teele
Art News	Lucy Wilcox

The following officers for the ensuing year have been chosen: Alberta M. Welch, president; Lucy Wilcox, vice-president; Charlotte Goodrich, recording secretary; May Kellogg, corresponding secretary; Alice Norcross, treasurer; Margaret Starr and Mary Lunt, keepers.

A regular programme meeting of the Alpha Chapter of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday, May 26. The subject of the meeting was Ibsen. The following programme was given:—

Significant Events in the Life of Ibsen	Isabel Graves
The Vikings of Heligoland	Ethel Stanwood

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Songs . . . . . Helen Foss
Ibsen and Modern Society . . . . . Bertha Longley
Music . . . . . Mary W. Miller
Ibsen's Women . . . . . Mary Woodin

A programme meeting was also held on Saturday, June 2, the subject of which was Wagner. The following programme was given:—

Vorspiel, "Tristan and Isolde" . L. May Pitkin and Mary W. Miller
The Man, Wagner . . . . . Sara Burrowes
Prize Song from "Meistersinger" . . . . Marion Mitchell
Comparison of the Parsifal of Wagner with that of Wotfraur von Eschenbach . . . . . Helen Foss
Presentation and "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhaüser

On the evening of May 30, the Agora invited a few friends to an open meeting in Elocution Hall. The programme was as follows:—

Impromptu speeches:
The Sugar Scandal . . . . . Clara Benson
The Trouble in Samoa . . . . . Sarah Weed
Prepared:
Woman's Position Legally . . . . Elva Young
Woman in Industry . . . . . Sarah Bixby
Position of Women in Suffrage States . . . Joanna Parker

After the meeting an informal reception was held.

The regular programme meeting of the Classical Society took place Saturday evening, June 2. The programme consisted of sketches in autobiographical form. The following characters were presented: Pericles, Creusa, Æneas, Dido, Aristides, Athena, Nestor, Xenobia, Socrates, Xantippe, Medea, Vestal Virgin, Paris, Nausicaa, Penelope, Xerxes, Jove, Juno.

At the business meeting, held June 12, the officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mary Chapin, '95, president; Mabel Rand, '96, vice-president; Irene Kahn, '96, corresponding secretary; Nellie Stimson, '95, recording secretary; Annie Leonard, '95, treasurer; Margaret Simmons, '95, Ida Brooks, '95, and Beatrice Stepanek, '95, executive committee.

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Alumnae Notes.

The seventh annual meeting of the Southern Wellesley Association was held in Louisville, Kentucky, on Saturday, May 12, Mrs. B. M. Allison presiding. For the ensuing year the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. B. M. Allison; vice-president, Miss Clara Look; secretary and treasurer, Miss May Stone. The meeting was important and interesting. An account of the work of the College Settlements was read by Miss Abbie Goodloe, and a subscription made to the settlement in Boston. Mrs. Allison gave a very pleasant sketch of the Wellesley of to-day, concluding with an outline of the new system of work which is about to be adopted by the college, and with personal news of old friends. It was decided that the association should ask permission to plant "a memorial ivy" on that spot in Oberlin Cemetery which is so deeply revered by all who knew President Shafer — the desire to make this sign of remembrance being expressed by every member present. The finest and most notable feature of the meeting was the decision that members of the Southern Wellesley Association living in Louisville should make active efforts to bring about a spirit of unity and co-operation among all the college women of their city. A special meeting was appointed to be held in the fall, for the discussion of the means by which this may be accomplished. On the whole, the association has seldom held a reunion so pleasant, and never — to judge from the renewal of hope and strengthening of purpose — one of better promise.

The May meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the Misses Pope, Grand View, East Cleveland. As final meeting for the season, it was made an "at home" for the club, and about two hundred and fifty invitations were sent out to the parents and interested friends of the members. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, and the club adjourned for the summer months.

Corrections in the Alumnæ Notes of the May issue of the MAGAZINE: 1. In the notice of the meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club, Miss Wrenn's name was spelled "Wren." 2. The omission of the word "friends" after the word "college" in reference to Clara Helmer.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held a meeting Saturday, May 12, at the Vendome. Miss Calma Howe and Master Robert George, two club babies, were at the same time both highly entertained and entertaining during the afternoon.

The May meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Saturday, May 12, at two o'clock, at the home of Judge and Mrs. Sherman, 3985 Drexel Boulevard,

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where hospitality was extended through their niece, Miss Florence A. Wing, '92, who has been spending some time in Chicago. The members present had the pleasure of hearing several selections on the violin by Miss Wing, who has been a pupil of Mr. Bendix, recently first violinist of the Thomas Orchestra. Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, read an interesting description of a personal experience of life in the South. The sketch was especially interesting for the humorous touches suggestive of the contrast between southern and northern energy. There were some slight matters of business of a local nature brought before the meeting, and some subscription forms were distributed on behalf of the College Settlements Association. The remainder of the time was passed in conversation and the enjoyment of light refreshments, after which the meeting adjourned.

Mlle. Seé, formerly professor of French at Wellesley, has been teaching in Mrs. Sommer's School for Girls, Washington, D. C. At the end of this school year she will give up her position and go to Paris for an indefinite stay.

Miss Alma Jones, Sp. '77-'80, is studying music with Sherwood, in Chicago.

Miss Flora E. Mattison, '82, has taken her degree in law in the Minneapolis Law School, and is about to begin practising her profession.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hincliffe, '82, with her family has been spending the winter in Florida.

The address of Mrs. Kent Dunlap Hägler, '90, is 611 East Capitol Ave., Springfield, Illinois.

Miss Maude Taylor, '91, expects to teach at Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Sue Cushman, '91, will spend the summer in England.

The engagement of Caroline Maddocks, '91, to Mr. R. P. Smith of University of Chicago is announced.

A fellowship in English has been assigned to Miss Jane Knight Weatherlow, '91, for the ensuing year at the University of Chicago.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, is traveling in California, needing rest from her work at Hull House.

Miss Blanche B. Baker, '92, is to spend part of the summer at North Platte.

Miss Bess Strong, '92, was married, May 29, at her home in New Brunswick.

Miss Mary Louise Marot, '94, takes her B. S. at the University of Chicago in June.

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Helen Crafts, '96, after studying a quarter at the University of Chicago, remained at home in Austin, Ill., for the rest of the college year.

The engagement of Miss Agnes S. Cook, '96, to Mr. Walworth Marsh of Bloomington, Ill., is announced.

The engagement of Miss Clara L. Hovey, Sp., '91–'92 to Mr. Royal Raymond is announced.

The Wellesley girls in Honolulu were gladdened by the arrival on the "Salvator" of Captain and Mrs. Tibbets (Grace Cilley, Wellesley, '86-'89). After hurried exchanges of calls, as the "Salvator's" stay was to be brief, Mrs. Henry Castle (Mabel Wing, '86) arranged a Wellesley breakfast at her new and charming home. Captain and Mrs. Tibbets, Margaret Hopper, '80-'83, and Judge and Mrs. Frear (Mary E. Dillingham, '93) were the guests. Such Hawaiian dishes as best appeal to Americans fresh from "the old country," were served to the enjoyment of all, and then the company adjourned to the parlor to discuss the Wellesley friends and customs of any two of these four girls reaching from '80 to '93. Songs followed, in which the husbands joined as best they might, and only to sympathetic ears came "Tupelo," "The Hobby," "Wellesley Bells," and dear old "Alma Mater." An attempt at the college cheer sent all to various duties of the day, wishing that oftener a Wellesley alumna might come to Honolulu and make herself known to those who, though in mid-Pacific, are still Wellesley girls.

Mrs. Mary E. D. Frear, '93, is living in Honolulu, H. I., where she has charge of a reading club for children — object, to cultivate a healthy and classical literary taste. Mrs. Frear is also studying French.

The address of Miss Cora Stewart for the summer will be 264 Boylston street, Boston, or 93 Tyler street, the Boston College Settlement.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association was held in the college chapel, Wednesday, June 20, 1894. In the absence of the president, Miss Luce, the meeting was called to order by the vice-president, Miss Constantine. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. The reports of the various committees were read and accepted. A motion was carried that an accurate post-office directory be published.

The result of the choice of nominees for alumnæ trustees was announced as follows: Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, for six (6) years; Miss Estelle M. Hurll, '82, for four (4) years; Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, for two (2) years.

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The following finance committee was appointed for the ensuing year: Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84; Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81; Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, '86; Miss H. St. B. Brooks, '91, Miss Alice Kellogg, '94.

The petition presented by the graduates of the Schools of Music and Art was referred to the following committee, to be reported upon next June: Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, chairman; Miss Katherine Horton, '89, Miss Elizabeth M. Blakeslee, 91. The next subject brought before the meeting was the memorial to President Shafer. Suggestions of endowment of the president's chair, of the chair of mathematics, and of mathematical fellowships were made. It was decided, in so important a matter, no hasty action should be taken. The entire matter was placed in the hands of the finance committee, to be reported upon in June, 1895.

It was moved that the Alumnæ Association empower its corresponding secretary to express to Miss Stratton and Mrs. Irvine its grateful and cordial appreciation of the able and successful administration of the college during the closing months of the present year. The following executive committee was elected for the year '94-'95: president, Charlotte H. Conant, '84; vice-president, Alice Upton Pearmain, '83; corresponding secretary, Mary D. E. Lauderburn, '90; treasurer, Mary R. Gilman, '88.

About one hundred and sixty sat down to dinner in the college dining-room. The guests of the day were Mrs. Durant and Miss Stratton. Mrs. Durant gave the words of welcome to the alumnæ, and bespoke their interest especially in the work of the Students' Aid Society. Miss Stratton followed with an eloquent and tender tribute to President Shafer. The toasts were:—

The Alumnæ	Florence Wilkinson
Alumnæ Representation	Estelle M. Hurll
Graduate Work	M. Gertrude Cushing
Athletics	Alice W. Kellogg
Wellesley Aunts	Cornelia E. Green
College Settlements	Charlotte T. Sibley

Miss L. Gertrude Angell, president of '94, sketched the plans of the class for furnishing the new students' parlors as a memorial to President Shafer. The alumnæ then rose and sang "Ours is the Happy Past," the song with which the exercises of Alumnæ Day always close.

The class of '91 met for its third reunion at the Thorndike, Tuesday morning, June 19. Though a comparatively small number were present, the mirth and jollity of the occasion could hardly have been exceeded even by fun-loving '91.

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The class of '93 held its first reunion at the Vendome, the evening of June 20. There were fifty members present, including the "Class Mother," Mrs. Junius Hill of Boston. The loyalty of Wellesley's daughters had a practical demonstration in the presence of members from Texas and New Mexico. Miss Foley, the president, presided as toast-mistress, and proposed these toasts:—

1. The Reunion . . . . . Carrie Mann
2. The Wide, Wide World . . . . Josephine Simrall
3. The President, pro tem . . . . . Alice Reed
4. Senior Day . . . . . Mary B. Hill
5. Ninety-four . . . . . Clara Helmer
6. The Employed . . . . . Helen Eager
7. The "School Marm" . . . . . Lila Tayler
8. The Unemployed . . . . . Winifred Foster
9. The Social Horoscope . . . . Katherine Winton
10. The Bride . . . . . Mary Young
11. The Girl Who Positively Refuses to be Engaged Gertrude Bigelow
12. Remarks by Class Mother . . . . Mrs. Hill

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Marriages.

ADAMS — SMITH. At West Randolph, Vt., May 22, 1894, Tullius Justin Adams and Mabel Jeannette Smith, '89.

STRAUS—HOWE. At Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1894, Michael Straus and Mary Ware Howe, '88.

BLODGETT — JONES. At Brockton, Mass., June 13, 1894, Edward Dwight Blodgett, and Bertha Eveleth Jones, '85-'89.

HIRSHFIELD — ASHLEY. At Rochester, N. Y., May 23, 1894, Harry Hirshfield and Ruth Ashley, '96.

JENKINS — HOCKER. Miss Mattie Morrison Hocker, '93, to Mr. Burris Atkins Jenkins, at Lexington, Ky., Wednesday, May 23.

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Death.

Mariana W. Blood, of the class of '91, Wellesley College.

The members of the class of '91 are overwhelmed with a sense of separation and of loss in the sudden death of our dear classmate, Mariana W. Blood.

We realize with gladness our classmate's freer life, and we are led to rejoice that hers must be the earliest attainment of "the Beautiful and the Good."

We sorrow most for those who love her most, and our tenderest sympathy is with these. Accordingly,

Whereas, we, the members of the class of '91 of Wellesley College, have lost our beloved classmate, Mariana W. Blood,

Resolved, That we express our loss to her family and friends.

Resolved, That we extend our loving sympathy to them and offer to them the comfort of our own deep trust and hope.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and that they be entered upon the minutes of the class organization.

Signed,

For the Class of '91 { BERTHA PALMER, Pres.
ELLEN JULIETTE WALL, Sec.
MARY W. CARTER, Treas.
ALMA EMERSON BEALE. }

Whereas, our Heavenly Father in His loving wisdom has so suddenly taken from us our beloved sister in Phi Sigma, Mariana W. Blood, be it

Resolved, that we, the Alpha Chapter of the Society Phi Sigma, do hereby express our own deep sense of loss and our heartfelt sympathy with her family and friends in their great sorrow, and

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of her rare strength of character, and the inspiration that her memory must be to those who knew her; and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Signed,

L. MAY PITKIN,
M. GERTRUDE CUSHING, } Committee.
EDITH JUDSON,

May 16, 1894.

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